

## "I Promised, I Will Return To You"

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# "I Promised, I Will Return To You"

by [Nanami731](#)

## Summary

Wei Wuxian died. Again. He dies in the fight of Guanyin Temple. Lan Zhan had to see his beloved die right in front of his eyes. He had to lose his Wei Ying twice in his entire existence and the world couldn't look any darker than it already is.

But what if, Wei Ying comes back? What if fate gives our Beautiful Hanguang Jun another chance to be happy with the love of his life? Most importantly, How will the dead Wei Wuxian come back?

Another resurrection? Nah.

There is another way. TIME TRAVEL OF COURSE!

Join the Wangxian, in the journey of A "Modern Wei Ying" battling through time to get back to his soulmate, whom he promised his return.

(A mild angst with eventual fluff and romance)

# After effects

## Chapter Notes

hello everyone <3

this is nanami and this is my first ever fan fiction. I know the idea about time travel is crazy but me and my friend Disha ( I love her for this) planned this in a span of hours.

the first chapter will mainly consist of emotions of various people regarding our dear Wei Ying's death but things will turn better, eventually <3

happy reading <3

## Gusu.

It was a bright, sunny day in the cloud recesses. The birds were chirping, there was an air of tranquil around and everything seemed to be just right. The Lan disciples were hurrying in to their lectures, murmuring softly about the big tragedy that happened nearly six months ago. The Guanyin temple incident had left a mark in all of the cultivation world. Jin Guangyao had been killed and the evil had been stopped. But everything wasn't so fine afterall.

Lan Sizhui was tending to the rabbits while deep in thought. One could see that his eyes were droopy and that he had lost some weight. His posture was too stiff but firm, it was correct yet it seemed like he was barely within him. The rabbits were nudging him while he was lost in thought which broke him out of his trance.

He sighed. "I am sorry, Mr rabbit. Its just, I feel drained."

He proceeded to feed them when a familiar shout made him turn his head. Shouting was not allowed in the Cloud Recesses yet only one un-Lan like Lan would dare to do it. He smiled, almost forcefully at his best friend who was carrying a big bucket of water.

"Sizhui, help me! Little Apple won't shut his mouth and the seniors are nagging me to get rid of it." Lan Jingyi cried out in frustration. He regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth.

Sizhui's face contoured to a painful grimace but he covered it as soon as it was showed. He took a deep breath, and was about to say something when there was a shuffle of robes behind him.

"Do not bother. I will speak to the seniors."

Sizhui and Jingyi both looked to see the Second Jade of Lan, looking as pristine as ever, standing behind them. His clothes, as neat and bright as the sky, and his robes and forehead ribbon flying with the gentle wind making him look like an angel.

"Hanguang Jun" Sizhui and Jingyi bowed their heads together, to their senior with utmost respect.

"T- Thank you, Hanguang Jun." Sizhui gave him a small smile. "I will try to take him a bit far from the main compound so that it doesn't disturb the others."

Lan wangji nodded his head. Jingyi bowed again and left the remaining two, his steps almost hesitant seeing his best friend's condition. Lan Wangji glanced properly at Sizhui and could only feel a pang of hurt throbbing in his chest.

"You are not sleeping well. " he spoke to the little Lan who was fidgeting with his fingers. "Do not hurt him. He would not want to see you like this."

Sizhui looked at his father figure with a pained expression. He was a Lan, yet his emotions were out of control. He couldn't even look at Lan Wangji in the eye and deny what the other person just said. He once again took a deep breath and controlled his raging heart. "I am sorry Hanguang Jun. I will try to take care of myself better. I just..." he paused.

Lan wangji put his palm on top of Sizhui's head. His touch was soft and gentle, which totally contradicted the emotions on his stoic face. "Have faith." he said, and patted the disciple's head.

Lan Sizhui nodded his head and bowed again. He turned around and started going towards the main lecture hall, leaving the second jade alone amidst the pile of rabbits.

Lan Wangji sat down. He was tired and he was broken. It seemed like the universe had some sort of rivalry with Lan Wangji's happiness. He had been unable to cry. Somehow there was something about grief, that turned Lan Wangji numb. He wasn't sure that whether it was a defect of him or his emotions, but just as he grieved his mother's death with dry eyes and a heavy stone in his chest, he grieved for another person. His person. His Wei Ying.

Wei Ying left him for the second time in his entire lifetime. The person he loved and cherished with all his heart had been taken away from him once again.

"Wei ying.." he whispered, while taking a black rabbit in his hands. Cuddling him close his chest he tried to fight back the grief and hurt that was threatening to burst out from his chest. It was a shattering thing to know that his beloved was gone and the world shifted yet on its axis. It left Lan wangji unbalanced, like a cup tipped over, scrambling to pick up the pieces of himself and rearrange them around the shape of Wei Ying's absence.

But no. He had to stop. He would not let himself down in front of Wei Ying's last request.

*"Smile... dummy. I.. promise... I will.. come back..."*

Lan Wangji took a deep breath and tried to calm his heart. Wei Ying promised. He promised he will return to him and Lan Wangji will honor his last request. He will hold onto the hope given by his beloved and he WILL wait. He was the Chief Cultivator and he had responsibilities. He will make sure that when Wei Ying returned he would find his Lan Zhan the same way he left him, he will make sure that his beloved would come back in a world where people would no longer slander the Yiling Laozu. He would make sure that, once the boy with the brightest smile returned, he would no longer let people hurt him. If waiting was all he had to do, then he would wait for a hundred years for his Wei Ying to come back.

He felt a soft bump against his finger, looking down to see the black rabbit nudging his nose with its ears fluttering. He cradled it gently in his palm and traced a small soft path between the long black ears. Even the smallest creatures in Cloud Recesses were urging him to hold on, providing him with comfort. He sighed and put the rabbit down gently. It was time to go back to his duties as

the Chief Cultivator. Taking a one last look towards the rabbits, Lan Wangji got up and left the place with slow, steady but firm steps.

It was evening. The sun was setting, giving all of the Gusu mountains an orange hue. The scene was incredibly beautiful and warm, making one feel like he was in heaven. The hues of orange and red fell onto a white clad figure who was anxiously staring at the direction of Hanshi. Lan Xichen was in seclusion. He had been inside the four walls since six months, occasionally talking to only Lan Wangji and Lan Qiren. The Second Jade let out a sigh and proceeded towards the door, knocking it two times.

"Brother?" Lan Wangji called out in his soft voice.

He heard shuffling from inside the room and some sounds of shifting of things. The door opened gently revealing his brother who looked a little pale but better than before. His appearance reminded Lan Wangji of the time when he himself was in seclusion for three agonizing years. Lan Wangji understood what his brother was going through, he was no stranger to grieving but even if the grief of the two brothers were different, it felt similar, somehow.

"Wangji.." Lan Xichen gave him a small smile, "Come in."

Lan Wangji entered the room, gliding like a swan and sat on one end of the table where he placed his Guqin. Lan Xichen joined him on the other end in a poised manner.

"How have you been brother?" Xichen asked while pouring his brother a cup of jasmine tea.

Lan Wangji said nothing. He barely spoke nowadays. When he looked in front, he saw his brother gazing down at him with warm eyes, holding infinite sadness near the corners. It was a bit surreal, to be honest. How could this man be so warm even when his heart was filled with feelings of betrayal and loss. Lan Wangji knew how difficult it was for his polite, well spoken brother to find appropriate words to reconcile the conflicting emotions within him and his little brother.

"I am fine. " he paused, "I wanted to see how you were and wanted to play for you."

"I would be happy, if you played for me Wangji." Xichen smiled softly, "I know, I have burdened you with the responsibilities of the sect, when I should be the one shouldering them. I know as much as I am hurt, your heart has taken a toll greater than mine. And I am truly.. I just don't know what to say."

Lan Wangji shook his head. "I am doing what I should do. It was what he wanted...." , he let out a shaky breath and tried to stop the burning in his eyes, "He wanted me to smile and be okay. I am doing what a brother and.... " his throat tightened.

Lan Xichen took a sip of his tea and urged his brother to do the same. "It is okay Wangji. You have always been strong and stubborn. I just need some time, to think, to gather my thoughts and maybe heal myself.. I would not leave you to shoulder everything alone."

"Take your time brother." Lan Wangji said in a firm tone. "You do not have to worry."

Lan Xichen sighed and looked outside the window where the sky had turned darker, just like how his heart had been throughout these months. The silence between them seemed to stretch,

overflowing with Lan Xichen's soft sadness that receded when he spoke, but revealed itself when he was quiet. Lan Wangji could not stand it. He moved his fingers on the surface of his Guqin's strings, playing the soft and soothing melody of the song - Rest and Healing. Inside, his grief seeped into his lungs, rising like the waters of the tide and made it hard to breathe but, he tried to overcome it, for the sake of his brother, himself and most importantly, His Wei Ying.

After a while, Lan Wangji stepped out of the Hanshi, bidding his brother 'a good night' and started walking towards his own home, Jingshi. Home? no. It was just a place where he slept. It was a place where he was surrounded by Wei Ying's memories and his promises and his dreams. But to his utter remorse and disappointment the actual person wasn't with him. He glanced at the wall beside his neatly made bed, that held Chenqing and Suibian. After the first burial mound incident, when he lost Wei Ying he didn't have anything of him. But now he had his two spiritual weapons, as a source of comfort. He went to a small chest in the corner of the room, and opened it. He glanced at the things inside- a red ribbon, and Wei Ying's tattered and bloody clothes. His eyes prickled and his jaw clenched, trying to tame his emotions which were once again threatening to take over him. Closing the chest hurriedly, Lan Wangji sighed, and got himself ready for bed. This was way too torturous than death itself.

### **Lotus Pier, Yunmeng.**

Lotus pier was quiet. Unnaturally quiet to think about it. Well, no, it was never fully quiet- There were merchants selling their goods, sounds of the town folks and the river boats with people laughing and gossiping, but it was actually the main residence of Yunmeng Jiang clan that was quiet- calm and dignified. Even the quarrels Jiang Cheng usually had with his advisors were less heated, compared to when he was younger. It was strange- almost alien.

Jiang Cheng was sitting quietly at the ancestral hall, his head bowed and his mind full of thoughts.

"Uncle.. Its time for dinner." Jin Ling, called out. Jin Ling was to become the new Lanling Jin Clan leader but he was still under his uncle for his training. The Jin Clan had always been a place where hungry wolves fought amongst themselves for the ultimate power, but after Jin GuangYao's death, Jiang Cheng had literally scared the wits out of those wolves, stomping his heels with Zidian eventually securing the post for Jin Ling.

"Go and mind your own business. Leave me alone." Jiang Cheng retorted.

Jin Ling had enough of his uncle's nonsense. He had witnessed his uncle changing after Wei Wuxian died. He got it. He truly did. Because that day not only Jiang Cheng lost his brother whom he hated, but a nephew had lost his uncle too. Jin Ling wasn't exactly fond of his uncle Wei, but he was starting to like how cheerful and bright that man was. Despite practicing demonic cultivation, Wei Wuxian was a kind man full of courage and bravery. His lopsided grin and his caring nature for the ones he loved, melted Jin Ling's heart way before he even realized it himself. If he really thought about it, to him it started almost when he was in Yi City with his annoying uncle and his close friends.

"Can you stop?" Jin Ling raged out, "Can you stop pretending that you care about your brother?"

Jiang Cheng stood up and turned around sharply to face his nephew. He was baffled at how Jin ling

had raised his voice despite being scared of him. "What nonsense are you sprouting? Do you want to get beaten?"

"I am done with this. It was YOU who pushed uncle Wei away when he was here in lotus pier! It was YOU who hated him so much that Uncle Wei couldn't even come back home! IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOU, HE DIED!! JUST LET HIM GO!! WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, YOU DID NOTHING! SO WHY PRETEND NOW??!!"

Jin Ling was panting hard with specs of tears in his eyes. He was so frustrated. These six months he had tried to forget everything that happened, his uncle Jin turning out to be an evil mastermind who did heinous crimes, him learning that the evil ghost general whom he hated with his life saved him and that the uncle he blamed for his parents' death was actually not entirely responsible.

"SHUT UP, YOU BRAT! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THIS? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHO AM I? OR HAVE YOU GROWN WINGS JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE THE NEXT CLAN LEADER??" Jiang Cheng roared. He was astounded, mad and felt like someone stabbed him right where it hurt.

"You think that I don't know that? That if I indeed helped that pathetic excuse of a brother of mine, I wouldn't lose my only family??! That I am burdened with HIS golden core, buzzing with spiritual energy for the rest of my life??!! That I could never surpass my own Shixiong and that I could never even become the person the Jiang Clan deserves?!" he literally forced the words out of his mouth, "I wanted to... I wanted to talk.. "

Jiang Cheng sat down with his hands covering his face. His lips quivered and his shoulders shook.

"What can I do..? What more can I do? How will I ever tell that annoying brother that I didn't want him to die! That the day I lost my golden core and got caught by the Wens, I did it to protect him!! How..? HOW??!!" Jiang Cheng cried out in a hoarse voice.

Jin Ling was shocked. His own tears had started falling wordlessly without him knowing. He staggered a few steps back seeing his cruel, strong and prideful uncle in such a broken state. He never knew a person could have so much pain and guilt in his heart and still appear somewhat headstrong and absolutely unbothered by trivial matters. But now, seeing his uncle so lost, so alone and in such a pitiful state he couldn't take it any longer.

"I.. I am sorry.." Jin ling croaked out gritting his teeth. Without waiting for any response he turned around and ran. He ran as if he was trying to run away from all the hurt and all the unresolved emotions he was feeling in that moment. He didn't know how to control himself and neither knew how to comfort his uncle. He was a kid afterall. He had suffered way more than any normal kid of his age. He knew, that hating his uncle Wei was easier than loving him because then his death wouldn't hurt as much as it did now!

He stopped near one of the docks. There was no one around which he was glad for. He needed time. He sat down with his puffy eyes, sniffing and thinking about what had happened in the past year. He hated the YiLing Laozu, but he was also the one who called upon Wen Ning to protect him from the terrifying Goddess statue. Protected him from Xue Yang and Song Lan and their merry band of corpses. Showed him that fearlessness and power were developed through trial and error, and not a one-way street. Taught him that repressing and withholding your emotions while still

young was a waste of time, when eventually you would have to act like the Gusu-Lan disciples when you grow up.

"This is not fair.. " He murmured, "Why did you have to go, when I was just starting to like you?" Jin Ling sighed and rubbed his eyes. He tried to imagine what Wei Wuxian would say if he saw his little nephew in this state.

*"Ahhhh... Jin Ling!! What are you doing??!! Aww my poor baby nephew, come, let your uncle give you a hug!"*

Jin Ling could almost hear and imagine Wei Wuxian's annoying whiny voice and could visualize the teasing smirk plastered on his bright face. He cringed a bit but almost instantly, felt better.

Jiang Cheng got up. His eyes were red and he was slightly heaving. He glanced around him and sighed, relieved to see that no one witnessed such a pathetic state of their Jiang Clan leader. Emotions aside he was a man of pride and he hardly let himself get weak in front of others. Jin Ling had struck him with words no one dared to utter- truth to be told he wasn't exactly angry, but maybe guilty and frustrated. The emotions were bottling inside of him since a long time and today it had reached their limit. He unclenched his jaw and taking a deep breath he started walking, to find his idiotic nephew.

Wei Wuxian's death for the second time had really taken a toll on most people.



# The Black Day

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Emptiness.*

*Void.*

*That's what Lan Wangji was feeling right now. He was sitting on the bed of a room while Wei Ying chose to stay in another. They were in Yunping and things happened. Lan Wangji got drunk and when he came back to himself all he could see and hear was Wei Ying's panicked face, his rejection when the second jade wanted to touch and comfort him and his words "Uh, Its normal for men to be like this sometimes."*

*His heart broke every passing second as he questioned his heart. Did Wei Ying indulge himself with these things? Was this really VERY normal to him? The kisses, the touches that they probably shared in the moment of heat, did they mean absolutely nothing to him? What was Lan Wangji supposed to feel? Jealousy? Remorse?*

*All at once, the overwhelming grief and sadness smashed onto him like a tsunami. He felt like he was drowning in a sea of pain and despair and was unable to breathe. The hopelessness, the anguish, the feeling of being 'unwanted' by the man he loved; all was crashing onto him like waves-unrelenting and unmerciful. He regretted his actions. He saw the look of hurt in Wei Ying's eyes, the eyes which conveyed panic and fear. Did he lose his only chance of confessing his feelings to Wei Ying with this? Did he drive him away? Was it regret that Wei Ying felt?*

*The sound of an adjacent window opening made him pause his overthinking. He heard the sounds of shuffling of robes and someone landing on the hard ground with a 'thump'. It didn't take a genius to know who that was. It was Wei Ying. He was running away.*

*Should he chase after the man? Should he go and ask for forgiveness? Would Wei Ying take him back?*

*A choked sob left Lan Wangji's lips. Big, fat tears started rolling out of his eyes. He was broken beyond words. He chose to stay by Wei Ying's side no matter what happened but it was costing him so much of his own heart. The pain, the grief, the mind numbing emptiness was eating Lan Wangji alive. Was Love all about this? Was love, all about heart wrenching pain and loss? Is that why, his father too, suffered so much?*

*Lan Wangji sobbed and whimpered like a mortally wounded man. This was unbearable.*

*He brushed his tears away with his sleeve and with a determined mindset, he decided he had to leave. He had to do something to distract himself from this bottomless pit of heartbreak. He had to calm himself down. The Gusu Lan Clan had always been strong and uptight in building their disciples. A tragic thing happened tonight, but he was aware of the fact, that the time he spent*

wallowing up himself in despair, Wei Ying had gone somewhere and was currently still outside. He had to find the man before he was faced with some kind of danger.

Lan Wangji opened the inn's window and jumped out of it, landing on the ground gracefully. He needed to clear his mind and needed to ease his thumping heart for he wanted to find Wei Ying. He wanted to stay by Wei Ying's side no matter what happened in the future. If Wei Ying wanted to be his friend then so will he be. It was better than losing him completely. But if Wei Ying wanted him to go away and leave him, he would do that too. For Lan Wangji, nothing mattered more than Wei Ying's safety and his wishes.

He roamed around in the quiet streets for some time which helped him control his tornado of thoughts. He decided that it was enough and he should really buck up to find that missing person. Suddenly, he heard the sounds of barking. Curious, he turned around and found a dog running towards him, barking desperately. It was no ordinary dog though-It was Fairy! Jin Ling's spiritual dog. The dog latched onto Lan Wangji's robe, biting and pulling as if to take him somewhere. Sensing discomfort and danger, Lan Wangji instantly started going after it and ended up reaching the Guanyin Temple. He halted as he heard sounds of men shouting and attacking and another voice..

"Young Master Wei, I do understand your current situation.."

Young Master Wei?? Wei Ying was here? Lan Wangji wasted no time and hopped onto the roof of the main entrance, jumping and landing on another roof revealing the courtyard. The hairs on his body stood up seeing the scene in front of his eyes.

Wei Ying threw two monks flying away to the other side, with just one strike! "You understand my ass!" he roared.

Lan Wangji subtly smirked seeing his feisty Wei Ying. Even without his golden core, Wei Ying was still powerful and full of energy- it didn't matter whether it was demonic or not. Wei Ying was here and he was fighting the monks with vigor, which made him feel proud and satisfied. The moment ended as soon as he saw seven or eight monks throwing themselves, at Wei Ying's direction and Lan Wangji prepared to strike as well, unsheathing Bichen when Jin Guangyao spoke up,

"I only wanted to tell you, there's no need to be in such a hurry. Your HanGuang Jun-- he's already here."

Lan Wangji attacked with Bichen, its icy blue sword glare shining and whistling as it forced back the monks, encircling Wei Ying before it returned to his hand. He jumped down soundlessly and felt Wei Ying's eyes on him. His stomach flipped as he heard Wei Ying murmuring his name, 'Lan Zhan'. He noticed his brother and Jin Ling, who for some reason looked a bit weirded out. His senses returned fast as he heard Jin GuangYao speak.

"You see? That's what I said. If you are here, Young Master Wei, HanGuang Jun would definitely come as well."

Lan Wangji had no time to bother with what Jin GuangYao said as he turned his wrist holding Bichen-- Just as he was about to move, Jin Guangyao spoke again. And what he heard and saw made his feet frozen.

"HanGuang Jun, its best if you take five steps back."

*His gaze fell on Wei Ying who was currently trapped. An almost unnoticeable guqin string, light and golden was tied around Wei Ying's neck making him unmovable.*

*Lan Wangji's mind went blank. He didn't expect this move and somehow seeing Wei Ying's disoriented condition, cold sweat started forming on his forehead.*

*"Lan Zhan, don't! Don't back away!" Wei Ying shouted.*

*Even though, he clearly heard what his significant other was saying, Lan Wangji's main priority was to save him. So without wasting a single second he walked five steps back without any hesitation.*

*His blood boiled when he heard Jin GuangYao's next condition. "Wonderful. Now please sheathe Bichen".*

*Lan Wangji looked at Wei Ying with careful eyes and obeyed. With a clank he sheathed Bichen.*

*Wei Ying snarled "Don't ask for too much!"*

*Before Lan Wangji could even speak or as much as utter a word to Wei Ying, Jin GuangYao interrupted him again by speaking "This is already asking too much? Next, I'm even going to ask HanGuang Jun to seal away his spiritual powers. What would that be called?"*

*Lan Wangji paused and started worrying. He was highly cultivated; even if he sealed his powers, they would return to him way faster than an average cultivator's. But in a situation like this where Wei Ying's life was on stake, a single moment of powerlessness could cost him a lot.*

*"You.." Wei Ying seethed but before he could continue, Lan Wangji's face paled. The slight sound of flesh being lacerated sounded along with a few drops of blood dripped down Wei Ying's throat. Lan Wangji was petrified. The sight of blood on his person's neck was enough to make his mind go berserk.*

*"How could he not listen to me? Just think about it, Young Master Wei, His life is in my hands!" Jin GuangYao spoke calmly but surely.*

*Lan Wangji's mind and heart were boiling with rage. He was on the verge of losing his sanity and was ready to kill Jin GuangYao with his bare hands. Yet, taking a deep breath he gritted one word out at a time, "Do. Not. Touch. Him."*

*"Then you know what to do, HanGuang Jun." Jin GuangYao smirked, evilly.*

*Lan Wangji felt helpless. In his entire existence he never felt so helpless and cornered. After a moment, Lan Wangji responded with a curt 'yes' and raised his hands. He heard his brother sighing, ignoring it, with two strong taps he locked his own spiritual powers. It was done.*

*"This really is.." Jin GuangYao smiled. Something about the smile made Lan Wangji immensely uncomfortable and the hairs on his neck stood up. Something told Lan Wangji he just made a*

*decision he was going to regret.*

*In the flash of a second, the sound of tearing flesh sounded through and the next moment Lan Wangji saw blood gushing out of Wei Ying's neck making him fall to his knees. Jin GuangYao sliced Wei Ying's neck with the guqin string and casually remarked, "He was too dangerous and cunning to be left around alive."*

*"WEI YING!!!" an agonizing scream tore off from Lan Wangji's mouth, his voice raw. Jin ling froze to his spot as his mind stopped working completely and on the other hand, Lan Xichen stood up, shell-shocked with the turning of events.*

*Lan Wangji felt his entire world crumbling down and his heart shattering into millions of pieces as he looked at Wei Ying's shocked eyes, hearing him choke out Lan Wangji's name, like he was holding on to the words to keep himself from dying away instantly.*

*"Lan... Zhan.." Wei Ying choked out, with blood seeping out from the cut on his neck as his knees buckled and he started falling down.*

*Lan Wangji forced himself out from his frozen state as he rushed to take his Wei Ying into his arms.*

*"A-Yao!! What have you done??" Lan Xichen shouted in anger. He could not believe his sworn brother could be so cruel, to kill Wei Ying, when he clearly knew how much that demonic cultivator meant to his brother. Jin Ling was paralyzed. His lips wobbled and he swayed on his foot, losing balance and crashing into the ground.*

*Jin GuangYao didn't bother himself with anything as he nonchalantly turned around to go inside the temple.*

*Lan Wangji sank to the floor with Wei Ying in his arms, his mind unfocused as he tried to press his hands helplessly against Wei Ying's neck to stop the bleeding; the blood kept on pouring out, staining his white robes with dark red, but he didn't seem to notice that. The only thought that ran through his mind was 'not again'.*

*Wei Ying coughed up blood and Lan Wangji cried desperately to his beloved, "Please not again, Please don't leave me again.. stay with me"*

*Not after he just came back! Not after Lan Wangji's life was filled again with colours, his laugh, his smile, his teasing, his chattering, his whole PRESENCE!! But the blood wasn't stopping, it felt endless.*

*Lan Wangji desperately tried to pass spiritual energy into Wei Ying but he felt a soft presence on his hand.*

*Wei Ying was looking at him, his face starting to lose his colour. "Lan Zhan.." he croaked out.*

*"Wei Ying! NO! I am here.. please." Lan zhan cried. Tears started flowing from his eyes. How was he supposed to control himself? How was he supposed to save his Wei Ying? Why was this happening again? Just why?*

*"I.. love you. Lan Zhan.."*

*Lan Wangji's world stopped. What did he say? Love?? HE LOVED HIM???*

*"Please.. Don't.. cry..." Wei Ying's weak whisper brought him down to reality. Lan wangji could only look at him with pain stricken eyes. "Smile... dummy... I-I promise.. I will.. come back.."*

*"WAIT, NO!!!" Lan Wangji screamed, any of his usual cold indifference was now gone replacing it with fear and panic. His whole body trembled as he looked towards Lan Xichen, "DO SOMETHING!! PLEASE SAVE HIM!! I-I..." His voice broke as he shouted desperately towards his brother. Seeing Lan Xichen's somber and helpless face he realized... that there's absolutely nothing that anyone could do.*

*He felt Wei Ying's hands moving by his side. Lan Wangji tried to see what he was doing only to understand that Wei Ying was drawing something.*

*"Lan Zhan..." Wei Yings's voice was weak, he couldn't bear seeing Lan Zhan in that state, "Its... okay.." With the remaining strength he had left, he managed to lift his other hand and put it against Lan Wangji's cheek, who was still desperately trying to stop the bleeding. "It's okay... you.. can.. stop now"*

*Wei Ying started coughing violently, yet unknown to others, his one hand never stopped drawing the patterns and lines with his bloodied finger.*

*Lan Wangji looked down to see the dying body of his beloved and his reassuring smile. The smile which made him fall in love, the smile that made him believe in so many things he didn't want to believe. Was this the last time, he would ever witness it? A heart wrenching sob escaped his lips as he laid his forehead on Wei Ying's faintly beating heart; which was still alive for the moment.*

*The doors of the temple entrance, blasted open as a man wearing purple robes entered with heavy footsteps; Purple lightening crackling around his fingers on one hand and the other hand, holding a bloodied Sandu. Jiang Cheng halted as soon as he saw the messy and confusing scene and the bloody body in front of him. He couldn't believe his eyes. What just happened? Was he dreaming? what was going on??*

*Lan Wangji felt Wei Ying's fingers still moving on the ground and at the same time the other hand was patting lan wangji's head softly, trying to comfort him with his few remaining breaths. As if he was more worried about Lan Wangji's condition rather than his own.*

*"Please.. Wei Ying... please.. Don't go.." Lan Wangji cried helplessly. He hugged the limp body as the last of Wei Ying's life seeped out of his body, his eyes blank, as something inside of Lan Wangji broke permanently. Once again he was unable to prevent his loved one's death.*

*Lan Wangji was quiet. Tears still dripping down from his eyes, he sat there lifelessly with the limp body of his beloved.*

*A thump was heard from the side. Jiang Cheng had stumbled to the ground with his hands shaking. His sword Sandu long gone from his hands and it clattered next to him with a 'clang'. He was fuming.. his lips trembled, his eyes watered. He could not believe that he saw his brother's death in*

*such a painful way.*

*"WHY???" Jiang Cheng wailed.. "Why did you escape!!? After all these years, I was finally going to get my answers! I was finally ready to talk! WHY NOW?? Why-"*

*His words were cut short as something extremely weird and unbelievable happened. Lan Wangji's eyes widened as he saw a golden light surrounding his and Wei Ying's body. The glow increased, making the surrounding look like an other worldly place and soon it took a shape of an array! The Array stretched out and broadened on the ground covering the whole temple in a golden hue. Everyone, squinted their eyes as the array, started rising from the ground and fixing its place right above Wei Ying's limp body. The array brightened once more before rays of light shot out towards Wei Ying's direction, and in a span of a moment, the rays dissipated into little sparkles.*

*Wei Ying or rather Mo Xuanyu's body was gone!*

*Lan Xichen, Jiang Cheng gaped at the place where the body laid. Instead of the body, now in Lan Wangji's arms laid, Wei Ying's bloody clothes and his red ribbon, which held his high ponytail in place. Jin Ling was passed out since god knows when so he didn't even know what happened.*

*Lan Wangji screamed. An earth shattering scream causing the temple to resonate his voice, making it sound more horrifying and painful. The scream alarmed Jin GuangYao as he rushed towards the courtyard only to see a seething, lethal Lan Wangji with blue flames all over his body. He turned his head towards Jin GuangYao and fumed in anger.*

*Lan Wangji's Spiritual powers had returned!!!*

*"Jin GuangYao..." Lan Wangji roared!*

*"Wangji! NO!", before Lan Xichen could even complete his sentence, Lan Wangji unsheathed Bichen and slashed!*

*Everything happened so quickly that no one had the time, to truly register what went through. It was done.*

*Blood spilled everywhere. Jin GuangYao's head was separated from his body and landed on to the ground with a 'thud'. Lan Wangji killed him without mercy as Bichen went back to his hands. The body was lying on a pool of its own blood. Lan Xichen was horrified. Even Jiang Cheng seemed to be out of words.. his eyes wide like saucers and his mouth hanging wide open.*

*Lan Wangji was still reeling, his breath heavy and disorganized. His eyes held animalistic rage and if one looked too closely they could really feel the madness and torment he was suffering from. He saw no logic and no reason. He cared for no one at the moment. His Wei Ying was killed right before his eyes and Lan Wangji was going insane.*

*"Wangji!! What did you do??!!" Lan Xichen wailed. There was no words to express how he truly felt. What was he supposed to feel? For whom was he supposed to feel more remorse? For A-yao?? or for Wangji?*

*Lan Wangji said nothing as he quietly picked up Wei ying's bloody clothes and his ribbon with shaky fingers. He stumbled a bit and went to Jiang Cheng who looked like he was facing the most painful experience of his whole life. Jiang Cheng looked up numbly towards Lan Wangji who looked both dangerous and broken.*

*"I need Suibian and Chenqing from you." Lan Wangji stated. His voice emotionless as he numbly stared at the person below.*

*"Why would I give them to you??" Jiang Cheng retorted with a serious expression.*

*In a flash, Bichen was glaring right infront of Jiang Cheng's throat. Jiang Cheng was dumbfounded.*

*"I. need. the. sword. and. the. flute." Lan Wangji glared icily at the purple robed man. Jiang Cheng realized that this man was no longer the righteous and benevolent HangGuang Jun, but someone else completely. His eyes no longer held kindness or perseverance, but inhuman rage and animosity. Jiang was too tired and broken to deal with anything anymore. He quietly pulled out Suibian from his waist and Chenqing from his sleeves, holding them out before Lan Wangji, who grasped them harshly and without a word left the temple premises.*

Lan Wangji jolted up from his sleep screaming "Wei Ying!!!!"

## Chapter End Notes

so, this chapter might explain what i really tried to convey. Wei ying dies. yes. and i am so sorry for hurting you people with this nightmare. BUT things will turn out to be better. i promise.

The death scene is inspired by the writings of Beth <3. You can find her on twitter at @wwxlwj19. Her small fics inspired me and Disha to write such a fic in the first place and a big shoutout to her for this.

I am really very bad at writing action scenes and angst so spare me for it. the next chapter will feature our modern Wei ying and his life without his lan er gege.

hope you enjoy. <3

# Feelings

## Chapter Summary

Just a father son moment <3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lan Wangji was sweating and panting hard. It had been some time, since he last saw this horrible reality as a nightmare. He thought maybe it had stopped. He thought maybe the nightmare would leave him alone. With wide eyes and an unstable mind he hurriedly went to the small chest holding Wei Ying's remnants. Opening the lid, he grasped onto Wei Ying's remains like his life depended on it and flopped down on the ground, clutching the clothes with dried blood close to his chest. There was a time after Wei Ying's death, that Lan Wangji thought, the grief and pain he felt, it would kill him. The numbness that dulled Lan Wangji's senses, could do nothing for the raw, exposed flesh of Lan Wangji's mourning.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji sobbed. It was pathetic at how, the wounds on his heart were still so much fresh. He couldn't forget Wei Ying's soulless eyes and his confession of love amidst the chaos. He couldn't get rid of the images of his beloved lying in his arms, lifeless and limp. He couldn't bear that even knowing that Wei Ying loved him, he couldn't hold him, could not love him back. All he ever wanted was the affection and heart of that grey eyed boy, who made him see the world in a different way. All Lan Wangji now could see in front of him, was his smiling face.

His heart squeezed violently, as tears trickled down his cheeks and dropped onto the floor of the Jingshi. The pain. 'Someone please stop this pain!!' Lan Wangji screamed inside his head. He could not. He was not able to deal with Wei Ying's death. How much more did he need to suffer?? If Wei Ying had to die again, why did he come back? Why did he have to colour the black and white heart of Lan Wangji with his adorable face and his non stop chatter?? Why did he have to confess his feelings when he was dying?! Why was the world so cruel as to put Lan Wangji in a situation where he could not even say 'I love you too' to the one he loved!!

After Wei Ying came back, Lan Wangji started to live. In both lifetimes, Wei Ying crashed onto him like a force of monsoon and made him question every principle he had ever been taught. Wei Ying's laughter and his teasing were sharp, cutting through Lan Wangji's foggy life like a knife and bringing him out of the haze to a world where he could breathe properly. But in both lifetimes, Lan Wangji was too late.

The tears didn't stop. Lan Wangji was wailing and sniffing and it would be tragic for anyone who saw him in this state.

"I.. love you.. Wei Ying.." He panted, "Won't stop.. will never stop.. loving you.."

-----



After Lan Wangji left that day, Su she had turned up dragging Nie Huaisang along with him. Needless to say, Su She reacted rashly when he found out that the sect leader he admired and respected so much had died, in the hands of his most despised rival Lan Wangji. He was enraged would be an understatement. He was about to attack ZeWu Jun when Jiang Cheng had whipped Zidian at his direction, causing him to fly away to the opposite direction.

Jiang Cheng's attack had seemed to tear the front of Su She's robes, which revealed the hundred holes curse mark. It didn't take a genius to figure out that the curse marks looked like the aftermath, of a curse gone wrong. Even Lan Xichen seemed to be shocked by the revelation.

Jiang Cheng and Lan Xichen questioned Su She and he quite proudly told them about the misdeeds and crimes he and Jin GuangYao committed. Su She admitted to being the one, who cursed Jin Zixun and being the man behind the transportation talisman. He literally took pride the way he agreed how cunningly Jin GuangYao had plotted Nie Mingjue's death, so that his way towards power could be easy and clean. He looked like, he went crazy as he laughed like a maniac, his expressions and actions held no remorse or guilt whatsoever.

When Lan Xichen painfully asked about why A-yao did what he did, Su she just remarked that he was threatened by a letter, a letter which promised him that the person writing it would reveal all his dirty work in the cultivation world. ZeWu Jun also came to know about how this GuanYin Temple was a brothel, the place where A-Yao was born. The original place being burnt down, so that a temple could be built.

Jiang cheng had enough of his snickering and false pride. He tortured Su She with Zidian until he spilled every information he knew. Jin Zixuan's death as well as his Shijie's death wasn't entirely Wei Wuxian's fault, and that lone information caused Jiang Cheng to lose all his patience.

The moment he came to know about this, he killed Su She without a second thought.

Nie Mingjue's corpse entered the courtyard with Wen Ning trying to subdue it with all his potential.

The corpse was dealt by a heartbroken Lan Xichen and an equally remorseful Jiang Cheng. Later Lan Qiren appeared with the other cultivators who helped in finishing off Nie Mingjue's corpse as well as his resentment. Nie Huaisang was quiet and mostly pretending to be oblivious to everything-- he only reacted when he saw his dage's corpse full of resentment, trying to kill Jin Ling, every chance he got. Jiang Cheng got the shock of his lifetime when he saw The Fierce Ghost General, Wen Ning protecting Jin Ling and him throughout the whole fight.

Lan Qiren was able to seal Nie Mingjue's corpse in a coffin latching it up with talismans and spells. The entire cultivation world came to know about the horrors of what happened in Yunping.

Jin Ling was devastated when he came to know about all of what happened. The last thing that he remembered was seeing his Uncle Wei's limp body in HanGuang Jun's arms while he passed out. He was equally tormented and frustrated at how everything went downhill since he came to know about Wei Wuxian's real identity. As long as he was Mo Xuanyu, his uncle was safe and alive. He somehow blamed himself. If only he didn't push his uncle away, if only he didn't stab him, if only.... he let him explain. Thoughts plagued his mind and he stayed locked up in his room in Lotus Pier.

Wei Ying's death the first time was a thing of relief. That the nefarious Yiling Laozu was dead. But who knew, Wei Wuxian's second death would cause a hurricane of emotions and calamity in half of the people, who previously hated him.

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Sizhui was unable to sleep. He had been like this since the past few months. His life was usually a quiet one, where he and his best friend Jingyi would attend classes, go on night hunts and follow the Gusu Lan clan rules by heart. Previously he didn't even remember much about his childhood and about his Xian gege but after the incident of Mo Manor, everything changed.

Sizhui had started laughing, giggling and even teasing occasionally. His Xian Gege's presence had changed his entire life style. He always looked forward to seeing him and HanGuang Jun, teaching them new things and even helping them out, when time called for it. And throughout most of their time together, he couldn't even recognise that Mo Xuanyu was indeed Wei Wuxian.

Sizhui sighed with tired eyes as he opened the door to his home and started walking towards nowhere in particular. It was way past nine pm, almost midnight, the moon shining brightly in the sky with gentle winds caressing his lean but sturdy figure. He started thinking about how his life had been since the beginning. From being a Wen child, being taken care of by his Xian Gege to becoming a Lan disciple and growing in the care of his father figure or rather his father, HanGuang Jun, he was truly blessed.

He remembered the time Lan Wangji came out of his seclusion and saw the little child. Sizhui was barely six years or seven years old then. He remembered, Lan Wangji grasping his hands softly and breaking down in tears on his tiny lap, sobbing uncontrollably. Sizhui being so small had no idea how to calm down the older man who looked like an angel to his baby eyes. All he could do was pat his head and give Lan Wangji a bright smile which made the man calm down a bit. His father was quiet, but he was kind, warm and caring. All the while, when he was growing up in the cloud recesses, he never had to feel sad or incomplete about anything, ever. He was in peace.

But it all altered when his Xian Gege entered his life again with a dazzling smile and an equally crazy but brilliant mind. Wei Wuxian was powerful and fearless. His logics were always on point and he was ready to do almost anything for the ones he loved. Sizhui slowly came to know about how a true family and a true parent looked like. Wei Wuxian had been a very, VERY protective guardian to him throughout the times he had shared with the man. During the times in Yi city, he did realise that whenever HanGuang Jun and Wei Wuxian was around him, nothing could harm him at all. He was safe; Like a baby cradled in between the arms of his parents.

The surroundings were starting to get dimmer. Sizhui glanced up to the sky to see dark clouds gathering in front of the moon, covering its gentle, white light and replacing it with a gloomy darkness. Something about it struck his heart. Wei Wuxian was just like the sun- Bright and shiny. Lighting everyone's lives with his charm and care. And now, when he was gone, dark clouds were indeed looming in their hearts.

Realizing it was going to rain soon, Sizhui got up to retreat to his quarters when out of the blue, he heard a tune. The sounds of guqin resonated through the air making it sound like a lullaby. *Inquiry* was rising and dipping mournfully in the upset night sky making Sizhui gulp down his feelings of misery.

He knew who the one playing the guqin was. He knew that the person playing it, was broken the most in the entire cultivation world. He knew that his father pulled a facade during the day time, managing the sect and his responsibilities. He would pretend to be strong for everyone who needed him and specially to his brother Lan Xichen and Lan Sizhui. He tried to stay unaffected, appear resilient and tough by guiding fellow disciples by the day and relentlessly training afterwards, despite how they provided him a wide berth everytime, casting him subdued looks and hushed whispers whenever they thought he wasn't looking. Jingyi would thrash around and pick a fight with the most of them, as he was unable to see the looks of pity HanGuang Jun got everytime he turned his back. Jingyi would get punished for it severely, yet he refused to yield and say sorry.

"I am doing what Senior Wei would have done, if he saw these so called 'Lan Disciples' gossiping behind the Chief Cultivator's back." Lan Jingyi would snap, giving no regards to the rules and etiquette.

Sizhui understood. He understood how Jingyi, Jin Ling and even Ouyang Zizhen had started admiring and respecting Wei Wuxian little by little. Jingyi loved his friends as well as his seniors and that boy would stop at nothing to protect them and their honor.

He started walking towards the back mountains where, Lan Wangji would usually sit with his Guqin and play the same tune over and over again. Once he reached, what he saw wasn't the mighty HanGuang Jun; but a very weak looking and dejected man. A man who looked like he had lost every reason to live and to smile. His fingers portrayed his sadness and unspoken what-ifs across the taut strings, and his mind straying to the memories of Wei Ying's unbridled laughter. Infront of him laid, Xian gege's bloody clothes along with his ribbon.

Sizhui saw tears dripping down his father's cheeks when he yet again, received no reply. No nothing.

*"Why won't you answer?"* He heard his father's whispers, *"Will you really come back?"*

Sizhui was having a hard time seeing him like this.

*"Is the pain gone, Wei Ying?"*, Lan Wangji gulped, *"Did you know that I loved you back? That I love you still?"*

A sharp pang of pain slashed through Lan Sizhui. He blinked back his own traitorous tears from falling as he struggled hard not to fall apart like his father had.

"F-Father?"

Lan Wangji turned around and saw someone who looked like his Wei Ying. He was in a daze and only after a moment did he come to himself.

"Sizhui." He muttered, swallowing hard.

Sizhui took little steps as he sat down beside the lost man who only gave him an acknowledging nod. He realised that Lan Wangji had turned silent again. These were the days when the words did not come to his father, and the quiet became a silence that was wrong. These were the days where his father's warm eyes would never settle on anything around him and would appear to be searching

for something beyond the world before him. It was a silence that was familiar. When his father left the seclusion years back, he didn't know what this silence meant, but now he knew. It was a silence Sizhui could not touch or heal and could merely ride with him until it passed like freezing rain in winter, leaving the world fresh but with the memory still in its bones.

"Father... please stop hurting yourself." Sizhui whispered while holding onto his emotions.

Lan Wangji was quiet.

"I know, it hurts. But don't you think Senior Wei would be sad to see you like this?" Sizhui continued, "He would want you to be happy and hopeful."

Lan Wangji refused to look at his son. He could already imagine Wei Ying darting around him to catch his attention, coyly calling his name until he received Lan Wangji's full attention, then flashing a blinding grin thereafter.

Lan Wangji's heart ached fiercely.

"You have suffered enough father, please. Please.. you are making me worry for you."

With that, Lan Wangji finally glanced at his son, who was looking back at him with a somber gaze. He could tell Sizhui had been crying as well, as his eyes were red with dark circles clinging to the bottom of his eyes. His cheeks were moist and his face was as long as a fiddle. Sizhui was in pain too.

"When Wei Ying comes back," Lan Wangji's voice was hoarse with disuse, but intense with resolve.

"Me and you. We both. Will never leave his side. Even for a moment."

Sizhui nodded fiercely as fresh tears rolled down his eyes again. "I know he will come back, you heard him promise you that father, isn't it?"

"Yes." Lan Wangji sighed, "He did promise."

"I am sorry, Sizhui." Lan Wangji stated as he looked up to the dark clouds mirroring his feelings, "I should have told you sooner. That he was Wei Ying. That, you two were related."

"The night before I went to Mo village," said Sizhui, "I thought that was what you wanted to do. You nearly spoke Senior Wei's name when you said I resembled someone so much."

Lan Wangji quietly nodded. "You remind me of him. All the time. Seeing you here, has made it easier."

"I know, you did it to protect me father. I never doubted your intentions and care. I know what you did was for my own good and when it was time, you would tell me everything you wanted me to

know," Sizhui smiled softly, "I just wish, I could have met him after knowing the truth."

"You will. See him. Again." Lan Wangji states determined, "He will return."

Lan Wangji let his mind wander as Sizhui looked towards nothing in particular.

"Father, you said there was an array, and that Senior Wei was drawing it as long as he was alive, before his body disappeared, " He proceeded cautiously, "Do you know, what that was about?"

Lan Wangji shook his head as he pondered on it once again. The moment since he realized it was some kind of a forbidden array, he had locked himself in the forbidden library of their sect. He had read countless scrolls and books but could not find what kind of an array that was. All he knew was, Wei Ying must have done it knowing full and well what could happen.

"I do not know. I tried to find out, but there was no information." Lan Wangji spoke. As soon as he finished speaking, images of Wei Ying's blood, his words and his pale face flashed in front of his eyes. Images of Wei Ying tumbling, falling into his arms lifeless, disappearing into dust blocked his vision as his stomach dropped and he covered his mouth with a clenched fist, a scream bubbling up from his chest.

"Father?" Sizhui asked worried seeing Lan Wangji's shaking shoulders and his tear stricken face.

Lan Wangji turned around, took Sizhui's fists into his palms and broke down in full blown cries on his lap. Sizhui could feel the familiarity of the situation as he too, couldn't breathe and tried to conceal his sobs.

Thunder rumbled throughout the night sky as it dawned on them even the nature couldn't take the unbearable pain of the father and son duo. It felt like even the clouds would start crying with them, joining on their sadness and despair keeping them company.

Sizhui didn't know, for how long they both were out, but when he returned to his quarters it was already raining with dawn just around the corner.

-----

*The moon was up in the sky, shining bright like a diamond. Soothing winds blew making the atmosphere extremely romantic and serene. Lan Wangji was strolling through the gardens of the cloud recesses, wondering 'what exactly was he doing here' when he paused. His heart started beating faster, as the hauntingly beautiful sound of a flute resonated throughout the cloud recesses.*

*Lan Wangji's steps halted as he listened carefully. It couldn't be... could it?*

*He rushed towards the source of the sound. Although running was forbidden in the cloud recesses but right now, Lan Wangji couldn't care less about all the rules. He came and stopped at the foot of the library pavilion. He looked up and almost had a heart attack.*

*A beautiful youth, dressed in red, black and grey robes was standing atop with a flute near his*

*mouth. His raven hair was long and left loose which flowed with the wind making him seem almost inhumanly gorgeous.*

*The figure stopped playing and turned around. Lan Wangji's breath caught in his throat seeing the familiar handsome face.*

*"Aiyaah Lan Zhan!!!! I was waiting for so long!" Wei Ying whined like a baby as he glanced at the almost frozen figure, "Come on up! Hurry! Look ! The moon is beautiful, isn't it??"*

*Lan Wangji was taken aback, the moon? Moreover, what was happening??. He was absolutely speechless! Wei Ying was right in front of him!*

*"Eh.. Lan Zhan! if you frown like that no girls will ever like you!" Wei Ying teased, his grey eyes dancing with mischief.*

*Lan Wangji snapped out of his confusion as he hopped on to the roof and stood right in front of the grinning man. "Nonsense!" he grumbled.*

*"Aww, look how my Lan Er-Gege is blushing!" Wei Ying continued teasing Lan Wangji, with utter joy and cheer glowing from within. Lan Wangji did not miss how Wei Ying used 'my' before his endearment as his jaw clenched and his ears started to turn pink from all the teasing.*

*"YOU-"*

*"Look Lan Zhan! You are back to normal again..." Wei Ying smiled softly.*

*Lan Wangji paused as he tried to understand himself. Indeed. His heart was lighter than before and his face was showing the same reactions when he and Wei Ying used to study together in Cloud Recesses. He realized Wei Ying was doing this on purpose.*

*"Are you okay now?" Wei Ying asked smiling. That smile. That lone smile could light up the darkest of nights.*

*"Wei Ying.. What is happening?" Lan Wangji was utterly confused. He was glad that he was seeing his Wei Ying again, but this didn't seem real at all.*

*"It's nothing really, just me dropping in to tease you," Wei Ying grinned, "Your face looks better when I tease you, you know?"*

*Lan Wangji was dumbfounded. He didn't know what to say, neither knew what to do. "Wei Ying-"*

*Before he could continue, Lan Zhan's eyes widened as Wei Ying's body started to glow, and the scenery started to get blurry. What was happening?*

*"Wait for me. Lan Zhan.." Wei Ying said softly as he gave him the world's sweetest smile.*

*Wei Ying's body started to become transparent as he gave Lan Wangji one last look.. "I will be back.. Lan Zhan.."*

*NO.*

*NO WAIT!!!*

"Wei Ying WAIT!!"

Lan Wangji woke up with a pounding heart. His forehead glistened with sweat as the morning air slipped through the open window. His dark hair framed his entire pale face as his fists clenched by his sides. His chest was heaving as he realised he was in the Jingshi and it was way past five am.

It was a dream. For the first time in six months he actually had a dream and not a nightmare. And in the dream Wei Ying asked him to wait. It was the first time in months he had received any kind of indication, that Wei Ying could be alive somewhere. Or simply existing.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji's voice was quiet as he whispered the name like a prayer. He took a shaky breath and sat up, shifting in the lotus position. He felt, exposed, numb and empty yet in the corner of his heart, without him being fully aware, a bud of hope had started blooming amongst the unending darkness.

Lan Wangji was about to step down the bed to get ready when his eyes fell to the wall adjacent to his bed. The wall that contained Wei Ying's Spiritual weapons, it was gone!

Chenqing and Suibian had disappeared!!!

## Chapter End Notes

SO this marks the end of Lan Wangji's present! From the Next chapter we will move on to the future where we will FINALLY see our dear Wei ying!!

I hope you guys are excited as much as i am.. because i literally can't wait for their reunion!

Thank you for sticking to this story <3

Regards, Nanami and Disha <3

# The Man Of His Dreams

*Some 2000 years later,*

"In any case, there were studies that highlighted the structure of the homogeneous and isotropic universe but in continuous expansion. The cosmological constant has taken on various roles overtime, attempting to explain this acceleration as a fluid identified as the density of matter in the universe. One such model is of vacuum energy predicted by quantum mechanics. Now--" The person explaining the topic paused and glanced at the students who had a variety of expressions on their faces.

Some were furiously taking notes, some were yawning like this was the most boring thing they had to ever go through, some were downright snoring in the class and some were ogling him. Mostly girls though. The professor chuckled seeing them. He himself knew how boring physics can get when one is not really passionate about the subject.

"So everyone, did you understand the lesson?" The professor asked, holding back a smile.

"Yes sir.. " The response was as usual mixed with enthusiasm and tiredness.

"So does anyone have any questions?" Professor Xian asked curiously yet knowingly.

A girl raised her hand, along with a few other boys who were sitting at the front row wearing thick rimmed glasses- most probably the straight A students. It was almost stereotypical. The professor was curious about the girl so he looked at her and said, "Yes, Miss?"

"You can call me A-Jing sir.." she replied in a sultry voice. Some of her peers snickered at her reply as everyone knew what she was trying to do.

The professor knew he would always come across students like her in every lecture he attended, yet he smirked inwardly. The power, good looks can have was indeed fascinating. Feigning innocence he continued, "Yes, Miss Jing, What is your question?"

"Are you single?" A-Jing shamelessly flirted with the professor, batting her fake eyelashes at him, in an attempt to probably make her look attractive. Some of the good students were horrified at her boldness, while some of the students cheered on her so called 'bravery'. Some students even sprang up from their day dreaming, and put all their attention on the handsome Professor who had an amused grin plastered on his face.

"Yes, Miss Jing. I am very much single." The professor grinned, as he continued, "Is there anything else?"

"So, you wouldn't mind if some of us actually want to go on a date with you, right?" A-Jing asked, a bit too eagerly as she twirled a strand of her hair, giving the professor a wink.

Hearing this most of the students had mouths hanging wide open, while someone spewed water all over the desk while drinking it. What an audacity!

*'So indeed she has some guts. Flirting with an A-level scientist during the lecture.. I will give her*



*one for that'* The professor smirked internally.

"Sorry to break your happy bubble Miss Jing," The professor remarked, "But for starters I don't date children. To think that you can date someone by just knowing about their looks and fame, that alone proves how childish your brain is. That doesn't work for me." He looked pitifully at his student whose face was now red, with embarrassment.

"Moreover, I have someone whom I love. So dating anyone other than that person is nearly impossible for me" The professor smiled gently and ignored her existence since then.

He then tended to the other students, who really had some doubts regarding the lesson he was teaching and when the bell rang, he politely bowed and left the lecture hall. The thing he said about loving someone was really not a lie though. He really had someone whom he liked or.. maybe loved. But there was a little complication in that. Because the person he liked, he wasn't even sure about his existence.

"Ugh! Teaching is so hard when you have dumb and over smart students to ruin your mood!" Xiao Xian groaned in frustration. "I really need some coffee."

He had been on his feet for six hours, going to three lectures one by one. He pulled himself inside his guest room in the university as he collapsed face first onto a small, plush sofa with another groan.

30 minutes. He had 30 minutes to get his shit together and go to his lab to work on his current invention. That means he had just about a little time to take a quick nap and take a shower, if he's feeling ambitious.

Meet Xiao Xian. A world re-known scientist who has made immense progress in the field of Quantum technology and Quantum Physics in just 7 years. The invention of new technologies had opened new avenues by addressing key industrial simulation and optimizing challenges in chemical research, financial services, health care, life science and defense.

Xiao Xian is the only son of the leading political party leader Xiao Hua. His father is a ruthless and dominating figure in the country for which many people believe that Xiao Xian only gained fame and popularity because of his background. Only very few people believed, that he had the required talents and qualities to become an A level scientist and that he truly deserved the honor and respect. Among these few people, the most prominent figure was his late mother Xiao Li Jie.

His mother died when Xiao Xian was just 10 years old. His mother had suffered from Acute Leukemia and couldn't battle her way through life. She left the grey eyed boy alone in the world with his careless, cruel and power thirsty father.

Time went by on its own pace, as Xiao Xian grew up to be a very talented, intelligent and handsome young man. He had been the topper of his entire class since pre school and continued shining all the way to his university. He gained his Ph.D and soon started changing the world's view on Quantum theories. Xiao Xian was ambitious and unrelenting when it came to his work or studies. And to top it all, he was very, VERY handsome. A tall man, with a fair skin and big bright grey eyes. He was an attractive looking man with a lean but sturdy body with muscles in all the right places. He had short clipped hair with bangs on his forehead which seemed to tease everyone's eyes. The whole look of this man was regal yet very soft.

Xiao Xian woke up with a start, nearly falling onto the ground, as the sound of a loud ringtone ringed through the air. He hurriedly picked up his phone without checking the ID as he spoke in a groggy voice, "Hello?"

"XIAO XIAN! YOU HAUL YOUR ASS OUT TO THE LAB, RIGHT NOW!! ARE YOU DUMB? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE INTERVIEW TODAY?? I AM NOT YOUR MANAGER YET I KEEP ON GETTING CALLS FROM YOUR 'REAL' MANAGER AS IF I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR WHEREABOUTS! ARE YOU--"

He pulled the phone away from his ears, squinting at the loud female voice who seemed to be very angry at the moment. He smiled a little, even though his ear drums were traumatized from all the noise, in such a short period of time.

"A-Qing, I'm sorry. I fell asleep, I was very tired" He put the phone on loudspeaker as he continued, "Sorry I didn't realize, I will be there as soon as I can okay?" He smirked a little as the phone went silent. Pulling the 'tired' card always seemed to work when he dealt with his best friend or more like his older sister Ru Qing.

"Are you okay?" the voice from the phone asked in a concerned tone, "Should I call your manager and tell her to call off the interview?"

A-Qing seemed to be really worried which made him feel a little guilty. He quickly sobered up as he teased her, "Aww, look at the stoic, rude Ru Qing! So worried about her baby brother! I really am so lucky that the great business tycoon Ru Qing, takes care of me so much!" Xiao Xian had to bite his lips in order to hold off his laughter.

"Stop teasing me and get to work. I have other things to attend to rather than being your babysitter!" Ru Qing grumbled on the phone as Xiao Xian finally burst out in laughter. God, he really loved this woman so much.

"Fine, fine! I will go now. Bye Jiejie!" he spoke out in a baby voice, only to get a snort from the woman as a reply.

Xiao Xian sighed as he checked the time. It was already more than an hour since he dozed off on that little sofa after his final lecture. He was really tired but his work was necessary too. Good thing, tomorrow he had the whole day to himself and the only thing he truly wanted to do was sleep.

Getting up from the sofa, he went to the adjacent bathroom to take a quick shower and hurriedly dressed up in his Red shirt, black fitted trousers, completing the look with a long dark grey jacket. Pulling out his glasses from the case he put them on neatly, took his bag and went out of the university in a rush. He ran towards the parking lot and stood in front of his red Ferrari Sergio.

"Time to go to work!" He mumbled as he got in the car and drove off to his destination.

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There is no amount of coffee that can get him through the rest of his day.

The ache in his feet is familiar as well as the dull throb of fatigue behind his eyes. He pulled himself into his penthouse which was situated in a private part of the Yalong Bay; flipping on the overhead light and vaguely noting, as he always does, that he really should try to clean up.

He tossed his shoes in a pile by the door, his jacket following as he stumbled his way through the living room, to his master bedroom and flopped down on the silken sheets with exhaustion. He had been busy the whole day, with no breaks apart from his one hour nap in the university guest room. Don't get him wrong he really did love his job and his career but sometimes it was just too much. Being popular and talented had its own ups and downs. He sighed as his stomach made a weird complaining sound. Right. He had to eat food. Groaning, he was about to pull himself off the comfort of his bed, when his phone chimed in with a text message.

**Qing Jie <3 : I went by your house today. Left some food on the kitchen counter. Don't fall asleep without eating, you dumbass!**

A full blown smile latched onto his face reading the text message. He hurriedly opened his contacts and called A Qing. After five consecutive rings she picked up.

"What now?" A half annoyed voice replied.

"A-Qing! You are really my favorite, I will do anything for you!" Xiao Xian chirped happily.

A sigh was heard. "Stop buttering me up. You barely take care of yourself, someone has to look after your careless ass afterall!"

Xiao Xian chuckled. But then genuinely smiled and whispered, "Thank you, Qing Jie."

"Get some sleep. I will drop by tomorrow. You have the day off right?" A Qing murmured, "Now cut the call and let this woman sleep!"

Xiao Xian laughed heartily as he cut the call and smiled fondly at his phone. Ru Qing and Xiao Xian had been best friends since middle school. She was the kind of girl who boys feared, mostly because she had a permanent sneer plastered on her face. She too was exceptionally good in her studies and after completing high school she had went to do a business major. Even if the two had different paths, their relationship never faltered. After Xiao Xian lost his mother, A Qing had been his rock and support. She took in the role of his elder sister and took care of the messy and disorganized boy. And even now, when she was the owner of Ru Industries and Management, she still took care of him and was always there when he needed him. So naturally A Qing had his house keys.

He went to the kitchen to see a bowl of lotus pork rib soup and a steaming plate of rice and spicy meat! It was his favorite! Xiao Xian didn't know why but since he was little he loved eating Lotus pork rib soup. Something about it felt like home and comfort. He quickly finished off his meal and went back to his bedroom. Without even bothering to clean up, he undressed himself and went under the bed covers. Finally. Sweet, sweet sleep.

*It was a beautiful place. The mist covered up the mountains giving it the appearance of a place floating on an ocean of clouds. The place was somehow familiar as Xiao Xian continued to walk on the unknown grounds. It was nearly empty. Wait, has this place been always this empty?*

*He looked around him and found himself frowning. Something should be here. There should be a home.*

*Home?*

*He ran to a direction he felt he knew and stopped in front of a room.*

*Woah! Has he been here before?*

*Xiao Xian was utterly confused, as he decided to continue walking when suddenly he saw a figure from his peripheral vision. He quickly hid behind a tree as he saw a man, sitting in the garden, caressing the flowers. The man had his back facing Xiao Xian so he couldn't see his face. From the back, he could see the man had long jet black hair- which ended up near his hips. It looked so soft that Xiao Xian had the urge to weave his fingers through the long hair strands. He had a neat bun on his head with a silver ornament clinging onto it.*

*Wait, he had seen this man somewhere... but, where?*

*The man shifted and to Xiao Xian's utter joy, turned around. His breath caught in his throat as he laid his eyes on the world's most beautiful man. The man was wearing sky blue and white robes, with long sleeves touching the ground. He had a forehead ribbon with cloud patterns; tied securely around his head. The man's jaw was firm and taut. His face held gentle yet strong features which made him look even more heavenly. The thing which caught Xiao Xian's eyes the most was the man's eyes. They were golden. They looked so fierce yet calm that it made Xiao Xian feel something weird.*

*The man was picking up peonies. Suddenly, as if noticing a presence, the man paused abruptly as he turned around in Xiao Xian's direction.*

*'Shit! Is he going to beat me?' Xiao Xian thought.*

*'Wei Ying?'*

*huh?*

*What?*

*Xiao Xian opened his eyes slowly, and that was when he knew- he was screwed. The man was glancing at his direction with a lovable expression on his face. His eyes held a softness that Xiao Xian had never seen on anyone before and his thin lips were twirled up ever so slightly, giving it the impression that the man was smiling.*

*Holy shit!*

*How can anyone be THIS beautiful????*

*Xiao Xian's ogling came to a pause as he heard the man speak again, in his velvety voice. "Wei Ying!"*

*"Wei Ying!"*

*"Wei Ying!"*

Xiao Xian got up from his sleep. Sweat trickled down his naked back as he panted and gasped. Taking a few deep breaths he tried to calm his racing heart. His heart was pounding madly as he recalled what he just saw. He jumped off the bed at once and literally ran towards his study. Unlocking the door, he went to his desk as he pulled out a big notepad and started drawing.

His hands were working on its own making it feel like, something had took possession over him. With his sweated body, he continued scribbling and after a long moment he stopped.

On the sheet of paper lay the painting of the man, he just saw in his dreams.



His mind was reeling. His eyes were wide with recognition as he scurried to the other side of the room to open a big chest. Taking out a bunch of sheets, he placed them all on the ground and came back to the desk to take the painting of the man he just drew.

Xiao Xian was speechless. He was breathing hard, but then sat down on the ground crying out in frustration! "Not again!"

The bunch of sheets held the paintings of the same man, he drew today. They were all of him. He compared his first ever drawing of the man to his latest ones. The face was same only the details had increased. All the paintings were drawn by him after he dreamt of this man. It had started when he was fifteen years old. At the beginning, he dreamt of only a face with vague surroundings, but as Xiao Xian grew up, the dreams started becoming more prominent and more detailed. He dreamt of this man every single day since then. He didn't know why, but he was sure of one thing. That man was related to him. How? that he didn't know.

And the man always addressed him as 'Wei Ying'. Was he Wei Ying? But why did he call him with that name? What was their relation? Why does the man always look at him with a lovable expression? Why him?

Xiao Xian put his hands on his face as he sat down on the hard ground. He was so confused and so in love. Yes. He was in love with the man of his dreams.

He chuckled at the way this sounded. Man of his dreams...Indeed. Quite literally. To think about it, maybe it happened two to three years ago when he started getting the dreams more frequently and with more details of the man and his... voice. Xiao Xian could not forget about his face and his voice. The way those golden eyes looked at him, like he was something so precious, the way those lips curved up in a smile, which felt like the smile was just meant for him and his eyes, every action of the man was so intimate! Even his voice! His voice was warm and gentle which made Xiao Xian shiver in delight! These thoughts alone were enough to make him fall deeper in love and maybe...

These thoughts alone were enough, to make him hard.

Xiao Xian looked at today's painting admiring the man he drew. The man was breathtaking!

Damn! His hardness was twitching inside his boxers as he let out a shaky breath. How can a PAINTING make him THIS hard???? Had he gone crazy?

Xiao Xian shifted around as he finally decided to get up and do something about his 'situation'.

He went to the bathroom adjoined to his bedroom and turned on the shower. Taking deep breaths, he stripped off his boxers exposing his hard on, which sprang up in attention, the moment it was released from the layer of clothing. The size was big. Big enough to choke someone while they gave him a head. But right now, all he could think of was that man. He tugged and rubbed on his hard-on to fullness. Bracing himself against the shower wall, he started giving his dick slow, hard jerks. Usually, he was good at controlling himself but all his control crumbled in front of this particular man. Right now, he could not stop himself from imagining those pale white skin of his body, those thin but pink lips and how they would look wrapped around him. He imagined the sounds, that man would make as Xiao Xian would thrust himself hard, inside his mouth- warm and soft and so so wet.

Xiao Xian hissed in pleasure as his hands sped up around his throbbing length. He imagined that man's whimpers, soft and desperate, taking him in all the way to the back of his throat while he would choke on it; slurping and licking it with all he had. He imagined the man rubbing his own length, while pleasuring Xiao Xian, eager to taste his load and swallow it with a satisfied 'hum'.

Xiao Xian grunted as his length thickened further, jerking himself faster as his thighs strained

towards release. He bucked his hips hard one last time, as he spilled his cum into his hand, with a loud, choked off groan. For a few moments, he stayed where he was, getting drenched under the shower- shivering from the aftershocks, his senses prickling from his intense climax. His rapid breathing calmed down slowly as he groaned in frustration again.

Glaring at the tiled wall of the shower he made a decision right then and there. "Just you wait! I will find you and I will make you mine!"

After the long and rather 'eventful' shower, Xiao Xian walked out of the bathroom and opened his walk in wardrobe. He put on a pair of black briefs and a white shirt and strolled back into the room. His face was serious. All the things that were happening to him was not merely some random occurrence. Everything was connected to one another.

He went to a portrait hung on the right side of the room. It was a picture of him and his mother when he was six years old. A-Qing had gifted this portrait to him on his eighteenth birthday. He didn't even notice when she had taken the small picture out of his wallet, and had made another copy which was a lot bigger. Needless to say he had cried like a baby on her lap.

Xiao Xian put his palm flatly on the side of the painting, as the sound of a 'beep' resonated. The portion of the wall split open with a buzzing sound as a slim Tab and a fingerprint scanner along with a retina scanner popped up. A mechanic voice sounded through,

*'Welcome Xiao Xian, Please put your palm on the scanner'*

He did as he was told. The scanner glowed with a green light as the voice sounded through again.

*'Now, proceed with the retina scan.'*

Xiao Xian put his right eye in the scanner's eyepiece provided, as a gentle beam of light traced a standardized path on the retina. The machine glowed a green light again as with a rumbling sound, the picture on the wall shifted to the side revealing a secret compartment. The scanner went back to the inside of the wall, as the split open portions joined together, leaving no traces of the things that happened.

It was like a wide locker with a sliding door. Xiao Xian sighed and slid the door open and took out a long box. The box was made from a deep black wood, the material rare nowadays. His name was engraved on top of the box with utmost care as he sighed once more and pulled of the lid.

Inside the box, on a velvety cushion, lay a black *dizi* with a bright red tassel, along with a sword. The hilt of the sword solid and firm and so very familiar. He let his gaze slowly travel the length of the blade, before tracing along its name with his fingertips- etched with bold strokes into the dark wood..

"*Suibian...*" He murmured softly in the darkness of his room. Outside his room, he could hear the quiet but comforting sounds of the shores of the sea.

He put the box aside and took out both the sword and the *dizi*. Quietly opening the floor to ceiling windows of his room, which gave a great view of the ocean beyond, he went and sat down on a chair in the adjoined balcony.



"What should I do Suibian?" Xiao Xian asked, as if expecting an answer from the quiet and stoic sword, "I know you are not a normal sword, I know even the flute is not normal! Heck! my whole life is NOT NORMAL!" he huffed, in annoyance. His mind started replaying the memories of his childhood, when he met his two quiet companions for the first time.

Suibian and The flute whose name he currently didn't know, appeared out of nowhere in his life when he was eight years old. One night, he was just sleeping like any other kid hugging his rabbit plushy, when suddenly he felt a heavy presence in the palms of his little hand. When he opened his eyes, he almost jumped back in surprise seeing a big sword and a flute resting on his bed. He instantly shouted for his mother, who came rushing to his room in the middle of the night- thinking he might have wrote something in his dreams again.

But when his mother did came in, she was equally shocked to see what lay infront of her and something flashed in her eyes. As Xiao Xian was jumping up and down in excitement, thinking how cool he would look wielding a sword, just like ninjas in the cartoons he saw in the television; his mother had frowned a bit at the unexpected development.

His mother knew something, and Xiao Xian is sure of it now. She never mentioned the sword and the flute to anyone and always told Xiao Xian to treat them with respect and love. Another thing that he learned over the years was, how the sword would only unsheathe itself if it was Xiao Xian who did it. Neither his mom, nor A Qing could even give it a move. He somehow knew, the sword only saw him as his owner. Since then he had been very, very protective of the two items.

His mother had told him that the sword had a name. When he asked what it was, she said it was Suibian. Xiao Xian was little and he didn't really understand the things that were happening, but nonetheless upon hearing it, he had a big grin on his face as he replied 'I love it!'

Xiao Xian sighed. He unsheathed the sword and held it firmly in his grasp. The blade shined like polished silver, almost translucent in the gorgeous moonlight. Xiao Xian always felt like Suibian was a part of him. Whenever, he held it and practiced with it, he felt like Suibian had a spirit and that it was an extension of Xiao Xian's soul. Although he was a scientist and he should be able to explain any unknown phenomenon, but he could not explain this. He could not explain why, when he wielded Suibian, he felt complete.

Things were different with the flute though. The flute had an eerie yet homely feel to it. Xiao Xian sheathed Suibian and kept it aside carefully, as he took the black flute and put it near his lips. He started playing a familiar tune he had played over thousands of times. The sounds of the haunting melody resonated throughout the night sky as Xiao Xian felt something bubbling inside of his chest. The flute made him feel tons of raw emotions- anger, sadness and power. But this power was a bit different from that of Suibian. While Suibian's power felt bright, exuberant and alive, The flute's power felt cold, relentless and evil.

He didn't know how long he was playing the flute but when he stopped, the sun was rising on the horizon giving the sea and the sky a reddish hue.

He got up with both his treasured items as he went towards his bed in a daze.

'I have to find out everything.' This was the last thought in his head, as he collapsed on the bed drifting off to a peaceful sleep.

# Some Disappointments And A Surprise

## Chapter Summary

Xiao Xian Struggling through life and nearing his destination <3

## Chapter Notes

There will be things from the past to clear out more confusion, so sit tight <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### (Things of the past)

Xiao Li Jie knew that her son was no ordinary child. She has always known that, Xiao Xian was supposed to belong somewhere else. The moment he started understanding things and started growing up, she would often notice him staring onto a wall or nothing in particular, for a long period of time. Sometimes, when he would sleep with her, he would often mumble and cry in his sleep saying words like, 'I will come back' or something like 'Please wait'. She would often disregard them, as nightmares as she didn't know what else, to make of it. A four year old, crying about going somewhere, that to even in his sleep.... It was really unheard of.

Things were not good with her husband, Xiao Hua. He was then the right hand man of a political leader, trying to make his way upto the top. But her husband wasn't like this when they married. Xiao Hua was a benevolent and kind man, who loved Li Jie more than anything. It wasn't like he didn't love her anymore, but the love had turned materialistic. He was barely home, although he never let Li Jie have any discomfort in life, she missed his presence and his warm embrace. It all changed when Xiao Xian was born. She wasn't alone anymore so, she was happy giving her time to her only son, clinging on to him. He was her ray of sunlight.

Till he became six, things were okay.. but as soon as he turned six she realized that there was more to the story than met the eyes. Xiao Xian slept in his own room then, so sometimes she went to check on him during the night to see whether he was comfortable or not. But what she found out, was a shock to her heart and her eyes.

She would see her son sitting on his desk and writing things in ancient chinese on papers. First shocking thing to her was, how could her six year old son write so complicated things and that to even in Ancient Chinese!! Second thing was, these were not just any random notes, one could get in a private or public library.

The writings were half understandable but half not. She had ancient chinese as her optional subject when she was in high-school, so she could understand some of the things he wrote.

It seemed like he was in a trance. His eyes were open but they were blank, like something had taken control over him and he just kept on writing and writing. She would stand by his bedroom door every night and everyday she would see the same thing. When Xiao Xian would wake up in the morning, Li Jie would ask him if he remembered anything from the previous night to which he would say, 'No mama! I was sleeping, I don't remember anything!'"

Li Jie would smile at her son and cradle him in her arms, but deep inside she knew, she had to find out what was going on with her son. So when he went to school, she would go to his room and go through what he wrote the previous night. She was surprised would be an understatement; she would literally gape at the notes which more or less explained methods of Ancient Cultivation. There were notes regarding how to build one's Qi and their golden core which Li Jie had no idea about. But she was relieved a bit to see that her child, was not in danger, rather he was just exceptional. He was writing things, no one knew about, and if fallen in to the wrong hands, these things could cause chaos.

Li Jie would continue taking care of her son as she normally would, but she would take extra precautions whenever her son went outside the house. Although her son didn't show any extra qualities apart from writing notes about cultivation and Qi formation, she was still worried as if something told her, that this was just the beginning.

The next shock came to her when Xiao Xian turned eight. She was sleeping in her room, when suddenly she heard her son screaming at the top of his lungs. She hurriedly got up and rushed towards his room, only to find her son jumping up and down pointing towards two things which made her freeze in her steps.

It was a sword and a black flute. She did get scared initially but put on a brave face for her son, as she tucked him back on his bed and took the two items carefully with her, to her room.

She was way too thankful that her husband rarely came home, because if he saw all this, he would probably think that their son was a freak and that he should just go away from their lives. Yes. Her husband had turned into a monster as days went by and she was scared about what would befall on her son, if anything were to happen to her.

She frowned and started thinking. How did these two things get into her son's bed? Xiao Xian never hid anything from her, so even if he found these two somewhere, he would definitely let her know. Nothing seemed to work in her brain as she couldn't figure out how and from where did these come from.

She chuckled a bit at her way of thinking. She knew that anyone in her place would freak out and panic in seeing a deadly weapon and a musical instrument in the hands of their eight year old son, but she was better than that. She had already come to terms with the fact that her A-Xian was special. He was destined to be someone exceptional.

She once asked him, 'A-Xian, What do you want to be when you grow up?' to which A-Xian had replied, 'Mama, I want to help people! In however way I can.'

She had grinned like an excited and proud teen mom, as she took him in her arms and praised her little boy for his pure thoughts and intentions.

'A-Xian, would you want to learn sword fighting?' she asked him one day.

Xiao Xian's face told her what she needed to know. His face was filled with happiness and delight upon hearing his mother's words. He knew, sword fighting was not something a normal kid of his age usually learned, but he could never muster up the courage to ask his mother about this. So when his mother herself, proposed the idea he was literally dancing in his head.

And so his training began. Li Jie had a friend, Sheng Li who was skilled in martial arts and sword fighting techniques and convinced her, to help her son with the matter. Li Jie never let anyone know about anything. She held onto the secret with her life and only ever revealed them to A-Qing. A-Xian's best friend.

One look at the girl was enough to let her know, that A-Qing was a loyal and devoted friend to her son. Her stubbornness and her instinct to protect A-Xian was enough for her to trust that little girl. Little did she know, that her assumptions were absolutely correct.

A-Xian was growing up fast and he was doing very well in martial arts and his sword art practice. Although he was a troublemaker in school- for which she had to visit the principal's office more than once a week- he was actually quite serious when it came to his other part of his studies. Li Jie had appointed a private tutor for her son who taught ancient chinese to him from the basics. She was doing everything she can to support her son, so that when she was not present, he would have no problem, standing up on his own.

She came to learn about her Acute Leukemia after a year. Xiao Hua couldn't bother coming with her, to the clinic which made everything clear to Li Jie. That her husband didn't love her anymore. And he couldn't care less if she lived or died. She had to bear the news alone and could only share it with her friend Sheng Li.

'I don't think I have enough time A-Li. What would happen to A-Xian?? How will he survive? Who will guide him?' She broke down into tears before her friend who could do nothing except hug her.

'A-Xian is a warrior. I have been training him so I know. You don't have to worry. Until he's fully capable I will look after him.' Sheng Li had promised.

Li Jie had started noticing her deteriorating health with time. Her hair had been shaved due to Chemotherapy and she had to wear a wig in front of her son. She knew that Xiao Xian had suspected something because he started causing less troubles in school, became very quiet in nature and would spend more time with his mother. She was touched to be honest. Her son was her only family and she was glad and proud to give birth to such an exceptional young man.

Her son never questioned when she had to stay in hospital for days or when she didn't have the strength to get up from the bed anymore. Xiao Xian just told her one thing all the time, 'Mama, I won't cause you trouble anymore. Just don't go anywhere all right?'

Li Jie would break down in tears seeing her son like that. In the span of two years her husband visited her just 5 times. He was actually more worried about where Xiao Xian would stay after she died. Cruel. Yes. He was cruel and heartless and nothing like the man she married years ago.

It was after Xiao Xian's tenth birthday that Li Jie could no longer battle her disease. She was grateful to the Ru family and her friend Sheng Li for taking care of her son when she couldn't.

It was the day before she died when she called A-Qing to her hospital room.

'A-Qing, do you promise that you will take care of A-Xian?' She asked the little girl who was in tears, seeing her favorite aunt in such a condition.

'I promise. I will protect him.' A-Qing replied with determination.

'There is one more thing. There will come a day when A-Xian would go away somewhere. Somewhere he will be happy. Encourage him to leave if he wants, because I know that's his destination and dream.' Li Jie said softly, 'Will you stay by his side till then?'

'A-Qing will stay by his side. Always. Till the day he needs me.' That little girl of ten had promised with heart full of love and eyes full of tears.

After that she spoke with her son.

'XianXian, are you angry at mama?' Li Jie whispered.

A-Xian furiously shook his head. 'I am not angry. Are you leaving me?'

Li Jie's heart had clenched with pain realizing that she couldn't be a part of her son's life any longer. But she had to make sure that her son would be okay. Even without her.

'I am going to a place where I will be okay and happy.' She smiled, 'A-Xian, you want your mama to be happy right?'

Xiao Xian nodded his head with a tear stricken face.

'Follow your heart A-Xian. Your heart is your strength. It's how you will know what to do when you grow up. Never give up. Stay strong and never let any bad people hurt you. Keep practicing your sword and learn how to play the flute. Follow your notes. And when the time is right, Don't hesitate to follow the road which will take you home.'

These were the last words Xiao Xian had heard from his mother. After that day, her death news had shook him to the core. The mother he loved so much, had left him. But he remembered her words. He knew that as long as he did what his heart wanted.. his mother would be happy.

### **(End of the past)**

The intercom buzzed several times, yet there was no answer. Ru Qing sighed, as she took out her spare keys and unlocked the door to her idiotic friend's penthouse. She liked this house; the walls were neutral toned and luxurious without being over the top. The most eye-catching thing being the floor to ceiling windows in every room that gave a direct view of the ocean. The first thing she saw, when she entered through the door was his messy shoes and his jacket lying on the floor just beside the shoe rack.

She face-palmed herself. This guy! 'I swear he is a five year old in the body of twenty-nine year old man.' she grumbled under her breath. She picked up the jacket and arranged the shoes properly. Putting her bag on the living room table, she went on to see if that human was still sleeping or not. She didn't know how this human, who still woke up at 12pm in the afternoon was a scientist! HOW?

The world works in mysterious ways.

She barged into his bedroom only to see the bedsheets lying on the floor and the bed empty. Huh.

She checked the time on her Rolex to see it was already 2pm in the afternoon. Xiao Xian was supposed to be home today, if not the bed, then where is he?

She was about to turn back towards his study when something caught her eye. On the bedside table, there was a painting along with a black flute. She went and picked up the painting admiring the man's talent in capturing details.

Suddenly, she knew where that annoying kid was.

Xiao Xian took a long, deep breath centering himself as he brought Suibian up into a sword stance. He stilled for a moment, then took another deep breath- emptying his mind and started moving. His body arched, before he lunged forward slashing the air with his sword in graceful movements. He moved into the sequence as if he was following an old path, his right hand fitting Suibian like a glove. He turned with a curve as his sword cut through the humid air of the beach, the weight of it, in his hand felt so right. Like it belonged there.

Xiao Xian twisted his body, swinging his arm around and slashing through his imaginary rival, Suibian held firmly in his grip. He pivoted into a graceful turn, pulling his blade across into another series of lunges and passes as he moved with his blade. The sword work was engraved into his body, after years of practice. He turned again shifting his weight and pulling his blade across to cant it up in front of him and surged through the footwork he knew so well. His grey eyes were sharp and focused, his arms and muscles flexing with the movements as he felt a hint of electricity in his body. It was faint, but it was there.

He spun into another strike before a voice broke his movements-

"THERE ARE NO GIRLS OUT THERE, FOR YOU TO IMPRESS YOUR ASS! GET BACK HERE BEFORE YOU BURN THE SKIN YOU ARE SO PROUD OF!"

Xiao Xian chuckled and stopped his practice. Hearing the familiar voice, of his only family, he stopped and sheathed Suibian to walk back into the house. He was sweating badly, his bangs sticking onto his forehead as his sleeveless shirt clung onto him like a second skin. If anyone saw him now, and took a photo, he would definitely go viral with the headlines-

*"A SCIENTIST? OR A MODEL?"*

Ru Qing was gaping at how well her little brother could handle the sword. She had seen him since the beginning and was so proud at how far along he had come. She didn't wanna interrupt his practice but she had to talk to him today.

Xiao Xian came running back to her like a lost puppy, as he tried to flung his arms around the properly dressed woman, who look very poised and dangerously beautiful in her black formal suit.

"Get off! You stink!!" she blocked her best friend's hug with her hands.

Xiao Xian pouted, " You are no fun!" Huffing and puffing, he went to the bathroom to freshen himself up while Ru Qing decided to make some food for herself and her careless human. Sometimes it really felt like she was the mother to an adopted A-Xian.

Soon they both were digging onto their plates as Xiao Xian hungrily, devoured his Jie's cooking. He would never admit it, but A-Qing cooked like a Masterchef. She was that good.

"A-Xian," Ru Qing spoke, "I saw the drawing. Are the dreams getting worse?"

Xiao Xian sighed. His best friend knew everything about his life. Including his dreams, his notes on ancient cultivation and even his secret invention.

"I won't say its actually worse, because Jie, just look at that man!", he grinned, "He looks like an Angel!"

"What do you plan on doing A-Xian? I know you are already working on time travel and that your initial model is complete-" before Xiao Xian could interrupt, she pushed some papers towards him and asked, "Are you practicing these also?"

Xiao Xian cursed himself. He was grateful at how well A-Qing knew him, but sometimes he really wanted to keep some things, to himself.

He looked at the papers which consisted of several talismans and notes on demonic cultivation.

After the age of fifteen, Xiao Xian would often get up during the night and just like before he would start writing notes. The only difference being, these notes were all about demonic cultivation, consisting of corpse control and forbidden rituals. He didn't know why he started these, but he was sure that he had to have both the knowledge for his true purpose. He learned to play the flute and would often try using various tunes on dead corpses in graveyards (well that was where he could actually do something without attracting anyone's attention), but nothing seemed to work. Sometimes he doubted himself whether he was doing it right or wrong but then he would realize that even his Qi and golden core cultivation practice showed no results.

"I don't practice them as frequently as you think," he mumbled, "I mainly work on my sword art and martial arts practice"

A-Qing sighed. "A-Xian, you know that I would support you in all your endeavors, and would never question your way of practice. Its just sometimes I get worried for you. You are pushing yourself too hard. And time travel? Do you really think that's the answer you are looking for?"

"Yes." A-Xian spoke with determination, "I know that time travel is the only way. Because I have been here for twenty nine years A-Qing! and I never met the man I keep on dreaming every night!", his voice raised as he continued, "Do you have any idea how it feels like to Love someone whose existence itself is a question? I mean look at me Jie! I am a mess! I am in love with a man, I see in my dreams!"

A-Qing widened her eyes to see such expressions on her friend's face for the first time.

Xiao Xian got up from his chair and threw his hands up in the air in exasperation! "Look at me! Do I look okay? I write notes in my sleep! I have a sword which magically appeared to me, one night through thin air and I practice ancient cultivation! I am Crazy!"

Xiao Xian shouted, while panting. He was tired. He was tired of getting no results even after practicing for years. He was tired of being in love and unable to meet that person, unable to hold

him. There was a hollow in his chest which constantly reminded him that he didn't belong here, that something was missing.

A-Qing carefully watched her best friend's reaction and went to him. She could see the man was really lost and behind his cheerful facade, lay a confused and lonely soul. She put her arms on his shoulder and urged him to look at her.

"A-Xian, I trust you," A-Qing said, "Don't you remember what Aunt Li Jie said?"

Xiao Xian looked at her and nodded his head, "Never give up, and to do what my heart tells me to" he breathed out.

"That's the spirit!" She beamed. "Now tell me about this time travel thing you have been working on and why.."

Xiao Xian gave her a small smile and they both went to the living room to sit down.

"I am thinking about using the wormhole as a way of time travel," Xiao Xian starts, "Wormholes may not only connect two separate regions within the universe but can also connect two different universes. Previously people didn't have the sufficient matter to stabilize wormholes but this is the twenty second century and I think I have found a way.." he pauses, searching A-Qing's face for reactions, and then continued, "Most of the things that has happened in these years, it all hinted to a time which existed long back, the notes I wrote, even the man I see, its an ancient time where magic and spirits existed."

A-Qing was quiet for sometime before she spoke cautiously, "But, don't wormholes have the tendency to suddenly collapse? And then there's the risk of high radiation and contact with exotic matter... "

Xiao Xian gave her a grin, "Damn Jie! I didn't know you had the knowledge of time travel even! I am thoroughly impressed!"

A-Qing huffed out in annoyance, "I have to know certain things atleast, I simply can't just let you go through danger!" She mumbled softly, "I always try to keep up with your research so that I can help you if you need me."

Xiao Xian could almost cry. He could never thank the heavens enough, for giving him a companion and family like A-Qing. He was truly blessed. He could not control his emotions anymore as he flung himself into her arms.

A-Qing snorted but returned the hug she was receiving. She knew it was almost time where, her role in A-Xian's life would be over. Because she would never stop him from going where he was destined. She promised her aunt Li Jie afterall.

"So are the preparations done?" She asked still embracing the huge human.

"Yes. The machine is complete. But there is only one problem..." he paused. "I don't know the exact time and the place where I should go!" he groaned out.



A-Qing patted his head, like a mother would and said, "Its okay, you will definitely find out something don't worry."

Suddenly a phone rang, a tacky song blasting throughout the living room as Xiao Xian pulled out his phone from his pant pockets.

Seeing the caller ID, his mouth drew itself into a thin line.

It didn't take A-Qing much, to figure out who had been calling.

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Xiao Xian was sitting inside a gorgeously decorated office with all the high tech equipment, that was out in the markets these days. Well, he was afterall in the office of a ruthless and powerful leader who rarely set up meetings with him like this.

He was just wearing a simple T-shirt and a jeans with his usual snickers and his glasses. No one could guess that this man was indeed twenty nine. Xiao Xian always looked younger than his actual age was.

The door to the office opened and a man wearing a black suit came inside and bowed. "Young Master!"

Xiao Xian rolled his eyes as he mumbled, "What do you want?"

The man politely got up and spoke with respect, "Sir is ready to see you now."

Xiao Xian grumbled under his breath already regretting coming here. He just wanted to get this over with as soon as he could.

He followed the man and entered a corridor which too was extravagantly decorated. Paintings hung on the walls with gorgeous lights on each side giving it the impression of a royal palace. Finally they both halted before a room with two guards, guarding the entrance. Seeing Xiao Xian they both bowed before him and with coordination spoke, "Young Master!"

Xiao Xian sighed.

He then entered the room only to come face to face with the man, he despised the most, despite being his own blood.

"A-Xian, come and sit." A deep voice greeted him as he reluctantly moved his feet across the lushly carpeted floor. He took a seat on a plush chair across from the man, infront of him.

"Father." He gave his father a curt nod.

"How have you been A-Xian?" His father asked politely. It was almost too polite for his own liking.

"Why are you suddenly pretending like you care about me?" Xiao Xian cut to the chase as he didn't want to stay here any longer.

His father sighed. The man was in his late forties yet his skin glowed. He had an aura of power and authority which would intimidate almost everyone. Except his son, of course.

"My time of retirement is coming up. I want you to take my position and be the successor. With your intelligence and fame, almost everyone will follow your orders without question. You are my son, and it's only fitting that you truly see what power feels like." His father said with a cool personality as if he expected Xiao Xian to instantly agree to his predicament.

Xiao Xian laughed. He laughed so hard that tears started forming in his eyes. Xiao Hua was baffled. Had his son turned crazy?

"You... You want me ..to be like you?" Xiao Xian spoke in between laughs, "You must have hit your head against something!"

Xiao Hua's face turned darker. "A-Xian! I am not taking no for an answer! This is a legacy of Xiao Family! I won't let you tarnish it!" He roared.

"FAMILY??? What do you know about family father??" Xiao Xian seethed in anger, "YOU never had any family! You think I will follow your footsteps and be a cruel and heartless person???? Then you are SO wrong! A man who wasn't even there for his wife when she needed him, a man who didn't even bother seeing his son when he was alone, you call this FAMILY?????"

Xiao Xian's mind was reeling. He hasn't felt such resentment and anger ever before. He was so frustrated and disappointed with this man that he couldn't even look at him in the eye.

"You think sending tons of money every month is enough? You think sending a costly gift every birthday is enough?" he shouted, "Do you even know what a family means father?? A family is a place where you feel love! not abandonment!"

Xiao Xian was almost crying.. "You left Mama alone. You left me alone. And now you want me to do what you want?? Have you ever thought about my wishes? My dreams? Have you ever bothered to show your presence when times were hard? have you??"

Xiao Hua was upset, he never liked it when things didn't go the way he planned. "I only did, what was best for your future. I build this empire of power for you! AND YOU SHOUT AT ME SAYING I DID NOTHING??" He rumbled, in his deep voice.

"I am done." Xiao Xian whispered, "I don't ever want to see your face ever again! and don't you dare contact me, for you have no son!"

Xiao Xian got up roughly and turned around to walk out the door.

"A-Xian!"

"A-XIAN COME BACK THIS INSTANT!"

Xiao Xian ignored all his father's calls as he went outside the office never bothering to turn back.

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"Hey, bartender! keep them coming!" Xiao Xian groaned in annoyance, seeing his empty glass of alcohol.

After the fiasco with his father, Xiao Xian was way too upset to go home. So he ended up here, in a bar, drowning his sorrows with alcohol.

"Give me the strongest shit you have!! Now!" He ordered like a toddler who was desperate for a lollipop.

The bartender sighed as he did what he was told, pouring a strong dose of alcohol into the man's empty glass. As soon as the glass was filled, Xiao Xian gulped it down in one go.

He was so tired of everything. He truly just wanted to leave. He wanted to go to the man of his dreams whom he loved and wanted to hug him all day, forgetting all about his worries. He imagined the man's small smile, his velvety voice which uttered 'Wei Ying' with so much love, his eyes which shined like the sun and his whole existence. If only he had the time and location!

He groaned in frustration as even the alcohol could not distract him. Sighing he shoved a handful of money towards the bartender as he decided to roam around for a while. Maybe walking would help him, clear his mind.

After walking for a while, he heard the sounds of people gathering somewhere and the ringing of cheerful mechanical music. Xiao Xian smiled a little. Maybe a carnival was just the thing he needed, to make him feel better. Afterall, its a place where people's joy grew as easily as providing bread. They double. Our souls needed these festivals to expand and grow our hearts and to let go off the monotonous lives we led.

The smell of fast food stalls wafted into Xiao Xian's nostrils making him giddy. There were people laughing and chattering and just having the time of their lives. The blinding lights and decorations were a huge contrast to Xiao Xian's heart, which was kinda miserable at the moment. There were so many rides and stalls with various games. It had been ages since Xiao Xian actually visited these places. Growing up had really taken a toll on him, it seemed. There was the Big Wheel, The carousel and the rollercoaster where screams of teenagers could be heard.

Xiao Xian just walked around, scanning the surroundings and taking it all in. It made him feel a bit better.

Out of the blue, he halted infront of a cotton candy shop. He squinted his eyes to see a man wearing a sky blue shirt, with faded jeans. His muscular body was too visible from within the tightness of his shirt. His back was turned to Xiao Xian as his mind started racing faster. He could literally feel his heartbeat getting stronger with time as his brain clicked.

Is he.. him?

The figure of the male was way too similar to the man of his dreams. And then the man turned around. Xiao Xian's heart stopped. The face.. It was so similar. It was way too similar..

The man started going to the other direction as Xiao Xian's feet started moving on its own. He could feel the desperation, the craving he had for his man. He pushed and dodged people as he started making his way towards the blue clad man. Maybe he really was here.. maybe he too had been reincarnated. Maybe this was fate right?

The man's pace was fast as Xiao Xian struggled to catch up. Finally unable to bear the distance anymore, he started running. Some people gave him weird looks thinking he was crazy, but Xiao Xian didn't care anymore. The man was here! He was HERE!

"Hey Wait!" Xiao Xian shouted at the top of his voice. But the surrounding noises were too loud for his voice, to reach the man's ears.

Xiao Xian sprinted. His heart beat faster as he finally reached the man who was just an arm's distance away from him. He tapped on his shoulder, as he spoke, "Hey! I was trying to-"

His words were cut short as the man finally turned around.

Xiao Xian's world crumbled down as soon as he saw the face of the man. It wasn't the same. The man wasn't the same man he loved. His facial structures were similar but his eyes were a dark brown. His hair was pulled up to the side neatly as he gave a confused look towards Xiao Xian..

"Yes? May I help you?" The man politely asked.

Even the voice was different.

Xiao Xian felt like laughing at his pitiful condition. Had he become so pathetic, that he was seeing illusions now? Disappointment crawled its way down to his stomach as he forced out a few words, "I am sorry, I thought you were my friend."

The man seemed to understand his situation as he gave him a small smile, "Ah! No worries, I get that a lot."

Xiao Xian gave out a fake smile and said a curt 'Sorry for the trouble' as he turned around towards the exit.

He was a fool! How embarrassing! How could he let his brilliant brain be swayed away with just a little alcohol? He laughed at his condition. This had been the worst day of his life. He seemed to get only disappointments after disappointments. His eyes prickled a little due to the unshed tears, which was threatening to fall out any moment.

Before he can think more about his pathetic state, something swiftly was thrown at him. Xiao Xian dodged quickly, his reflexes sharp and flexible with years of training. He had been practicing martial arts for years now so dodging such attacks were a piece of cake to him. He looked to the side where a sharp dart was stuck into a dustbin- sharp enough to kill anyone, if aimed properly. He turned to the direction of the assailant as he saw a sturdy figure running towards the opposite direction, their eyes meeting for a brief second.

Xiao Xian was pissed off! He had already had a shitty day and now someone was trying to kill him?

He grumbled as he chased after the figure. The figure seemed to realize that he was being followed as he picked up the pace and threw another dart at him.

Xiao Xian's reflexes were quick as he followed him, dodging the countless darts that were thrown towards him. His heart pounded as he allowed his body to speed up and catch the person who dared to ruin his already ruined mood. The figure was agile, easily jumping over cars and deliberately choosing a difficult path to present Xiao Xian with obstacles meant to trip him up. The streets were near about deserted and Xiao Xian was thankful for it. They both zig-zagged up a higher road, with Xiao Xian slowly gaining ground. The figure was fast, but he seemed to be flagging.

Suddenly the figure changed track and veered into a narrow alleyway between two three-story buildings throwing another sharp dart at Xiao Xian, which he again darted to the side to avoid it but suddenly a blunt substance was thrown to his legs which made Xiao Xian trip over it and fall on the ground.

His muscles strained as it had been a long time since he faced such a fast and worthy opponent.

Xiao Xian groaned at the pain even it was way too little but he scurried to get up, when a voice or rather a female voice spoke, "Where is your focus? Have you forgotten your training?"

Xiao Xian froze. This voice. No. It can't be. He snapped his head towards the voice's direction as his mouth hung open in surprise.

A woman was standing in front of him, her eyes glaring daggers at the pitiful figure who was on the ground. She looked younger than before as her long hair blew gently with the wind. Her figure and presence was strong, emitting a queen's aura.

"MASTER LI?????????"

## Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will contain the time travel y'all <3 Keep supporting as your love and comments inspire me to write more <3

# Traveling Home

## Chapter Summary

Wei Ying going back <3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"MASTER LI??"

Xiao Xian was dumbfounded. He hasn't seen his teacher for ten years now and suddenly out of the blue she appears in front of him? He was so confused that words were unable to form inside his brain.

"Why are you still sitting? Get up! You look pathetic!" The woman, flipped her hair as she kept on glaring at her student.

Xiao Xian hastily stood up and gave his master a long bow. She was the woman who taught him everything he knew about sword techniques and martial arts. She had been there when he needed someone to guide him through the dark times. She trained him with strict discipline and harsh measures. Sheng Li was never lenient with Xiao Xian as she pushed him harder everyday to become strong and powerful. Sometimes he really did hate her for her never ending lessons but at the end of the day it was because of her, he was this capable with a sword.

When he turned fifteen, Sheng Li kinda disappeared. She was nowhere to be found. Even her dojo had been shut down and nobody knew where she went. Her phone was unreachable and Xiao Xian had desperately searched for her- for days. But to no avail. And now after almost fourteen years, she was here standing like she hadn't aged a day. In fact she looked like a girl of twenty five with bright blue eyes and stunning grace.

"Why were you trying to kill me master Li?" Xiao Xian almost panicked.

She gave him a look to which he shut his mouth instantly. "Trust me, if I wanted to kill you, you would've been dead by now. And moreover, it was just a little test, to see whether you were flunking or not." She remarked casually.

Xiao Xian didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Why was this woman so fierce? "But master Li, where have you been all these years? I tried to find you! Even your phone was unreachable, you just disappeared! Why didn't you say anything? Did I do something wrong? Why-"

"Enough." The woman cut him off, while rubbing her forehead, "First, my name is not Sheng Li. I mean yeah, I still am the same master you trained under and this is not my original body, but that's another point. Now to turn to the main part, have you finished the time machine?"

Xiao Xian gaped. What? Sheng Li wasn't her name? Who was she then? How did she know? She

wasn't even here to begin with! There were so many questions running through his head that he couldn't decide what to ask this strange woman.

As if understanding the unrelenting questions going through her disciple's mind she sighed as she spoke again, "It doesn't matter how I know things. Look, the world is at stake here. You have to go back before your spell destroys the whole world- creating an apocalypse. "

If Xiao Xian wasn't pinching his own arm at the moment, he could swear that this could've been another dream. But it wasn't. Apocalypse? World destruction? What the hell was she talking about? Going back?

The master grumbled, "I don't know how are you so dumb when you are supposed to be one of the strongest cultivators of your time!" She ended up face-palming herself.

She found a broken bench at a corner and ushered Xiao Xian to follow her and sit down along with her. Xiao Xian followed without a word as he sat down, his mind unfocused and his eyes foggy.

"You do realize you don't belong here right?" The master spoke and glanced at her student, who snapped his head towards her.

Finally getting his attention she began, "Your previous life, Everything is connected to it. I don't have much time so I will cut to the chase. In your previous life, when you were on the verge of death, you casted a forbidden ritual which allowed one to sacrifice his body in return of his memories. In short, you sacrificed yourself so that you can save your memories. But because you were dying, you misplaced some strokes and patterns, which caused the formation of two separate worlds. "

She paused as she gauged her student's reaction. Xiao Xian seemed to be horrified and surprised at the same time.

Sighing she continued, "The ritual's original outcome was supposed to be, you being reincarnated in the same world with your memories. And you would travel back in time to where you truly belong. Simple, isn't it? But unfortunately you do end up causing trouble everywhere you go, so due to your feeble condition and your little mistake, you ended up creating a different universe. A universe where you were born but, with little to no memories about your past life. To be honest, the hints that you are getting so far, are just because of your desperation towards the thing, or in this case- towards the man you love.."

Xiao Xian was way too petrified to even move. It was so hard believing what this woman was saying. Two different universes? Because of his mistake? The man I love?

"Haven't you realized already? That you can't use your spiritual powers here?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

Xiao Xian simply nodded as he continued being shocked.

"There are two universes. More like parallel universes. One where cultivation exists, and the other that you created, where it doesn't. The training you received from me, is more than enough to build your qi and golden core. I am pretty sure, your golden core is fully formed again." She huffed, tired

from all the explanation.

She threw a disc towards Xiao Xian which he caught, fumbling and fidgeting. "This contains the year and the place where you need to return to. Time is running out, don't waste another moment here. You have to go back. Because as I said, both the universes are at stake. Including the one, where the man of your dreams exist."

The master got up as Xiao Xian's face turned from shocked to horrified.

"So if I return, everything will go back to normal?" Xiao Xian asks, his mind working furiously to grasp on every information he got.

"Precisely. Once you go back, the connection between the two universes will end, making this one a universe of its own. As much as it troubles me, but something good did come out of that forbidden ritual. You ended up creating another world, where there is the existence of human race apart from the original one." She stretched her arms as she continued noticing his flabbergasted face, "In short, this is your world. YOU ARE THE CREATOR! CONGRATULATIONS!"

Xiao Xian literally gaped. WHAT? HE WAS THE CREATOR?

"Once you return, whatever you do in your original universe, won't effect this one. So rest easy and prepare to leave." She turned around and started to leave.

"Wait! How do you know all these? Who are you? Why are you helping me? how do you know about this man?" Xiao Xian desperately shouted, searching for answers he wanted to know.

The master turned around as a wall of blue light appeared around her. She glanced at her student who was practically begging her to answer his never ending questions. She sighed as she spoke, "He is waiting for you. Do not waste your time!"

Xiao Xian's eyes widened as he saw his master's body disappearing from her legs slowly.

"No wait! at least tell me your name! please!" Xiao Xian had almost tears in his eyes. He was so confused about so many things. He wanted to know more about the two universes. He wanted to know about the man and how he has been all these years. He wanted to speak to his master who for some unknown reason was helping him.

The master seemed to have turned soft seeing his face, as her neck started disappearing.. she spoke softly, "Baoshan Sanren.."

And in a moment she was gone. The blue light dissipated into millions of sparkles as Xiao Xian saw his master disappear right infront of his eyes.

Xiao Xian was stunned. He flopped down on the ground with a 'thud' as his mind started processing all the things he learned in just a few moments.

Two parallel universes. HE was the connection between them. Once he went back to his original place, the connection would break and he would no longer be able to come back. This universe didn't have spiritual powers, but the other one had. He died and casted an incomplete spell which



became the reason for this universe's existence. He looked at the disc he had received noticing a date and a place.

*'He is waiting for you.'* The words started revolving around his head. He was waiting. The man he is in love with is waiting!! HE EXISTS! HE IS ALIVE!!!

Suddenly Xiao Xian started laughing. He started laughing like someone had told him an extremely funny joke and he was unable to stop. Anyone would think of him as a manic, if they saw him sitting on a dirty ground laughing without reason.

He laughed and laughed until they were replaced with tears and the sounds of sobs.

Xiao Xian was overwhelmed. He was so full of emotions. He felt, confused and sad but at the same moment he was so happy. So, so happy!

"You exist!.." He whispered, clutching the disk close to his heart, as it felt like a weight had been lifted of his chest. He was in love with that person for so long now, and finally he would be able to go back to him. Finally, the hollow in his chest won't hurt anymore.

He scrambled his way up and dusted his pants. Putting the disc in his pockets, he pulled out his phone and dialed the number of the only person, whom he needed beside him now.

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Ru Qing was listening to whatever Xiao Xian was explaining. She had a variety of expressions on her face as her best friend kept on telling her the things he went through. There was horror, shock, disbelief, and pity in her eyes, She could not believe her ears as well as her best friend. Such things existed? She didn't know how to respond when he finally finished explaining all the details.

The lab was way too quiet for Xiao Xian's liking. Ru Qing looked like a fish out of water, as she kept opening and closing her mouth like she needed oxygen to breathe.

After few agonizing moments she finally spoke, "So, YOU are the creator of this universe?" squinting her eyes at the grinning man, who definitely didn't look like he could do something like that.

Xiao Xian made a face. "Seriously? After all what I told you, this is the thing you focus on??"

"OF COURSE THIS IS THE THING THAT I WILL FOCUS ON! YOU MADE THIS UNIVERSE YOU DUMBASS! HOW CAN YOU ACT SO CASUAL ABOUT IT?" Ru Qing roared.

Xiao Xian laughed nervously, scratching the back of his head, "I didn't mean to though.."

The businesswoman sighed. This was too much information. Rubbing her temples she asked, "So that master Sheng Li or rather Baoshan Sanren.. She wasn't real?"

Xiao Xian hummed lightly, "As far as I know, she was a clone. She wasn't the real deal. Her real body and consciousness lie somewhere in the other world."

"So she was here to help you prepare for everything that you needed. Wao.. you really have got a fairy godmother you know? She snickered.

Xiao Xian sighed. Yes. Maybe she really was someone who wanted his well being after all. And now, it was time to move and fulfill his destiny.

Xiao Xian scurried away and opened a compartment beside his table. He took out a small box and kept it in front of his best friend who gave him a questioning look.

"This is.. " she wondered loudly.

"The time machine of course!" Xiao Xian grinned, as he opened the box to reveal..

"A ball?" A-Qing retorted before she could stop herself.



"Well technically its a sphere and its a portable time machine. " Xiao Xian explained, "Once I enter the date and the place, this device will create enough negative energy density and a large negative pressure for a wormhole to open up. That will open a portal which will take me back to the place, I want to go." He finished softly.

Ru Qing was quiet. She knew it was time. Her best friend would be leaving soon. She knew she had to let him go, because that's where his true happiness lie but somehow it was so difficult! How do you let go of your family? How do you accept the fact that this is probably the last time you would ever see them? Was she strong enough?

She felt a tender touch on her cheek as she saw Xiao Xian staring at her, with somber eyes. He was wiping her tears which had started falling down without her consent.

She swatted his hand away as she furiously wiped her tears with the back of her hand. No. She won't be his weakness. She had fulfilled her promise to Aunt Li Jie and had stayed by this man's side until he needed her. Her purpose was fulfilled.

She grabbed Xiao Xian's hands, as she smiled softly. A smile that even Xiao Xian hadn't seen in a long time, "Will you ever come back?" She asked dejected.

Xiao Xian's lips wobbled. It was as painful to him as it was to his best friend. He too knew that once he goes back, maybe there won't be a chance to ever see A-Qing again. He knew that this was a one way ticket, because as soon as he landed where he was supposed to, the connection between the two universes will end for good. He controlled his breaking heart as he give her a blinding grin.

"What are you talking about? Do you even know who am I? I am a Scientist! I am the creator of this universe! OF COURSE I will figure out a way to come back and see you! Are you insane? How will I ever survive without my Qing Jie?" he rambled on.

Ru Qing laughed. "Stop messing around." And then continued, "Its okay A-Xian, I know you will be happy there and that is enough for me. I have always wanted your happiness. So don't worry about me and go. Go to your man!" She ruffled his hair as she finished speaking.

Xiao Xian hugged her tightly. He was so grateful. And whatever happens, he will try to contact her no matter what it takes.

After their heartfelt moment, Xiao Xian took the time machine in his hands with a shaky breath. It was finally time. With a determined look he started typing and entered the place : Cloud Recesses, Gusu, then entered the time : Xuan Zheng year 40.

The machine started glowing. It spread a yellow light as the sphere divided into two creating a huge amount of energy. Xiao Xian had to squint his eyes as the whole lab started shaking and things started clattering to the floor. Ru Qing seemed to have hold onto a pillar as the energy kept growing and getting bigger. The light was way too bright for a normal human's eyes as they both shut their eyes while the whole place seemed to be suffering from a huge earthquake. The whole place rumbled as if it was struck by lightening as Xiao Xian started fearing a bit. Messing with time was indeed a risky thing.

With a loud bang the light dissolved, opening a path.

Both the individuals gasped as they saw a cylindrical path had opened up, which was surrounded by electric blue and black lights. The whole tunnel seemed to be covered with light blue gases of unknown origin. No one knew where the tunnel ended, but the energy it was emitting was huge.



Xiao Xian jumped in triumph whereas Ru Qing was having a hard time believing the sight before her. Xiao Xian had indeed opened up a wormhole.

The sphere was glowing in a stable light as Xiao Xian took it in his hands. He latched Suibian and the flute by his waist as he grabbed a red bag with him.

"So this is it, right?" A-Qing whispered.

Xiao Xian gave her a smile as he threw something in her direction. Ru Qing caught it instinctively as she inspected the thing in her palms.

Keys.

Realization dawned on her. Before she could speak anything, Xiao Xian cut her off, "I knew you liked my house. Its yours! The papers are in my study" he winked.

"Take care JieJie!" he said with a grin as he stepped inside the wormhole. He felt electricity run through his veins as he completely immersed himself in the wormhole giving one last look to Ru Qing. She was about to say something when at an instant, the mouth of the wormhole closed and everything fell dead silent.

Xiao Xian was gone.

"Take care, you dummy.." Ru Qing whispered with tears streaking down her face.

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Xiao Xian was awed. This was unbelievable! He was in a wormhole!!! The whole tunnel looked big enough for a person, as he started walking on the path, that was before him. The electric blue lights dissolved suddenly, into neon colours as the whole tunnel was covered with millions of stars. He didn't know whether they were sparkles or stars but the whole thing was breath taking. The starts seemed to keep moving to the direction he was going making it look like they were offering him company.

Suddenly a voice sounded through..

*'A-Xian!'*

Xiao Xian stopped.

*'A-Xian! Let's go to Yunmeng okay?'*

Xiao Xian was perplexed as he saw faint images appearing on one side of the tunnel. He saw a baby sitting on a donkey as two individuals were walking alongside him.

*'A-Die! I am hungry!'* the baby spoke with a smile.



*'Alright A-Xian, I will buy something for you okay?'* The woman by his side spoke softly, smiling at the young boy.

When his father and mother turned around, Xiao Xian got the shock of his lifetime.

The man looked just like him! The only difference being his eyes and his nose. And the woman! She had Xiao Xian's grey eyes and a smile that made him choke up at the familiarity. Who were these people?

The baby turned towards his parents and that's when Xiao Xian understood. That baby was him. There was no mistake. The baby looked just like how Xiao Xian looked like, when he was small.

The scene dissolved into nothingness after a few moments replacing it with the same starry path.

Were they, his parents? Xiao Xian felt a numbing pain at his heart. That scene.. What did that mean?

Suddenly there was another scene on the other side of the wall.

*A small boy wearing black and red robes was banging onto a door calling out, 'Shidi! Shidi! Please let me in!'*

*A little boy's voice from the inside spoke up, 'Who's your shidi? Go away! this is my room. Are you*

*trying to steal my room too?'*

*The boy in red and black robes put on a sad face replying, 'I am not trying to steal anything! Uncle Jiang told me to sleep in your room!'*

*The little voice from the inside again spoke up, 'GO AWAY! if I see you again, I'll set a pack of dogs on you!'*

*The boy in red robes almost cried as he replied, 'I am leaving, I am leaving.. Please don't call the dogs'*

Xiao Xian was speechless. He knew the boy in black and red robes was him. And he was calling someone his Shidi. Who was uncle Jiang? The scene continued as he saw a girl in pink and purple dress holding a lantern, was searching for someone. She was walking on a bridge over a lake of lotuses which looked extremely beautiful in the moonlight. She was bigger than his little self as she called out,

*'A-Xian.. A-Xian where are you?'*

*The girl in pink, saw a shoe lying on the bridge as she smiled prettily. "A-Xian why did your shoe fall off? Does it not fit anymore?"*

*A-Xian peeked from a tree as he spoke in a cute voice, "No it fits perfectly fine!" Realizing that he just exposed his hiding place he quickly hid back making the girl laugh at his antics.*

*'A-Xian, A-Cheng has a bad temper, but he is really glad to have a new companion. You stayed out for a long time, so he got worried and started looking for you everywhere. Lets go home okay?' the girl said with a melodious voice.*

*'No.. no there are dogs' the boy said crouching down to which the girl replied, 'There are no dogs, even if there were I would chase them away from you. Now, come down A-Xian'*

*A cry was heard from somewhere near as both the girl and A-Xian looked towards a ditch, where a boy in purple was crying and calling out 'JieJie'.*

*The trio started walking towards home after rescuing A-cheng, as apologies were shared and a promise of not speaking about today's incident was made. The trio laughed as the boy in purple hugged the two of them.*





The scene ended with bright giggles and laughter. Xiao Xian was in tears. "Huh? why am I crying?"

He hurriedly wiped his face as he pondered over the scene he saw just now. Were these two his brother and sister?

Another scene started on the opposite wall as Xiao Xian turned his head. What were all these images? Were they his memories?

*It was a quiet night in the mountains, the moon shining bright in the night sky. A youth was seen jumping from roof to roof carrying two jars of what seemed like alcohol. He had long black hair tied up into a ponytail with a red ribbon, wearing black, grey and red robes. His eyes were bright grey as he mischievously was trying to sneak in.*



*Another youth in white and blue robes landed on another roof. His hair was long and a cloud patterned forehead ribbon was tied around his head. His hand clutching onto a silver blue sword as he spoke, 'Late returners are not allowed in until the end of Mao Shi.'*

*'Its Emperors's Smile! I'll give you a jar! Make a smile, you'll be much cuter!'* Wei wuxian spoke with a bright grin, pushing the jar of wine towards the beautiful looking youth.

*'Alcohol is forbidden in the cloud recesses.'* the white clad man said nonchalantly.

*'What exactly is not forbidden here?'* Wei Wuxian spoke exasperated, to which he got a reply, *'Its clearly written on the wall of discipline, go read it!'*

*'There are almost 3000 rules there with no repetition, who even reads them?'* Wei Wuxian dismissed it with his hand, as he sat down on a branch.

*The other person glared at him which made Wei Wuxian say, 'All right, I Won't go in, but I can definitely drink here right? Thats not breaking any rules!'*

*Saying this he gulped down the wine in a single go as the other youth took out his sword and started attacking him. Their eyes met and both of them fought like they were equals.*



Xiao Xian was about to touch the image, when suddenly it dissolved again, leaving a path of stars and sparkles.

He was breathing hard. That was his man! He was the one who kept coming in Xiao Xian's dreams. Was he a rival? Was he a friend? Who was he?

He was so confused. He kept on walking as once again another scene started coming up in one of the walls. Xiao Xian was sure by now that these were indeed his memories.

*Wei Wuxian was in a room with that same youth from before as he seemed to irritate him to no ends.*

*'Wangji-Xiong!'*

*The youth called Wangji stayed motionless while he was working on some notes.*

*'Wangji!'*

*'Lan Wangji!'*

*'Lan Zhan!'*

*Lan Wangji finally stopped writing as he turned towards Wei Wuxian with a cold gaze.*

*'I only called you by your name because you weren't answering me. If you are upset, you can also call me by my birth name okay?' Wei Wuxian cheekily grinned while sitting in a improper posture.*



The scene dissolved again. Xiao Xian let out a shaky breath. Lan Wangji. His name was Lan Wangji.

"Lan Zhan.. " he whispered. He felt so giddy for some reason. The name felt so right in his lips that he almost blushed furiously like a teen in love. He smacked himself in the face. Focus A-xian!!

More scenes kept coming on. He saw scenes where he and Lan Zhan were in a cave and Lan Zhan was singing for him. The melody and his voice was awfully beautiful and familiar. Xiao Xian was mesmerized at how Lan Zhan's voice sounded.



Another scene included where Wei Wuxian's appearance had changed and his long hair was let loose. He looked absolutely like Xiao Xian the way he is now in the present. The only difference

being the length of the hair. He was having a conversation with Lan Wangji where a child named A-Yuan was playing with a pinwheel.



Another scene popped up which momentarily froze him up.

*A corpse was taking Wei Wuxian somewhere. They both stopped in front of a hut where the corpse, or more like a cute corpse spoke, 'Young Master, they are inside.'*

*Wei Wuxian went inside the hut as he saw his Shijie dancing around gracefully in her wedding robes, looking absolutely breathtaking.*

*'A-Xian' his Shijie called him while giving him hearty laugh, 'I am getting married, A-Xian! come have a look!'*



*'You are beautiful Shijie!' Wei Wuxian spoke genuinely.*

*'You, I don't believe a word you say!' his Shijie huffed lightly.*

*'You won't trust me, you won't trust him, so you will only believe it when a certain someone says it?'*  
*A man in purple robes said, rolling his eyes.*

*His Shijie blushed as she took out a scroll and a brush. 'Come A-Xian, choose a courtesy name'*

*When Wei Wuxian asked about whose name they were talking about, A-Cheng replied, 'My future nephew's'*

*Wei Wuxian thought for a while and decided on Rulan.*



The scene ended with A-Cheng and A-Xian fighting as their Shijie smiled softly seeing their bickering. Xiao Xian was unable to move. He couldn't breathe. He had a nephew too? How much has he forgotten? How much has he missed out all these years?

Next, he saw another memory that seemed to pull on his heartstrings even more.

*The place looked like some kind of a graveyard. But amongst the black rotten fields, there lay a dozen huts with lanterns glimmering in front of every one of them. There was a little boy who clung onto Wei Wuxian's feet with a bright smile.*

*'Don't just stand there, hurry! Lets go home for dinner.' A pretty maiden, urged Wei Wuxian. Behind her, there were a bunch of people who had light in their eyes and love in their gestures. They all were wearing the same red and white patterned clothes, looking warmly at Wei Wuxian.*

*'Maybe, this path isn't too dark afterall' Wei Ying smiled to himself, 'I'm Coming!'*



Xiao Xian didn't know what to think. Somehow seeing their faces, made him feel very sad. Happy but sad. He couldn't describe the emotions he was feeling. It was way too much, yet he wanted to see more. To learn more.

The next scene that appeared made him frown. He was seeing a man with Lan Zhan. But who was he?

*The scene started in a forest with fire burning all around. There were tons of people who were fighting with a goddess statue and there was a man who was in red and black robes just like Wei Wuxian wore. He had a flute in his hands as he was playing it in furious, quick notes. He was controlling a corpse who was viciously fighting with the goddess statue. The corpse succeeded in catching a demonic hand when the other cultivators were planning to subdue the same corpse.*



*The man changed the tune of his flute as it turned into a familiar soft tune. The man started backing away just as the corpse started following him. He was controlling his killing instinct when suddenly Lan Wangji turned up and held his hand.*

*The man turned around with panic and recognition in his eyes, as Lan Wangji continued to hold his hand and stare at the red eyes of the man.*



The scene ended. The stars surrounding him seemed to glow brighter after one memory. Xiao Xian almost felt a pang of jealousy at the scene. Who was this man? The scenes that he saw till now were his previous life's memories, then why was there an unknown man here? Why was Lan Wangji holding onto him so tightly?

Xiao Xian's eyes widened as he deemed a possibility. But he wasn't sure.

The next scene popped up soon enough where he was seeing the same man, from before with Lan Wangji again.

*The man was sitting on a rock as he spoke, 'So many people wanted me dead, how would I know who wanted me dead? I was a jerk back then when I didn't listen to you Lan Zhan, thats why so many people were able to take advantage of me'.*

*'Wei Ying,' Lan Wangji pushed back his pristine white robes as he sat down on one knee and looked at him with soft eyes, 'You never intended for that to happen. I know that you tried your best' Lan wangji spoke.*



*Wei Ying smiled* and the scene disappeared again.

Xiao Xian was right. That man was indeed him. But why was he in a different body? What was he missing? The memories that were being shown here in the wormhole, it wasn't all of it. Some major parts were missing.

The next scene that popped up made Xiao Xian feel warm all over.

*Lan Wangji was fighting with somebody. The clash and clank of swords could be heard as four disciples accompanied Wei Ying outside the house as Wei Ying spoke, 'Sizhui, you are the most mature out of all of them. Stay here and make sure everyone is safe. Don't be afraid.'*

*'I am not afraid,' Sizhui said with a smile. As Wei Ying was walking away, he called out again, 'Senior Wei! You and HanGuang Jun are really alike!'*

*Wei Ying laughed lightly as he said, 'Really? How so?'*

*Sizhui smiled sweetly as he replied, 'Whenever one of you are around, I feel like I don't have to worry about anything!'*



The scene ended. Sizhui? Xiao Xian seemed to think. His smile.. Is he someone close to me?

Xiao Xian's mind was working faster than a super computer as scenes after scenes came rushing in.

The next memory consisted of a weird thing. Lan Wangji was tugging Wei Ying's hands which was tied together by Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon. He was showing that to his disciples who quite frankly had hilarious expressions on their faces. Lan Sizhui too, was acting oddly as he stuffed a chicken leg abruptly in his friend's mouth.



The scene shifted again where he saw himself with another familiar kid. His name was Jin Ling, as he was kinda protecting Wei Ying from some angry disciples. Jin Ling couldn't fight well, so Wei Ying taught him some fighting skills right on the spot. Jin Ling won against the other disciples as he gave Wei Ying a triumphant smile.





Xiao Xian was feeling so many things all at once.. so many memories, so many people. Why did he die? Why did he have to leave all this people?

The golden sphere started to make a beeping sound, signaling that the end of the tunnel was near. His journey was almost over. But before that, the whole tunnel brightened up before another memory began..

*Lan Wangji and Wei Ying were kneeling in some kind of ancestral hall. They both had three incense sticks in their hands, as Wei Ying spoke, 'Let's do it together!'*

*Lan Wangji didn't seem to object as both of them, with three incense sticks kneeled among the rows of tablets and bowed down to the ancestors. Once. Twice. The movements were exactly the same.*

*Wei Ying spoke up, 'That's it..'. After that Wei Ying glanced at Lan Wangji as he seemed to think about something but..*



The memory disappeared leaving Xiao Xian extremely flustered and confused. What just happened? What happened after this? Why were they bowing together? Was he missing something? It almost seemed like they were getting married.

Xiao Xian seemed to get panicked for a moment, before he calmed down and breathed.

"Calm yourself down A-Xian!" He muttered under his breath.

The beeping sounds of the sphere had increased by ten times now as Xiao Xian stopped walking. The sounds of the sphere also paused.

Suddenly a white light appeared in front of him. It was so bright that it hurt his eyes as he tried to make out what was happening. The lights gradually dimmed down, revealing a scenery.

Mountains appeared through the mist, the remote, green expanse stretching up to the sky. Before him, lay a world he had never seen before, but instantly had felt a connection to this place.

Xiao Xian cautiously stepped outside the wormhole as he felt his feet touch the solid ground with green fresh grass.

Oh boy... He really was successful in travelling through time.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, so the idea of the time machine was taken from the German Science fiction "Dark" (2017-2020). According to the series, one can really travel in between parallel worlds through this machine.

The picture of the wormhole is from Christopher Nolan's Film "Interstellar"(2014).

I hope this chapter would meet everyone's expectations as both me and Disha have worked our asses off on this.

the next chapter, we will finally have some wangxian content<3

enjoy everyone.



# Reunion

## Chapter Summary

Finally! their reunion is here.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Xiao Xian landed safely from the wormhole glancing at his surroundings. The whole scenery looked very eye pleasing. There were clouds of mist, trees all over hurdling together. The green fresh grass giving a rustling sound, as his shoes came in contact with the ground. The mountains were high and remote. He was awed by the beauty of nature here. The universe he lived in previously was good, but this was so much better.

The wormhole behind him closed its mouth with a 'swoosh' as he turned around to look at it. The gate had closed. The connection was now broken. Xiao Xian sighed as he started walking his way up, only to be blocked by a gate. There was a huge gate before him with two massive pillars, but when he tried to enter through it, there was an invisible barrier which was not allowing him to step forth.

Xiao Xian pouted. How was he supposed to enter if this stupid barrier won't let him?

Suddenly the sphere started beeping furiously. Xiao Xian frowned as he started inspecting it, but to his absolute horror, the sphere had started shaking uncontrollably. A red glow, appearing around it as Xiao Xian knew this thing was gonna explode. Without wasting a single moment he threw the sphere towards the gate as within seconds the sphere exploded with a loud BOOM!

Xiao Xian had to shield his eyes with his hands, as the remnants of the particles from the sphere started falling towards every direction possible. But after a moment he realized he wasn't feeling anything. The particles had immense energy and even if the gate was far away, something should have hit him by now.

He uncovered his eyes as his they widened. There was a shield of red energy in front of him which was blocking all the particles from hurting him. The red energy shield was impenetrable and it was glowing with a warm energy. The shield transparent but sturdy which made his mind work furiously to register the scene happening in front of him.

The explosion subsided as the red shield disappeared on its own, along with it.

"What the hell, happened just now?" He mumbled sheepishly, then seemed to panic again as he exclaimed, "Oh no! The time machine!"

The time machine was completely destroyed as he gave a loud dejected sigh. Seven years of hardwork was gone at an instant.

Suddenly sounds of rushed footsteps snapped him out of his thoughts. Xiao Xian looked towards the gate as he saw a number of students wearing the same white uniform, rushing towards the entrance, or more specifically towards him. All of them had a cloud patterned ribbon around their foreheads as they glared at him once they reached the entrance. Maybe the explosion had alerted them of his presence.

"You! Who are you?" A young student pulled out his sword as he questioned the strange man in front of him.

Xiao Xian was thrilled! All of them were wearing the same outfit as the man of his dreams. Oh wait. He had a name. Lan Wangji! He was in the right place then.

"A-Jian! He destroyed the Gusu barrier!" Another student said in a shock, to the one holding out the sword.

A-Jian widened his eyes too, at the revelation. No normal human could break the entrance barrier of cloud recesses, except their elders or the Chief Cultivator himself.

"YOU! How did you do it?" The student called Jian glared furiously at Xiao Xian who sheepishly scratched the back of his head. The students were all of the age of maybe eighteen or twenty. To Xiao Xian, they were like his own students and he found their expressions quite hilarious.

"Um.. listen I didn't do it! I swear! Its just my machine broke and-" He was about to explain when another student cut in.

"What are you even wearing?" Another student asked, with a confused expression on his face.

The student holding out the sword, literally rolled his eyes at the question. "Seriously A-Zhen?? He broke our barrier and you are worried about what he is wearing?"

Xiao Xian chuckled seeing the scene in front of him. Of course his clothes would look strange to an ancient student who had no idea what jeans and T-shirt meant. He was wearing a black jeans, a red T-shirt with a long black jacket. He paired it with his white sneakers and his usual glasses.

"Well, A-Zhen, if I am correct, these are called jeans," Xiao Xian started explaining when suddenly out of the blue, the glare of a sword made him widen his eyes. He was about to dodge the attack when suddenly there was a sharp, loud 'clang'.

Xiao Xian was stupefied. Suibian was out of its sheath as it promptly blocked the attack of A-Jian. Even the students were baffled to see such a development. Suibian had a red glare on its blade as it was reflecting the sun's rays, making it look extremely lethal and gorgeous.

Xiao Xian finally realized. His spiritual powers were working! Suibian was a spiritual sword so indeed, it would respond to Xiao Xian's existing golden core and to any threat that he faced.

Seeing this, the students were finally getting serious. Everyone had swords out of their sheaths as Xiao Xian sighed.

"Look trust me I don't want to fight, just let me talk!" Xiao Xian tried to reason but the situation was already out of his hands.

Suibian parried another strike as Xiao Xian dodged a kick thrown by one of the students. His bag, falling into the ground as he huffed in annoyance! They are so rude!

As Suibian was blocking another series of attacks, he pulled out the flute from his belt and decided to test its power as well.

The junior students were already having difficulties with Suibian as it was a powerful weapon and to top it all, Xiao Xian was extremely agile as well, blocking and dodging every attack with ease.

Xiao Xian put the flute near his mouth and started playing the instrument in swift, quick notes as out of thin air, coils of darkness struck out. The melody of the flute was haunting and shrill as it commanded the dark energy coils, making them attack the students throwing him to the sides. Unknownst to Xiao Xian, his eyes had already turned red and glowing making him look like a true immortal.

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"Jingyi lets hurry, someone said there was a stranger outside the entrance of cloud recesses who has destroyed the barrier!" Sizhui spoke while taking his sword from the table below.

"What?? broke the barrier?? But that is impossible!" Jingyi gaped at his best friend as he too, got up from his seat already walking towards the entrance.

"I know, but his face showed panic and fear. Looks like someone formidable has come to cloud recesses." Sizhui spoke grimly, "Lets see if we can handle the situation or not, HanGuang Jun and Senior Lan are both out. We have to stop the attacker."

"Shouldn't we inform ZeWu Jun?" Jingyi asked.

"If the situation grows out of control, only then we would. For now-"

His words were cut short as both of the disciples halted in their steps. A sound of flute was resonating throughout the cloud recesses as both of them had wide eyes. They were glued to the ground as the melody of the flute brought back memories which both of them had buried deep in their hearts.

"Sizhui.. t-that.. A Dizi?" Jingyi asked perplexed.

Sizhui seemed to be out of words as he ran towards the entrance without giving Jingyi any answer. Jingyi followed soon after, as both of them ran with everything they had. Sizhui's heart was pounding. That melody, that tune it was way too familiar to be a coincidence.

It can't be... can it?

Both of them reached the entrance panting. When they glanced forward, both of them were astonished.

Sizhui seemed to be frozen onto the ground as he saw a man, playing Chenqing and attacking the Lan Disciples with dark energy while a sword was blocking the attacks made by the Lan Disciples. But that wasn't the main reason behind his shock.

It was the man himself!

Dark red eyes were glowing on a very familiar face. A face he had seen everyday when he grew up in the burial mounds. It was the same face who had playfully planted Sizhui in the soil like a radish and watered him saying, 'There would be new friends sprouting soon to join him.' It was the same face who had protected him from being an orphan and had loved him, apart from his granny.

"Sizhui that man! We have to help-" Jingyi was about to say, when he saw his best friend's expression.

Sizhui was crying. Tears had started rolling down his cheeks as Jingyi panicked seeing his best friend like that. "Senior Wei..." He whispered lightly but Jingyi heard it loud and clear.

"WHAT?" Jingyi gasped. What did he say? "Sizhui are you SURE??" Jingyi shook his best friend by his shoulders as Sizhui could only nod in response.

As if Sizhui realized something he shouted at the top of his voice, "STOP! EVERYONE BACK DOWN NOW!"

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"STOP! EVERYONE BACK DOWN NOW!"

Xiao Xian stopped playing the flute as the other students stopped their attacks. Suibian paused and went back into Xiao Xian's hands as he saw, two more students standing on the opposite side of the gate. Squinting his eyes, Xiao Xian realized that they were familiar. He saw both of them in his memories in the wormhole.

He looked towards the other students who were partially injured and gasping and panting for breath. Xiao Xian himself was out of breath as he never had to fight so many people, all at once. The students were smaller than him, yet their capabilities were far beyond their age. They were sharp and quick and had immense strength running through their veins.

"Sizhui why did you stop us? Didn't you see he was attacking us?" A-Jian roared loudly towards their Senior Disciple.

"Hey! I was not intending to hurt any of you! It was you who started all this! I just wanted to talk you know!" Xiao Xian whined like a baby, who had been wronged.

Sizhui was still speechless. Even the voice was the same! The voice which had called his name 'A-Yuan' several times. How could he forget? How could he ever forget his Senior Wei! He started taking slow steps towards Xiao Xian as he was trying hard to swallow his tears and his emotions. Jingyi was still unsure what was happening, so he kept his hand on the hilt of his sword as he accompanied his best friend towards the man who was supposed to be, Wei Wuxian.

Sizhui stopped right in front of Xiao Xian as he gave the disciple a nervous laugh. "A-haha.. Um.. I was just here to meet someone, I didn't mean to hurt anybody I promise!" he kept on babbling as Sizhui kept on staring at the man with fixed eyes, his clenched fists hurting from all the pressure he was putting in them.

"S-Senior W-Wei?" Sizhui finally opened his wobbly mouth.

Xiao Xian froze hearing the name. Right. He wasn't Xiao Xian anymore... In this universe, he was Wei Wuxian.

"Sizhui, I think you are making a mistake! How can this be Senior Wei?? He looked different right? I mean-" Jingyi paused as he thought about it again.

The Senior Wei he knew, he was in Mo Xuanyu's body. He never knew how Senior Wei actually looked like, so does that mean, this man... was really him?

"Are you Wei Wuxian?" Xiao Xian looked towards the other familiar disciple. He had confusion written all around his face but his eyes were betraying his outer emotions. His eyes held hope and a hint of joy even.

"What are you two talking about? The Yiling Laozu has already died, how can he come back again?" A-Jian grumbled seeing his two seniors.

Xiao Xian sighed, he knew, he had to eventually face everything and seeing the two disciples, his heart had started hurting a bit, unconsciously. He knew that they were close to him. He knew that the disciple named Sizhui was closer to him, more than the others, as he could see tears prickling in his eyes. Oh how much it hurt seeing his face like that!

Xiao Xian held Suibian and the flute in a single hand and slowly stood in front of the Senior disciple. He gently caressed Sizhui's face as he wiped the tear stains with a finger. Sizhui felt his heart burst with love, following that action. He was trying to control his emotions so badly but he was failing miserably.

With a soft voice, Xiao Xian answered, "Yes. I am Wei Wuxian."

Gasps and aghast shouts were heard at an instant when he finally revealed his name. Even A-Jian seemed to have gotten the shock of his lifetime.

"T-th-the.. Y-Yiling Laozu is back???? AGAIN??" Someone shouted.

Sizhui could no longer hold back, as he lunged himself towards Wei Wuxian, making him stumble a few steps before he finally registered what was happening.

The disciple was hugging him tightly, crying loudly like a small child. He was clinging onto Wei Wuxian like he was afraid. Like he was afraid he would disappear again.

Wei Wuxian was baffled. He was seeing a young man hugging him like he was his everything, even the other disciple Jingyi had teared down.

"Inform ZeWu Jun right now!" Jingyi choked out his words, towards all the other disciples who furiously nodded their heads and rushed inside to inform their Sect Leader. A-Jian was perplexed but did what he was told nonetheless.

The surroundings were quiet for except Sizhui's sobs and Jingyi's sniffing. Wei Wuxian seemed to finally come out of his trance as hugged back the young disciple who in return hugged him even more tightly.

"Senior Wei! I.. missed you so.. much!" Sizhui mumbled out the words in between his sobs, as Jingyi helplessly stood there, still reeling from the aftershock.

Wei Wuxian didn't know how to respond, so he just hugged him more tightly. Jingyi too was now in full blown tears as his sniffs grew louder which made Wei Wuxian chuckle a little bit. He opened his one arm towards Jingyi signaling him to join in on the hug, as the junior Lan literally ran into his embrace. The heartfelt reunion made Wei Wuxian's heart ache. He knew their emotions weren't fake and that they genuinely missed his presence.

"You two... Stop crying now. You have become big boys and yet you cry like this?" Wei Wuxian patted their heads while they still clung onto him.

"Senior Wei, we've both missed you so much! We thought you really won't come back," Jingyi was the first one to speak after breaking the hug, "HanGuang Jun missed you too! The other disciples always talked behind him saying that he was a fool, to waste his feelings towards-"

"Wait, who is HanGuang Jun?" Wei Wuxian cut him off.

Both Jingyi and Sizhui gave him a weird look.

"Senior Wei... You are joking.. right?" Sizhui asked tentatively.

Wei Wuxian could only shuffle from one foot to another as he was trying to think of what to say. How will he explain to them, that he doesn't know anything apart from a few faces and few names..

"Senior Wei.. what's wrong? Sizhui asked once again.

He sighed. Might as well tell them the truth. "Actually... I don't have any memory of any of the things that happened before. As you can see.. I am not from here. I don't remember most of the things, which I should"

Both Sizhui and Jingyi gaped. "You... You don't remember us?" Jingyi was on the verge of tears again.

Wei Wuxian panicked, "No wait! I know your faces, and your names, but thats all about it. Actually..." , he paused as he picked up his bag. Fumbling through it, he took out a painting of Lan Wangji as he showed it to them, "Actually, I came to find him."

"But-" both Jingyi and Sizhui were about to speak, when a voice spoke from behind.

"This is indeed a surprise."

Wei Wuxian snapped his head towards the voice as both the disciples turned around and acknowledged their sect leader with a bow, "ZeWu Jun."

Wei Wuxian was delighted! That man looked like the one in the painting. He ran and stood in front of the man, only to be met with disappointment. The man looked like Lan Wangji indeed, but there was a lot of difference. He was of the same height with the same built, but his eyes were a warm brown. He had the same blue and white robes but he wasn't the one Wei Wuxian was looking for.

Seeing his face, Lan Xichen smiled knowingly. "Who are you searching for Young Master Wei?"

The juniors were confused. Lan Xichen didn't really seemed to be surprised as if he was expecting it. Wei Wuxian sighed for the millionth time that day as he just showed him the painting he was holding on to.

"You are indeed an exceptional man young Master Wei, lets take this inside, shall we?" Lan Xichen smiled politely, "You must be tired from your journey. "

Wei Wuxian immediately started liking this man. Somehow his whole appearance made him feel calm and comforted. "Okay.. lets go."

"Can we come ZeWu Jun?" the two boys looked at their senior with pleading eyes. Lan Xichen seemed to be thinking for a moment before Wei Wuxian spoke up,

"Of course you can! I can't wait to know how you two have been doing in my absence!" He gave them both a blinding grin. A grin which they could never forget, it didn't matter if he was in Mo Xuanyu's body or in his own. But they knew, the ever shining grin Wei Wuxian had, they could recognize it almost anywhere.

"Senior Wei.." The lan disciples were in tears. AGAIN!

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"So this is how I ended up here. I only saw a few scenes inside the wormhole, from where I came to know about Sizhui and Jingyi," Wei Wuxian turned towards the two disciples who looked like they couldn't understand a single thing he said until now.

Wei Wuxian was in the Hanshi where Lan Xichen, Sizhui and Jingyi were listening to his journey from the future to the past. Lan Xichen was mostly quiet, listening carefully while Sizhui and Jingyi would ask questions from time to time. He told them everything from how Suibian and Chenqing (he learned the name from Xichen) appeared, how he wrote cultivation notes as he slept and how he had started dreaming of Lan Wangji and how he got the final clue regarding his time machine.

"Young Master Wei this... is indeed fascinating. I never knew the array you casted that day was for this," Lan Xichen spoke softly, as the events of that particular day still haunted him. "But do you know, who Baoshen Sanren actually is?"

Wei Wuxian seemed to ponder, "He was my Master in the future, but no. I don't really know her real identity." he said frowning.

Lan Xichen nodded his head in understanding, "Baoshan Sanren is a rogue cultivator. She is very powerful and only few people have seen her in real life. Among those few people was your mother, Cangse Sanren."

"My.. mother?" Wei Wuxian gasped.

"Yes. Your mother was the disciple of Baoshen Sanren." Lan Xichen said his mind afar, "Maybe she did all that, because you were her favorite disciple's son!"

Now this was information. Wei Wuxian doesn't remember her mother apart from the memory shown to him in the wormhole, but somehow he was thanking her. For bringing him to life. To a life where people like Lan Wangji, Sizhui and Jingyi existed.

"ZeWu Jun!" Wei Wuxian asked his face grim, "How did... I.. die?"

Both Sizhui and Jingyi looked uncomfortable as they averted their eyes clenching their fists. Lan Xichen was taken aback by the question but he answered anyway, "I think, its better if you asked Wangji instead. Its something you should hear from him "

Wei Wuxian sighed. He still had a lot of questions but it was getting darker outside and he too was tired to talk anymore.

"So.. Senior Wei.. You won't remember us?" Sizhui asked gloomily.

"And, you won't remember how you annoyed us?" Jingyi continued.

Wei Wuxian smiled softly at the both of them. He lunged towards them ruffling their hairs, as he said, "Does it matter? I am still Wei Wuxian aren't I? We will make tons of new memories and I will start knowing both of you from the beginning. I may have forgotten all about the past, but I am sooo ready for the present and future with you two! I am in your hands now, so take care of me, yeah?"

Jingyi seemed to blush terribly as he tried to get out of his grasp whereas Sizhui nodded like an obedient son, way too excited to spend time with his Xian gege.

"Young Master Wei, you must be tired. You can turn in for the night. Wangji is in Yunmeng with uncle for a conference. He will be back by tomorrow." Lan Xichen said with his ever present smile and then turned to Sizhui and Jingyi, "Sizhui take him to the Jingshi, and Jingyi go to the kitchen to arrange dinner for him"

The disciples nodded as they bowed, ready to follow the orders like it was their greatest mission.

Wei Wuxian too bowed before him saying, "thank you ZeWu Jun. It means a lot."

Lan Xichen just shook his head giving him another one of his smiles.

The three people stepped out of the Hanshi as Lan Xichen stared fondly at their retreating figures. The incidents that happened one year ago, took a great toll on him. Somehow he was blaming himself for Wei Wuxian's death too. If only he had understood A-Yao's intentions and if only he could prevent everything from happening the way it did, maybe nobody had to suffer this badly.

But today, a big stone had lifted from his chest. His brother's suffering had come to an end. Wei Wuxian had returned and this indeed was a joyous occasion. He closed the doors to hanshi with a smile as he went inside.

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Sizhui and Wei Wuxian were walking side by side. Sizhui seemed to be fumbling and fidgeting at every step while Wei Wuxian looked at him with an amused grin.



"Sizhui, how have you been?" Wei Wuxian asked to break the silence.

Sizhui seemed to have been startled like he wasn't expecting the question.. "I have been.. okay.. I guess."

Wei Wuxian seemed to hesitate from asking the next question but asked it anyway.. " Was it hard?"

Sizhui glanced at him with sad eyes as he said, "It was. I won't lie it was really hard, but father was with me. He had been my rock and supported me when times were hard, so I-"

"Wait.. father?" Wei Wuxian asked, confused.

"Yes, Lan Wangji. I call him father, so-" Sizhui paused again, seeing Wei Wuxian's horrified face.

*'Lan Wangji is married???? Sizhui is his son???? The man I love is taken already??'* Wei Wuxian's mind started imagining all kinds of scenarios as he became close to crying after each passing second. Was all this journey for nothing? This is how his heart was gonna break? What will he do after this? He can't even go back-

"Senior Wei! I think you are mistaken! I was adopted by HanGuang Jun when I was little, so you can-"

"Thank god! I was dying here!!!" Wei Wuxian flopped on the ground dramatically. "I really thought, I was gonna get my heart broken.." he said face palming himself.

Sizhui laughed a little, "That is highly unlikely."

After a while they reached the Jingshi. "Senior Wei, we are here. This is where my father lives."

This is where Lan Wangji lived? Wei Wuxian could feel his heart pounding at the information. He couldn't wait to go inside and check out the room of the man he loved.

Wei Wuxian glanced at Sizhui who was still a bit sad and bothered about something. He didn't question it as he decided that he will let the young man reach out to him when he was ready.

"Thank you Sizhui. Get some rest okay?"

Sizhui nodded and bowed to him as he left.

Wei Wuxian was now alone in front of the jingshi as his heart only beat faster.

*'This is where Lan Wangji lives..'* His heart and mind both reminded him again, as a blush spread across his cheeks. He was going to sleep inside his home! He was going to see the man of his dreams tomorrow!

"Wahhhhhh!!! Damn it! Why can't I stop blushing!!!" Wei Wuxian groaned as he covered his burning face with his palms. This was so annoying! Why was he behaving like that? He is just a man!

*'A man you love.'* His heart reminded him.

It was official. He was whipped.

Wei Wuxian entered the Jingshi as he brushed his sneakers off. He looked around and gaped at the neat and clean room. There wasn't much furniture but it was enough for a single man he guessed. There was a table with an incense burner and beside it a screen. Behind the screen was a cleanly made bed as Wei Wuxian flopped onto it with a tired sigh. The room had an aroma of sandalwood which was tingling his senses in a good way.

He lay there for quite sometime, thinking about what he went through today. Lan Xichen was Lan Wangji's brother. SiZhui, Jingyi were Lan disciples as this was the Gusu Lan sect. His mother was a disciple of Baoshan Sanren who helped him come back into this world. He wondered what else he had to know yet.

Guess Lan Wangji would be the one to tell him all that.

After having dinner, brought by Jingyi, Wei Wuxian found himself bored to death as it was just 9pm in the cloud recesses yet everyone went to sleep by then. What kind of an absurd rule is this? Sleep by 9pm? Wake up by 5am? How was he gonna follow these rules when he himself slept at 1am or 2am in the night and woke up way after 12pm in the afternoon!

Having nothing better to do, he decided to snoop around his man's room. He went to the shelves and the chests. He practically turned the Jingshi upside down and managed to find out some things. The first thing he found out was, Lan Wangji was skilled. He had mastered the six arts beautifully as every calligraphy, every painting he drew was perfect. He went through his man's handwriting practice from when he was fifteen years old and relished in flipping through pages. The second thing was, Lan Wangji was extremely prim and proper. His notes and his essays were all organized, ordered by year. His robes were extremely clean and they were arranged properly in the chest without a line of ruffle.

Next he went to a small chest by the corner of the room and opened it. He was quite shocked to find out that it only had one robe-in the colour red and black, which was quite surprising as all the robes in this room were white and blue, and a ribbon. What was bothering Wei Wuxian was the fact, that the robes were covered in dried blood. A lot of it. Wei Wuxian gulped as he felt the robes were familiar. He had seen in his memories- this robe... It was his.

He stretched out his hands as he pulled them out and stared at them. What happened to him? How did he die? How did Lan Wangji react? When will he receive his answers?

He kept the robes back in the chest as he let out a shaky breath. He had to distract himself. This was way too depressing for his liking.

He grinned. He knew exactly what to do to distract himself.

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Lan Wangji was restless. He could not focus on the meeting even if he tried his best. Shouldering the duty of the Chief Cultivator was a huge responsibility and it would've been easier if his heart wasn't in a state of chaos right now. His face showed no signs of the internal turmoil he was going through, pulling up the facade of a stoic and ever great HanGuang Jun. The cultivators listened to his soft yet authoritative voice with attention, giving him their full support.

The meeting was halted for a break as Lan Qiren looked towards his nephew with concern. Lan Wangji's eyes were tired as he was sitting quietly. Lan Qiren knew, that his nephew was going through a very difficult time. He hated Wei Wuxian but contrary to him, his nephew loved that brat with all his being.

"Wangji.. Go back to Gusu."

Lan Wangji glanced towards his uncle, his features full of astonishment. "But Shufu.."

Qiren cut him off. "The main discussion is over. There are only a few idle conversation left, so you go ahead and I will manage the rest."

Lan Wangji was unsure. He didn't want to disappoint his uncle yet he just wanted to go home.

"Listen to me. You did well. Now go back and rest." Lan Qiren assured him with a nod, as Lan Wangji sighed, giving up. He got up from his seat and bowed.

Taking Bichen in his hands, he left the Yunmeng conference hall with soft footsteps. Jiang Cheng saw the Cheif Cultivator leaving as he called out, "Second Master Lan, the conference isn't over yet and you are leaving?"

Lan Wangji turned towards the purple robed man giving him a glance of indifference as he spoke, "Shufu will manage things here."

Saying that he turned around and left, leaving a grumbling Jiang Cheng behind. He didn't like Lan Wangji somehow. It had always been this way.

Lan Wangji couldn't bother less with anyone else right now. He mounted Bichen as he started travelling towards home.

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Mornings in the Gusu were always beautiful. The mountains were always covered in mists and the wind almost never stopped blowing. Lan Wangji always felt at ease when he was in the comfort of his home. It was 6am and the walk back to the cloud recesses had been tiring. The conference went on for a longer time than he expected and he was drained. Lan Qiren decided to take control of matters in Yunmeng so Lan Wangji could return earlier. He was thankful towards his uncle for his kindness. It had been a year since Wei Ying's absence. The pain still there like an open wound reminding him everyday, how losing a beloved felt like.

Although Wei Ying had given him hope, he still couldn't totally convince himself to function properly. His heart never stopped breaking.

The first thing Lan Wangji noticed was the broken barrier of cloud recesses. He was confused. Why was the barrier broken? It shouldn't be. Had anything vicious attacked the cloud recesses while he was gone? Reminding himself to ask Lan Xichen about it, he stayed back and fixed the barrier with his spiritual powers.

The next thing he noticed was, all the disciples were giving him a bright and happy look. Their

eyes would turn bright and shiny before they bowed and went to their respective chores. Before he could ask anything to anyone, Sizhui turned up before him wearing a big smile on his face himself.

"HanGuang Jun!" Sizhui bowed and greeted his father, "How was the conference?"

Lan Wangji was perplexed. Usually Sizhui would just greet him with a half smile or with somber eyes, but today he was practically glowing with happiness.

"Sizhui, You are happy today. " Lan Wangji said softly. Honestly, he felt a little better seeing his son's smiling face. His smile had become almost non-existent during the past year.

"Yes. I am very happy and You should be too HanGuang Jun!" Saying this he bowed again and turned towards the other direction smiling to himself.

Lan Wangji could not understand what was going on. Was there any occasion which he didn't know about?

He then went to the Hanshi to greet his brother. His brother had been better as he was almost out of his seclusion. Lan Wangji knocked on the door and waited patiently. The door opened and he saw an equally bright and shiny Lan Xichen staring down at him.

"Wangji! Welcome back. How was the conference?" Lan Xichen asked a little too joyfully.

Lan Wangji couldn't hold back anymore as he let himself ask, "Brother, what is going on? The entrance barrier was broken and now everyone is smiling and laughing. Is there a festival?"

Lan Xichen could only smile as he replied, "We will talk later Wangji. You go to the Jingshi and have some rest."

Lan Wangji never questioned his brother as he just bowed and nodded. He walked to the jingshi and sighed. The Jingshi always felt empty and cold. Since Wei Ying left him, not even the warmth of his own home could satisfy Lan Wangji.

He opened the door expecting the same coldness when he froze in his steps.

The Jingshi was a mess!

The first thing he saw were a strange pair of shoes, messily thrown to the floor. Lan Wangji's hand rested on the hilt of his sword, ready to take on the intruder.

The next thing he saw was a red.. pouch? It was a strange kind of pouch which made Lan Wangji frown. There were countless papers scattered on the floor of the Jingshi. He picked up one paper and nearly dropped it after seeing the painting on it.

It was a painting of him! And in the bottom, a small sign adorned the pages, 'Xiao Xian'.

Lan Wangji never lost his cool but now his head was throbbing. Why was a painting of him here? Who was Xiao Xian?

He picked up another paper and then another. He kept on picking up all the papers, his speed increasing after getting each one as all the papers had only one painting. His. His face was painted in all the papers with hurried but fine strokes. They varied in details but it was all him. And on all

the papers, a single sign was present. 'Xiao Xian'.

He heard a sound of mumble as he inhaled sharply and with hushed footsteps he went towards his bed, where a figure was sleeping soundly.

Before Lan Wangji could wake the intruder up, his eyes fell onto the man's side, where Chenqing and Suibian lay side by side.

Lan Wangji's world stopped. Chenqing and Suibian had disappeared almost six months ago which had made Lan Wangji go totally crazy. He had searched for the two spiritual weapons everywhere in the cloud recesses like a madman- like a man who had lost his most precious belonging. When he couldn't find them anywhere, he had cried and cried. He was so lost then but now, both the spiritual weapons were back!

Lan Wangji was breathing hard. He kept staring at the sleeping figure as his heart raced. The figure was wearing strange clothes, and his hair was way shorter than an average person's and his back was facing him.

Lan Wangji knelt down beside the figure slowly. His hands were shaking and he couldn't think what to do. He slowly turned the figure around, trying not to wake him up.

As soon as the figure faced him, Lan Wangji could no longer keep his usual composure. He pulled his hands away in shock, as he saw a face which was etched deep into his heart. It was a face he desperately wanted to see since the first siege of burial mounds, a face which had kept him awake through countless nights, a face he was waiting for, a long, long time.

Wei Ying was sleeping on his bed. In his home. In flesh and blood.

Lan Wangji's lips were trembling. His whole body was sweating badly, his mind numb. He could not believe his eyes.

A lone tear fell down his right cheek as the emotions were overwhelming him.

Wei Ying shifted in his sleep. He turned around to face Lan Wangji fully as his hands were searching for something, trying to grab onto something- a habit Lan Wangji knew he had. Suddenly, Lan Wangji felt a slight tug at his forehead ribbon.

Lan Wangji forgot how to breathe.

Wei Ying was clutching onto the ends of his forehead ribbon. In his sleep!

Lan Wangji's ears started turning into a faint pink even though it was hard to register the fact that Wei Ying was actually here. Despite his rash breathing, a small smile graced his lips as he realized, Wei Ying would never stop teasing him. Even if he was asleep.

Lan Wangji wanted to go outside. This was too much. He needed air. He tried to pull the end of his ribbon with a light tug but Wei Ying's grip was tight. He kept on trying and trying but he couldn't free it.

As he pulled the the ribbon once more, suddenly Wei Ying shifted. He clutched onto the ribbon tighter as he yawned and opened his eyes.

Lan Wangji was done for!

As if realizing something, Wei Ying hurriedly got up on the bed and looked outside the window.

"Its morning already?" he shrieked.

Lan Wangji's heart fluttered. It was his Wei Ying's voice. There was no doubt.

Wei Ying felt something behind him as he turned around only to be met with a pair of golden eyes.

Wei Ying's jaw dropped.

Why was Lan Wangji here? He wasn't supposed to return before evening. Was he dreaming again?

Yeah. That must be it.

He ignored Lan Wangji as he pinched his arm roughly only to be gifted with a hissing pain.

"Owww!" He hissed.

Suddenly he felt a pair of smooth hands, grabbing his pinched arm. Lan Wangji was looking at the angry red spot with worry.

Oh boy.

Wei Wuxian panicked! This was not a dream! Lan Wangji was here!! The man of his dreams was here and he was touching him!!!

Invisible smoke was coming out of his ears as Wei Ying finally glanced at the man properly. He was the one. He was the one for whom his heart longed since years. He was the one with whom Wei ying was in love with. His hairs, his face, his eyes everything was the same. EVERYTHING!!!

Years of waiting had finally came to an end.

Lan Wangji felt eyes on him as he turned to look towards a flabbergasted looking Wei Ying. His eyes were wet. His big, bright eyes was looking at Lan Wangji with adoration. Lan Wangji's breathing hitched. He had forgotten how it felt like to look at Wei Ying again. How fast his heart used to beat, how badly he always wanted to hold him.

Finally Wei Ying found his voice, as he spoke... "Lan.. Zhan?"

## Chapter End Notes

Lan Wangji meets his beloved everyone!!!!!! MY god i was waiting for this for soooooo long!! We will have more Wangxian Content in the next chapter so hold on tight!<3

Regards nanami and disha<3



# **This Is What Happiness Felt Like**

## Chapter Notes

Smut and fluff ahead!

"Lan.. Zhan?"

Wei Ying spoke with uncertainty. He was still nowhere near in believing that Lan Wangji was indeed beside him, even if his hands were being held by the man. Lan Wangji looked unearthly beautiful and elegant even when he quietly let go of his hand and kept staring at Wei Ying. There was something soft in his face, an expression Wei Ying had never seen on anyone.

"Is it.. really you? Wei Ying?" Lan Zhan asked. His voice was firm but Wei Ying could feel the tremble and ripples of it, mostly caused due to holding back of emotions. Lan Zhan had waited for a long time, his heart had been desperate to catch even a glimpse of his Wei Ying after he died and now he was talking to a man who indeed was his Wei Ying.

"Aiahh Lan Zhan! You don't even recognize me? I am deeply wounded!" Wei Ying pouted as he dramatically pointed towards his heart and continued, "It hurts right here you know? I come here just for you and you don't even recognize me?"

In all honesty, Wei Ying's heart was travelling a mile per second but he could not take the face of disheveled and unsure Lan Wangji. In his dreams, the man had always greeted him with a small smile and warm eyes. He wanted to see that again. He wanted Lan Wangji to smile again. So a little teasing was all he could conjure up at the moment.

Lan Zhan felt his lips tugging at the corners seeing the man's antics. Yes, definitely Wei Ying. Only he was able to tease Lan Wangji even in dire situations. Lan Wangji's heart was soaring. He felt like he was on cloud nine as finally reality was dawning on him.

"Lan Zhan! Give me a response will you?" Wei Ying whined playfully! "It's 6 in the morning and I am up for you aren't you glad?"

Wei Ying could not help it. He wanted to tease and whine at the man who was giving him a warm look. He knew he had to admit that he remembered nothing about their past, but that could wait. He wanted to have this moment with Lan Wangji now.

"Mn. Very glad." Lan Zhan spoke, his eyes shining.

Wei Ying's breath hitched. So this is how it felt. This is how it felt like when Lan Wangji talked to him. Has it always been this way?

Wei Ying grinned. "Say, Lan Zhan.. Did you miss me a lot?"



Lan Zhan's breathing increased. How would he explain that how sadness and grief had captured his heart after Wei ying had left him? How would he explain that he had cried nights after nights begging to the heavens to let his beloved return to him? How would he explain that how badly he longed for this grinning man every passing second of his life since the past year?

"Wei Ying.." He said, the name feeling like a blessing and a plea at the same time. The name that had meant so much for so many years and then had been turned into a ray of hope and promise left by the man himself.

Lan Zhan grabbed Wei Ying's hands as he held onto them with his dear life. "I have missed you. Everyday. Every second of my life." Lan Zhan spoke, with trembling hands.

Wei Ying had tears in his eyes. How much had he hurt this beautiful man? How much had he suffered? The words uttered by Lan Zhan were heavy with feelings, so heavy, that Wei ying couldn't take it. His hands were held in the clasp of this beautiful man as he shifted his weight from the bed and turned to sit right in front of him.

"I have hoped for this. Everyday." Lan Zhan continued, looking at him with begging eyes.

Wei Ying took a deep breath. He had to tell him everything. He could no longer hide the fact that he still was just a stranger from the future, as he had no memories whatsoever. He could not lie to this face anymore.

"Lan Zhan.." Wei Ying whispered, " We need to talk."

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The Jingshi was quiet. Wei Ying had just finished telling Lan Wangji everything from how he was from the future, to having no memories from his past. He told him about the dreams and about his practice with cultivation. He told him how he ended up here and how he was the one who broke the entrance barrier.

Lan Wangji was silent. Wei ying was growing impatient, as this silence was killing him. He knew it was a lot to process but he wanted to hear Lan Wangji say anything.. anything at all.

"So, You don't remember me and everything that happened." Lan Wangji spoke after a long while.

"Yes. And it was my fault.. I was the one who drew the array wrong. Well its not like I was fully conscious but because of that, things are a huge mess right now." Wei Ying grumbled.

Lan Wangji was conflicted. He was happy that Wei Ying was here, but at the same time, his heart ached because he didn't remember anything anymore.

Wei Ying got up and found his bag. Rummaging through the items, he took out a fat book which was full of his rituals and arrays.

Wei Ying flopped down the book on the table in front of Lan Wangji and turned the pages with hurry. Lan Wangji was impressed by how Wei Ying managed to jot down every spell and every ritual on that book as he glanced curiously at the man, who was his Wei Ying nonetheless.

Turning to a certain page, he shoved the book towards Lan Wangji as he spoke, "Lan Zhan.. let me do this. "

Lan Wangji's face scrunched up in astonishment seeing the array he was pointing to. "This is the only way. This is how I will remember."

Wei Ying was talking about performing empathy with him. Lan Zhan didn't know what he should do. He wanted Wei Ying to remember everything but at the same time he didn't want him to go through all the pain again.

Seeing Lan Zhan's hesitation Wei Ying clasped his hands on Lan Wangji's wrist as he tugged, "Please Lan Zhan. I want to know. I want to know everything! Its been way too long for me."

Lan Wangji was defeated. He knew he could never deny him anything. Wei Ying's gaze was determined and there was a fire in his eyes Lan Wangji had seen a few times before. If this is what he wanted, Lan Wangji would give it to him. Both of them deserved happiness and when Wei Ying was finally back, Lan Wangji would do everything in his power to make sure, they stay together.

"Okay. After dinner, you shall perform empathy." Lan Zhan spoke firmly and instantly was met with Wei Ying's huge, bright grin. Lan Wangji's breath hitched again seeing the face of his beloved. Oh how beautiful his smile was.

"HanGuang Jun you are really too nice! I will do anything for you!" Wei Ying teased.

He was rewarded with Lan Wangji's pinkish ears as the man stood up to clean the messed up state of the Jingshi. He muttered a "Ridiculous!" under his breath as Wei Ying burst out in laughter.

The mood inside the Jingshi had changed. It was warm again as Lan Wangji saw, Wei Ying clean up the mess he created. He was so happy. His hands were itching to touch Wei Ying, to hold him and to kiss him like he had never been kissed before. His emotions and his desires were at peak but he still would wait. Because the Wei Ying he knew now, had no memories. He didn't know that he confessed his love to Lan Wangji before he died. He didn't know how he felt for the man. So he would wait. Afterall, Wei Ying was right here.

"Lan Zhan! I want to bath!" Wei Ying spoke up all of a sudden. He was dirty and was sticky from all the travelling he did. Wei Wuxian was a messy person but he wasn't that messy as to not bath a single time in a day.

Lan Wangji turned to him and nodded, "I will arrange for a bath to be drawn for you. Wait here. "

Saying this, he went out of the Jingshi leaving Wei Ying behind, with a face full of smiles.

In the future things were different. They had showers, ac, television and mobile phones. But this was ancient China and he was pretty sure none of the places had things and facilities like the future. Thinking about it, he pulled out his phone which was still inside his bag. Unlocking it, he sighed as there was no reception. As expected. Well as long as the charge was still there, he could play games until Lan Zhan came back.

After a while he heard the doors of Jingshi being opened as two pairs of footsteps trudged inside. Wei Ying tore his glance from his ongoing game as he saw a disciple drawing in a bath behind the

privacy screen accompanied by Lan Wangji who had a tray in his hands. Wei Ying could smell the spice in the food as his mouth watered.

The food he ate yesterday night, was bland as hell. It was full of greens and vegetables with no meat. He had finished the food without complaining as he was hungry but now, the dish in Lan Wangji's hands smelled of his favorite things.

"I will leave now HanGuang Jun, Senior Wei" The disciple bowed as he left.

Lan Wangji put the tray on the table as he ushered towards Wei Ying, "Take your bath first. Then eat. "

Wei Ying couldn't help but smile. His cheeks were hurting. Has Lan Wangji always spoiled him like this? He was almost furious at the thought about his lost memories. He had lost so much of his time in a different world when he could've enjoyed Lan Wangji's love and care like this.

He glanced at his mobile as an idea came to his mind. He got up and went to Lan Wangji's side. Sitting close to him, he put his arms around the baffled man and clicked on the camera option on his phone.

Lan Zhan had no idea what was going on. He didn't know what kind of a thing Wei Ying had in his hands. Moreover Wei Ying was sitting so close that he could smell his bodily scent which faintly smelled of green woods and lotus.

"Lan Zhan, this is called a camera. With this you can capture any pictures anywhere. See?" Wei Ying clicked on the front camera option which revealed his and Lan Wangji's faces.

Lan Wangji was truly shocked. He didn't know such things existed. "Lan Zhan look towards this spot and smile okay? 1..2..3.."

A clicking sound came from the camera as Wei Ying moved his hands away from Lan Wangji's shoulder tampering with the little device. Lan Wangji missed his hands's warmth as soon as it left his shoulder.

"See Lan Zhan! It came out so good!" Wei Ying showed him an image on the phone. Lan Wangji was speechless.

The picture was so perfect! Wei Ying had a big grin on his face as Lan Wangji had his usual stoic expression on. They both looked happy in their own way as Wei Ying gave the phone to Lan Zhan who took it carefully as if afraid he would break it.

Wei Ying was amused seeing Lan Zhan. He was treating the phone like it was a jewel as he kept staring at the photo. His golden eyes shone with happiness as he seemed to forget about the fact that Wei Ying was right there.

Wei Ying quietly went behind the privacy screen as he shed his clothes and sank in the tub full of warm water. He let out a groan of satisfaction at finally being able to wash himself. He let his mind wander.. Lan Zhan was right in the room, just a few steps away. He was naked in the bath and as a man full of love and longing his mind started picturing the most obscene things about Lan Wangji possible. He shook his head furiously muffling his groan. what was he thinking? Was he really going to think about nasty thoughts right at this moment? The rush of blood southwards was so

powerful that he ended up making an audible noise.

"Wei Ying.. are you okay?" Lan Zhan's concerned voice rang through the other side of the screen.

"Y-Yeah I'm fine Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying replied hastily trying to control his pulsing bulge forming under the water.

"You should wear something clean," He heard Lan Wangji's footsteps closer to the screen as a small, neatly folded pile of clothes appeared around the corner of the screen, "Here.. I only have these at the moment; I will buy you clothes tomorrow."

Wei Ying looked at them- pristine, fresh Gusu white robes and swallowed a lump down his throat. This man!

He pushed himself of the bath as he took the clothes. "Thank you" He says.

"Mn."

These lone words were enough to make Wei Ying's heart race. This was going to be a long day.

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After that, both Wei Ying and Lan Zhan had their lunch together. Wei Ying didn't miss the look of love and lust in Lan Zhan's eyes as he stepped out of the bath. His eyes had followed Wei Ying's every nook and corner on his body, from his chest to his hip and then his face which had wet bangs of hair sticking to the forehead. The tension was huge and they both knew it.

Wei Ying was surprised how well Lan Wangji knew him. The food he brought for him had tons of spice and meat for which Wei Ying moaned in happiness saying, "Lan Zhan.. You are really the best!"

Lan Wangji could only bear that obscene moan with clenched fists and as he quietly interrupted him saying, "Talking while eating is forbidden in the cloud recesses"- to which Wei Ying had obviously rolled his eyes.

After they were done with food, both of them sat side by side and talked. Actually Wei ying was the one who talked as Lan Wangji could only listen and speak in monosyllables. He talked about everything and anything. He spoke all about his life at the other world and how he was a scientist, inventing things.

Lan Zhan could only gaze at him with soft warm eyes and listen. He was perfectly satisfied with just being by Wei Ying's side. His ceaseless grin, his teasing laughter, the way his eyes would light up when he remembered something funny. He could still see the fifteen year old boy in the man sitting infront of him.

His voice was as pestering and cheerful when he heard it for the first time in cloud recesses. He could still see the annoying and beautiful and ridiculous and reliable and irritating and irresistible boy who had forced his way into Lan Wangji's life, uninvited.

Wei Ying has always been a little late in realizing certain things like how he realized now, that Lan Wangji was just quietly staring at him. His breathing hitched. A beautiful man was staring at him like he was his entire universe. Lan Wangji had a soft glow in his eyes as his lips were twirled up

slightly in the corners. He was giving Wei Ying his full attention and Wei Ying's heart was about to burst from all the feelings he was feeling right now.

He paused his ramble as he stammered.. "L-Lan Zhan! S-stop looking at me like that! My heart can't take it!"

"Does it bother you?" Lan Zhan asked seriously, like he was really thinking he made a mistake.

"Aaghhh!! Lan Zhan how are you so adorable!" Wei Ying groaned seeing Lan Wangji's tilted head. It was indeed an adorable sight. Wei Ying was having the time of his life as he rambled on and on with Lan Wangji by his side.

After a while, he spoke, "Lan Zhan.. I can't wait no more. Lets do empathy. Now!"

Lan Wangji's eyes widened a bit at his abrupt change of discussion. He wanted to do it after dinner but seeing as it was already close to evening, he sighed before he spoke, "Are you sure, Wei Ying? There will be things.. That.."

Before he could complete, Wei Ying interrupted him by saying, "I am not afraid anymore. I have you, don't I?"

Lan Wangji was blown away by his statement. Seeing how much Wei ying still trusted him even after losing his memories, Lan Zhan was over the moon. He knew Wei ying loved him. It was clear, but he was more afraid as he would be baring his soul and his scars to Wei Ying. He was afraid that maybe seeing the horrifying past would scare Wei Ying away for good and that he would lose him again. The fear was evident on his face as Wei Ying once again gave him a reassuring smile.

"Lets face it together, Lan Zhan!"

And with that, all of Lan Zhan's worries were washed away.

Lan Zhan went out of the Jingshi for a while. Wei Ying used that time to go through the ritual once more, just to be sure of everything.

Lan Zhan came back and sat down infront of Wei Ying, "We won't be disturbed for the night." he spoke softly.

Wei Ying nodded his head as he took a deep breath and held onto Lan Wangji's hands. Lan Wangji glanced up to see his beloved's face one last time, before he learned the truth of his death and his memories. He was terrified, but the warmth of Wei Ying's hands were enough to calm his mind.

A blue array appeared around the two of them as they both were pulled into Lan Wangji's memories.

It started from the time they met, in the cloud recesses for the first time. The memories were happy and jolly. The Water borne abyss, the class pranks, the time in the cold spring.. everything was very happy and joyful. Wei ying was actually having fun remembering these memories. They saw how he tugged Lan Wangji's ribbon in the archery competition, how they defeated the monster turtle in the cave and how Lan Wangji had let him sleep on his lap while he was suffering from fever. Lan Wangji's ears had turned pink as Wei Ying was just smirking like he had won the lottery.

The memories continued. But it took a dark turn soon. The Wei Ying in Lan Zhan's memory had changed. He had become the Yiling laozu who mercilessly killed the entire Wen Clan, and he became distant and cold. He saw how Lan Wangji begged him to come back to gusu while he misunderstood him. He saw how Lan Wangji helped in bringing Wen Ning's consciousness back. He saw how he was attacked in the battle of nightless city, how Lan Wangji had run away with him to the burial mounds despite being injured.

Wei Ying was crying by now as Lan Zhan's heart shattered seeing him this way. He wanted to stop desperately because things were only going to be worse.

Wei Ying saw how Lan Wangji was punished with 33 whip lashes, how he had suffered after the news of Wei Yings death. How Lan Wangji dragged his limp and injured body to the burial mounds just to check on his remains for the last time. He saw Lan Wangji bringing A-Yuan into the cloud recesses, helping him grow up while he mourned Wei Ying's death like a ritual. He suffered for 13 years in pain and loneliness.

Wei Ying was trembling. He couldn't breathe. Lan Wangji held his hand tighter as he spoke "Wei Ying.."

He could only glance at Lan Wangji with tear stained eyes as he bit his lip to stop a sob from escaping.

The memories continued from Dafan mountain. He saw how Lan Wangji found him again, helped him, stuck to his side from the beginning. He noticed Lan Wangji's soft gazes and little smiles throughout the memories and somehow felt a little better. He saw the second siege of burial mounds, the bowing at Jiang Ancestral Hall, the truth about Jiang Cheng's golden core. He saw the night before the guanyin temple, how the drunk Lan Wangji would give him chickens, write his name on a wall of a stranger's house, how they both shared a night of passion and heat in the bathtub as well as on the bed. But soon he saw, how Lan Wangji pushed him away, how they both reacted after the incident. He saw how Lan Wangji blamed himself thinking Wei Ying would never come back. He saw what happened in the GuanYin Temple. How he was killed, how he confessed his feelings to his Lan Zhan, how he casted the array and how Lan Wangji broke into millions of pieces in front of him.

He saw Lan Wangji killing Jin GuangYao. He saw Lan Wangji passing the past year in cries and in sorrow. He saw his sleepless nights, his nightmares, his pain and his breakdown. He saw Lan Wangji's resolve and his suffering. Most importantly, He saw Lan Wangji's love.

Empathy ended.

Wei Ying's hands fell limply by his sides as Lan Wangji's concern grew.

Wei Ying could just stare blankly towards the man, who loved him more than anything else in the world. He could only stare and feel his heart break. He could feel everything Lan Wangji went through. He was barely aware of the world around him as he couldn't take it anymore. He had to be away. Now!

Wei ying got up abruptly. He was about to run towards the door when a hand grasped his wrists in a strong grip.

"Wei Ying!!" Lan Wangji panicked. This is what he feared. This is what he was most afraid of.

Wei Ying could see his aghast and pale face. He knew Lan Wangji was scared, but he needed time. He had to think.

"Lan Zhan.." Wei Ying whispered, "I promise I won't ever leave you again. But right now, I need to be alone. This is too much for me to handle. Please let me go."

Lan Zhan was so conflicted. He inhaled deeply, held it in his lungs for the moment and then exhaled. Wei Ying was right. This was indeed a lot to process and Lan Wangji knew letting him go was the right thing to do. Wei Ying had kept his promise that he would return. He should trust him. With a little reluctance, he let go of Wei Ying's hand as the other ran away from the Jingshi.

Lan Wangji had always waited. Maybe.. he had to wait a bit more.

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Wei Ying ran. He ran and ran towards the back mountains, until he could no longer run anymore. He came and stood in a clearing where he saw a bunch of bunnies and a donkey or rather Little Apple munching on the grass.

Wei Ying couldn't stop the tears. He was so in pain! He slapped himself as hard as he could, the sound echoing throughout the wind. The slap hurt. It should. He had hurt Lan Wangji so much. He had done so many things he regretted. The memories of how Shijie and Jin Zixuan were killed came back to him. The death of Jiang Fengmian and Madam Yu, everything was coming back. His head felt like it would burst any moment.

He could not forget the pain Lan Wangji suffered. Why? Why was he such a fool? How could he not understand Lan Wangji's feelings for him? How could he be so naive?

He screamed. He screamed out his pain and frustration. His uncontrollable sobs and his wailing scared the rabbits as they moved away from him.

"How.. How Lan Zhan?" he whispered to himself, "How could you love me so much?"

Wei Ying broke down completely. He was no longer able to control himself. The pain won't go away. There was so much of it.

Wei Ying screamed again. The night sky of the cloud recesses seemed to shake from the intensity of the scream.

"Senior Wei?"

Wei Ying turned around. Sizhui was standing a few feet away from him with concern in his eyes. His eyes panicked once he took in the appearance of his Senior who looked like he had been through hell. Wei Ying's white gusu robes were crumpled, his face was full of ongoing tears and a red mark was glaring on his left cheek.

"Senior Wei!! What happened? Why are you like this? Where is father?" Sizhui came rushing towards the broken man and tried to pull him up from the ground.

"A-Yuan.." Wei Ying called him, his voice thick and hoarse from all the screaming he did.

Sizhui froze at once. He couldn't believe it! Wei Ying was calling him by his birth name!

In a flash of a second, Wei Ying clung onto the little disciple crying and wailing, while hugging him. Sizhui could not believe what was happening.

"I- I am sorry A-yuan! I am so sorry for leaving you! I am so sorry for everything!" Wei ying kept on wailing and crying.

Sizhui hugged the broken man back. He too had tears in his eyes. Wei Ying had remembered. He finally remembered everything. "Its okay, senior Wei. Calm down. Please.. please stop crying."

Sizhui couldn't bear this. How was he supposed to handle all this alone?! Where was father?

Wei Ying kept on crying. And after a while, his sobs got lighter as he would sniff momentarily. Sizhui sat there the entire time, holding him providing him with comfort.

Wei Ying was glad he found him. He needed this. He needed to let out the emotions away from Lan Zhan, because he couldn't let him see his messed up state. Not when he had already hurt him so much.

"Are you feeling better, Senior Wei?" Sizhui asked softly.

Wei Ying nodded. He was still clinging onto Sizhui's robes and had probably destroyed it with his tears.

"Say, A-Yuan.. You call Hanguang Jun your father.. But I had raised you even before, Lan zhan took you in.. In that terms, shouldn't you call me dad?" Wei Ying asked chuckling a bit.

He pulled back and wiped his face with the back of his hand. Sizhui was blushing furiously but his eyes held so much joy.

"You already are.. Its just, I didn't know if you would like me to call you that." Sizhui mumbled, still blushing.

"What are you talking about?? Why wouldn't I like it? I would absolutely love it! You are my son and nothing will ever change that!" Wei ying declared quite proudly.

Sizhui was sure he was gonna die from embarrassment. But he secretly craved for this moment from a long time. Brushing all the embarrassment away he gave Wei Ying a dazzling smile as he mumbled, "Okay.. dad."

Wei Ying was so happy that he grabbed Sizhui's face and placed a sloppy kiss on the young man's forehead! "Thats like my good boy."

"Wei Ying.."

Both of them turned around to see Hanguang Jun standing a few feet away from them.



"Father!" Sizhui got up hastily as did Wei Ying. Wei Ying's heart had calmed down, but seeing Lan Zhan again, new emotions were bubbling inside of him. Want. need. love. A fire seemed to have lightened up inside of him, as he kept staring at the prim and proper man, who was just wearing his inner robes. He wanted this man desperately. The feelings of longing had been intensified by ten times, after he got his memories back. And today he was not gonna let him go away.

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Lan wangji was getting restless. Even though he had let go Wei Ying, he could not keep himself calm. He tried meditating, tried to make his heart understand that Wei Ying would come back. But after losing him twice in a single lifetime, his heart would not listen to his brain anymore.

Clenching his fists, he got up. It was already past dinner time, so he disrobed himself and went out of the Jingshi to search for his sunshine. Lan Wangji roamed around a bit. He knew Wei ying could not go out of the cloud recesses and he would not go somewhere where there were people. So he turned his way towards the back mountains.

Not long after that, he halted. The sounds of heart broken sobs and wailing reached his ears. He rushed towards the sound. His heart pounding in his chest as he knew these sounds belonged to Wei Ying.

He reached the clearing and what he saw, made him breathe out in relief. Wei Ying was in the arms of their son crying. He heard Wei Ying saying sorry to Sizhui and kept on crying. Lan Wangji didn't want to go and interrupt. Sizhui needed this. He too loved the grinning man like his father did.

After a while Wei Ying had calmed down and was talking casually like none of the things he did before, actually happened. He was teasing Sizhui urging him to call him 'Dad' while Sizhui was having a hard time controlling his blushing. It warmed Lan Wangji's heart by leaps and bounds. The feeling of a family being complete was what he needed for a long time.

Lan Wangji knew that Wei Ying hid behind a wall of laughter. The wall, so high that no one could climb up over it and actually see the the true form of pain and heartache he hid. Lan Zhan knew, it was there from a long time, but he was powerless against it because as long as Wei Ying didn't allow him, he could never go inside and ease the suffering for him.

He saw Wei Ying placing a sloppy kiss on Sizhui's forehead as he felt a little jealous. He hadn't gotten a single kiss since Wei Ying had returned, yet Sizhui got one. Unable to hide himself any longer he went forward and called his beloved.

"Wei Ying.."

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Wei Ying and Lan zhan were staring at each other with surging deep emotions. Sizhui understood that he should probably leave his parents alone. He stifled a laugh as he spoke out,

"Father, Dad, I will leave now. I will see you tomorrow."

Sizhui quickly scurried away as he literally felt the tension in the air. It was way too heavy. He smiled to himself while he walked down the green path. His family was complete now.

Lan Zhan and Wei Ying were the only one standing in the vast clearing under the night sky with millions of stars shining like lights over them. The wind picked up, making both of their robes flutter with the wind. Lan Zhan noticed how Wei Ying looked at him at the moment. His eyes held a fire, Lan Wangji had seen on the night before the Guanyin temple incident. He knew, Wei Ying wanted him as much as he wanted him.

"Lan Zhan!"

He looked up, Wei Ying was standing right in front of him with a dazzling smile, waving merrily at him.

"Lan Zhan! I have been waiting for you! Come over here!" he called, leaping a bit.

Wei Ying probably knew that Lan Wangji would eventually come and find him, because they both couldn't stay away from each other, no matter what happened.

Lan Wangji strode his way towards his Wei Ying without needing to tell him twice. His pace became faster with each step as he reached closer to Wei Ying's open arms. He strutted right towards Wei Ying and wrapped himself up in his awaiting embrace.

"I caught you," Wei Ying whispered into his hair as Lan Wangji leaned his head against Wei Ying's chest, with Wei Ying's chin propping on top of his head. His arms strengthening around his torso, pressing his face closer.

"Mn." he spoke into Wei Ying's body, immediately feeling Wei Ying's gentle strokes on the back of his head.

"Good boy. I won't let you go now that I've caught you," Wei Ying said.

"Mn. I won't go." Lan Wangji mumbled.

"Even if you want to go, I won't let you. It's so hard for me to find someone who I want to keep by my side, for the rest of my life. I won't let you go now, not ever." Wei Ying repeated, as if he wanted to nab those words right into Lan Wangji's heart.

"Lan Zhan.. I love you so much. " he said, pressing Lan Wangji's head against his chest, his voice so soft that it felt like a whisper.

Lan Wangji froze again. The last time, he heard those words were when his beloved was dying. He was unable to reply him, unable to hold him. But now they were safe. They were together and nothing could separate them now. His figure trembled as Wei Ying continued,

"I won't leave you too. Not anymore."

Lan Wangji couldn't answer. Instead Wei Ying heard a feeble sound of what sounded like quiet sniffing from his chest. His heart wrenched and before he knew it, his eyes watered too, a drop falling down from the corners of his eyes, before he could stop it.

"Aiahhhh Lan Zhan! this is supposed to be a happy day! Good boy, come, now don't cry. You are making me cry too. And I already managed to make a mess of myself in front of A-Yuan. I can't-"

"I love you, Wei Ying." Lan Zhan cut him off.

Wei Ying's heart soared.

Lan Zhan was still hugging him but he spoke again, "I have always loved Wei Ying. Never stopped. Not even for a moment."

That was it. The waterworks started again, but this time Wei Ying was smiling like a teenager whose proposal was just accepted by his long term crush.

Wei Ying pushed Lan Wangji's face away so that he could look at him in the eyes and as expected, Lan Wangji's eyes were wet and a bit red.

"Er-gege, don't cry, okay? I am right here. I can never handle seeing you cry. Hurry, and tell me, what do you want? I will give you anything!" Wei Ying's voice was filled with so much elation that Lan Wangji couldn't help but smile a bit.

"You." Lan Wangji said without a second thought.

And before Wei Ying could say anything else, Lan Wangji had already scooped his hand under Wei Ying's knees and started bridal-carrying him towards the Jingshi.

Wei Ying blushed furiously as he teased, "Lan Zhan, do you want to carry me like this forever?"

"Mn." Lan Zhan replied almost instantly.

He chuckled at the sight of Lan Wangji's flushed earlobe. Without being able to stop himself, he bent close to his ear and kissed his earlobe gently.

Lan Wangji's grip tightened around Wei Ying's body as his eyes darkened almost instantly. He practically ran towards the Jingshi carrying Wei Ying in his arms as if he weighed nothing.

They entered the Jingshi hastily as Lan Wangji put Wei Ying down, holding him firmly by the waist. Before Wei Ying could understand what was happening, Lan Wangji pressed him against the door of the Jingshi and smashed his lips against Wei Ying's in a searing kiss. Lan Zhan kissed like the force of monsoon rain, a wave of pleasure washing through the both of them. Lan Zhan's lips were soft and demanding as Wei Ying moaned, at how amazing and perfect it felt against his. His mouth opened as Lan Wangji licked his lips, hot, wet and incredibly soft- with no hesitation from either of them. There was a raw hunger in the kiss, a want that they should both continue. Both of them were getting devoured by the force of their own yearning, finally set free.

Lan Zhan kissed him until they were both breathless, until Lan Zhan was the only thing Wei Ying could taste, smell and feel. They both parted, panting heavily with flushed faces.

Wei Ying was grinning as he teased, "Who knew the immaculate, perfect second jade of Lan would be so fierce when it came to a kiss!"

Lan Wangji blushed hard as he gritted out, "Shameless!".

Wei Ying held Lan Wangji around his neck, as he swayed his hips against Lan Wangji's already burning erection whispering seductively, "Won't you take me Er-Gege?"

Lan Wangji's self restraint was crumbling down as he darkly gazed at Wei Ying who seemed to be having fun seeing Lan Wangji's flustered state.

Wei Ying grabbed Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon and tugged it gently, making the ribbon fall off as he continued, "Lan Zhan, please.. I can-t"

That was all, what was needed to break the last restraint Lan Wangji had, as he pulled Wei Ying's head and with rough motions started kissing him again. Wei Ying opened his mouth as Lan Wangji deepened their connection tangling their tongues together.

Lan Wangji picked up Wei Ying as he wrapped his legs around Lan Wangji's waist. He kissed Lan Wangji like he meant it, exploring his mouth with increasing hunger. Lan Wangji carried them both to his bed as he laid Wei Ying softly on it and continued kissing him, ravaging his mouth while his hands traveled to Wei Ying's sash, opening it with swift moves.

Wei Ying made unconscious sounds as they kissed his breath growing hot and heavy. He had never been more aroused before, as Lan Wangji pulled the robes off his shoulders exposing his fair collarbone. Lan Wangji pressed down on him, grinding their hard bulges together, creating a delicious friction which made Wei Ying arch his back against Lan Wangji's body.

Lan Zhan broke the kiss as he traveled south, kissing his neck, scraping his teeth along the tender flesh as Wei Ying let out a loud gasp. Lan Zhan pulled off Wei Ying's robes from the top as he continued sucking wanting to mark his beloved.

"L-Lan Zhan...You- you are gonna ruin your robes.." Wei ying panted as he felt Lan Wangji bite on his neck, probably leaving bruises.

"Don't care.." Lan Wangji said in between kisses.

Lan Zhan pulled himself back as he saw the person below him. His eyes growing dark with lust as he saw Wei Ying lying underneath him, panting, needy and with red cheeks. His hair was messed up, his eyes wet with desire coursing through them. Lan Wangji held back a groan as he tore the robes off Wei Ying's sturdy body without wasting another second, and wrapped his mouth around one of Wei Ying's pink nipples, His hand moving to the other one as he trailed the rough pads of his calloused fingers around the raised bud.

"Haaa....ahhh" Wei Ying threw his head back onto the bed, his hands sliding up into Lan Zhan's long hair as he pulled and pinched his nipple hard while he licked and sucked and bit the other one, his hips moving more forward to grind himself on Wei Ying's fully erected bulge.

"L-Lan Z-Zhan... I want.." He whined, "I want.."

"What do you want?" Lan Zhan mumbled hoarsely, his voice thick with desire.

"I want to see you.." Wei Ying panted as he started pulling Lan Wangji's robes. He opened his

layers of clothing in seconds as he finally felt Lan Wangji's naked skin against his palms.

Lan Wangji was beautiful. His broad shoulders and his sculpted chest looked alluring in the light of the Jingshi. He drew the strings of his trousers, and pulled them open, putting his arms around Lan Zhan's waist to help him push the fabric past his hips. Wei Ying's fingers brushed against the scarred flesh on his lower back and he felt Lan Zhan stiffen. Wei Ying ran his fingers gently along the raised welts and leaned forward to leave open mouthed kisses on Lan Zhan's neck.

"I am not hurting you, am I Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying asked as Lan Wangji shook his head.

"Wei Ying could never hurt me."

Wei Ying's eyes stung as he registered his words. How could this man say this, even after he had hurt him so much?

Lan Zhan kissed him again as Wei Ying let him get wrapped up in his man's arms. He kissed like a man who had been starved for years and Wei Ying kept grinding himself against Lan Wangji's bulge desperate to have something done to it.

"Ah! mmphhh... Lan Zhan.. pl-please.. To-touch me!" Wei Ying panted against his lips as he bucked his hips again, his hands pushing lightly at Lan Zhan's shoulders encouraging him to move down with either his hands or his mouth. Something about their heaving breathes and sweaty skin was driving him mad and Wei Ying needed him to move along, to get to the best part.

"Mn." Lan Zhan moved suddenly leaning back onto his knees between Wei Ying's open legs as his bulge jutted out straight up in a lewd display of lust.

Wei Ying shamelessly thrust his hips up as he stared into those hot golden eyes, his own dark with desire. He grabbed Lan Zhan's pulsing dick with his hand as he felt Lan Zhan growl at the back of his throat.

"Lan.. Zhan.. do you like that?" Wei Ying purred while moving his hands against Lan Wangji's dick as Lan Wangji grabbed his waist harshly, one of his hands sliding into Wei Ying's hair as he dragged him closer until their bulges were pressed together.

Wei Ying moaned heavily as Lan Wangji's broad hand wrapped around them both, tugging and pulling, sliding up and down with rough rapid strokes as he kissed down Wei Ying's mouth along his jaw and to the crook of his neck.

"Ahh! mmphh!..." Wei Ying gasped out a wild whine as those teeth bit firmly on his other shoulder, the pain blending into pleasure in a hazy rush as he felt something low in his body began to tighten, Lan Zhan pulling him closer and closer to the end.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan er gege", he whined in between moans as his body shuddered through the beginning of his orgasm, but Lan Zhan didn't stop as he spilled onto his hands, his hips bucking wildly.

Wei Ying was a mess against Lan Wangji as he kept panting and huffing.

Suddenly Lan Wangji flipped him over and forced him down on the bed. He bent down and tied Wei Ying's wrists with his forehead ribbon making Wei Ying shocked beyond words.

"Who knew the mighty Hanguang Jun was into bondage?" Wei Ying teased, still reeling from his orgasm.

Lan Wangji bit lightly on to his hips as he muttered, "Stop talking.."

"But Lan Zhan! Mouths are provided for talking so why-"

He was cut off as a sudden throb from below made him frown lightly.

"Lan Zhan what are you-" He moaned a bit as Lan Zhan started moving his finger while his other hand grasped onto his satisfied dick, making it hard again. The stretch, the fullness felt weird but good as he leaned back onto Lan Wangji's hands panting wildly.

"Lan Zhan... go easy on me okay? This is my first time.." Wei Ying mumbled still getting used to the foreign feeling of being penetrated. Lan Zhan seemed to slow down a bit as he added another finger into his hole. Wei Ying could feel the burn of the stretch which soon turned into pleasure. His skin felt like it was on fire. Lan Zhan leaned down to cover his body with his own as he started leaving open mouthed kisses all over his back as he continued to loosen him up.

"Lan Zhan.. Lan Zhan.. its enough" Wei Ying whined wanting to feel more. Wanting to feel Lan wangji.

"No.. need to prepare Wei Ying more.." He said with a rumble while adding a third finger. He kept on preparing Wei Ying patiently as he continued to whine and plead desperately.

Finally, Lan Wangji couldn't take it anymore. He flipped him over again as he positioned himself near his whole and shoved his member inside with a deep, guttural groan of pleasure as the tight hole wrapped around him.

Wei Ying hissed in pain as Lan Wangji asked pausing, "Does it hurt? Should I stop?"

Wei Ying clung onto him as he shivered, holding back tears, "Its my first time-of course it hurts!"

Lan Wangji felt a deep sense of satisfaction within himself as he became harder than he already was. Wei Ying's eyes bulged. Lan Wangji was bigger than him already but it seemed like he could turn even bigger than his normal length.

Lan Wangji started moving, slowly at first but grew frantic as Wei Ying started getting accustomed to his length. A twin moan falling from Wei Ying as he experienced the incomparable stretch of Lan Zhan pushing his big dick inside him.

Tears sprang up in Wei Ying's eyes as he gasped with a loud moan- Lan Zhan was reaching his breaking point and he bucked hard smacking his ass with the thrust. He yanked his hips back only to snap them forward again and then again. He set a punishing rhythm between them, sliding out until only the thick tip remained inside before slamming back in, pulling and pushing, thrusting and bucking again and again and again.

The wet slapping sounds of sex around them in the silence of the Jinshi was a huge contrast to the silence of the serene night outside. Lan Zhan loved the wild, breathless gasps and moans Wei Ying was releasing.

He wrapped his hands around Wei Ying's hips tighter and yanked him back to meet his thrusts

moaning as he felt that hot hole clutch even tighter at him. He gritted his teeth against his release, forcing it back as he changed his angle right into that soft spongy bud he knew would leave his beloved in pieces.

"Ahh... haaa!! Yes!! There! Lan zhan! there!" Wei Ying was a moaning mess, he couldn't tell up from down as Lan Zhan continued to fuck him, those heavy hips pistoning into him and slamming his thick dick into that sensitive spot over and over again.

"Lan-Er-Gege..have mercy! Please..! It-its.. Too much.." he panted and groaned and moaned helplessly as Lan Zhan took him hard.

Lan Wangji was lost to the pleasure swirling between them, the pressure of Wei Ying's tight, wet hole and his beloved's husky velvety voice drowned everything else out. He felt a familiar swell pool low in his body, pulling tighter and tighter as the pressure teased him with his release and he knew he was going to cum.

Wei Ying gasped with a wild cry as he came his length pulsing long stripes of white onto his abdomen. Sparks flew across his vision as he felt Lan Zhan's deep, hoarse moan, his body jerking into his, with a sharp snap, that hot hard length twitching and jerking within him with every thick spurt of his release.

Wei Ying's arms fell limply above his head as he collapsed heaving, gasping for breath. Lan Zhan tucked out of him, his face flushed as he got down from the bed. Lan Wangji untied his ribbon from Wei Ying's hands as he rubbed Wei Ying's red wrists. He felt a pang of guilt thinking maybe he went a bit too rough on him.

Wei Ying felt something damp touch his abdomen as he opened his dazed eyes, to see Lan Zhan cleaning his messy state with utmost care and sincerity. His heart swelled in his chest as he fell deeper in love with the man. Lan Wangji returned to the bed after a while, snaking his arms around Wei Ying's waist, pulling him closer to him.

Wei Ying happily sighed as this was what he needed. Lan Wangji's embrace and his love.

"Are you hurt?" Lan Wangji asked after a few moments.

"Yes. Er-Gege I am hurt, I can't even move, its all your fault!" Wei Ying whined playfully.

"I am sorry, I will take care of you until you are better!" Lan Wangji said with concern.

Wei Ying sighed at his man's words. What was he gonna do with him? "Lan Zhan! You are gonna make me go crazy!"

"Don't go crazy. I need Wei Ying." Lan Wangji mumbled holding him closer than they already were.

Wei Ying was gonna cry again. How was he gonna deal with this big teddy bear who was being so open with his emotions right now?

"Your golden core is formed again. I felt the pulses. It is as strong as mine." Lan Wangji said after a moment.

"Yes.. When I was in the other world, I could feel nothing, yet I kept practicing. Finally all the hardwork had paid off." Wei Ying yawned as he snuggled into Lan Wangji's chest.

"Wei Ying.."

"Hmm?"

"... Wei ying"

"I am here Lan Zhan.."

"..."

"....."

"... Wei ying.."

"I am here Lan Zhan, I will never leave." Wei Ying smiled as he tilted his head up with great difficulties.

Lan Wangji looked down.

"Mine" he said.

Wei Ying chuckled.

"Yes. Forever yours."

He could feel Lan Wangji smile amidst the dark of the Jingshi and cursed himself for not capturing the moment. Lan Wangji pulled the covers over both of them as they both fell into a peaceful slumber, finally back in each others arms.

***Yunmeng, Lotus Pier.***

***( the next morning.)***

Sizhui and Jingyi got down from their swords as they rushed to the main hall of lotus pier. Lan Wangji had specifically told the two of them, to pass an important news to the Yunmeng Jiang Clan Leader. Jiang Cheng had been informed about their arrival the previous night, as he patiently waited for them.

They both entered the main hall and saw Jin Ling standing beside Jiang Cheng.

"Clan Leader Jiang," The both bowed.

"What was so important that HuanGuang Jun had to send the heir of the Lan Sect as well as their head disciple to Yunmeng this early?" Jiang Cheng questioned.

"Clan leader Jiang, Hanguang Jun has requested yours as well as the Jin Clan leader's presence in the cloud recesses as soon as possible." Sizhui said in a proper and formal way.



"Why me?" Jin Ling questioned. That was strange, he was never invited to the cloud recesses until and unless he went night hunting with Sizhui and Jingyi.

The Lan disciples looked at each other before they smiled softly. Turning to the confused faces in front of them they both announced in unison,

"Wei Wuxian has returned to the cloud recesses."

# All About Family

## Chapter Summary

Wei Wuxian reunites with his other family ♥

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Wei Wuxian has returned to the Cloud Recesses."

"WHAT?????" both Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling shouted, astonished.

"Yes, HanGuang Jun has invited both of you, to meet him." Sizhui said.

"HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? I SAW HIM DIE INFRONT MY EYES!" Jiang Cheng lashed out. He was never good with understanding or controlling his own emotions, so dealing with others was way out of question.

"You are not joking right, Sizhui?" Jin Ling whispered. He couldn't believe what his friend was saying.

"Young Mistress! Do you really think we would joke about such a thing?" Jingyi rolled his eyes, completely forgetting that he was indeed in someone else's clan.

Sizhui hissed "Jingyi! Not now!" He was so tired of his best friend being obnoxious and a headache. This was formal business and yet, he couldn't control his nature.

"Clan Leader Jiang, are you going to come?" Sizhui turned his attention back on the matter.

"We will go! We will go today! Sizhui, Jingyi, don't let Wei Wuxian go anywhere!" Jin Ling nearly shouted at them, agreeing to meet his uncle. He didn't even bother hearing Uncle Jiang's wishes as he turned around and hurried towards his quarters. He was so shocked by the revelation that he even ignored, Jingyi's taunt.

"YOU BRAT! STOP RUNNING!" Jiang Cheng roared. He was too tired of managing Jin Ling and his antiques. Sighing, he turned to Sizhui who was looking at him expectantly.

"We will be there by evening." He said with a straight face.

"We will be expecting you." Sizhui and Jingyi bowed again as they went out of the mail hall, preparing to leave for Gusu.

"Jingyi, we have to go to Yiling first!" Sizhui spoke mounting on his sword.

"But why though? Do you have something you want to buy?" Jingyi asked trailing behind him.

"Well yeah and there is someone else who I intend to bring along." Sizhui smiled- as it finally dawned on Jingyi what he was talking about.

He grinned, "Lets do this!"

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Lan Zhan was used to waking up slowly, ebbs of consciousness washing into his mind, like how fog settles on a mountain top. He was used to the cold bed and the pin drop silence of the Jingshi as he woke up everyday after a nightmare. He had always woken up at 5am sharp, knowing he had to get to his duties as his excellency and he did so without complaining. But now, things were different. His bed wasn't cold anymore. The orange hues of dawn were penetrating through the thin curtains of the windows and focusing their attention on the warm body of Wei Ying, who was draped possessively across his chest.

Wei Wuxian was sleeping peacefully on his chest, his long lashes gracing his fair cheeks. He looked younger than before as he clung on to Lan Wangji's body like a snake, making him unable to move. Lan Wangji's broken heart had healed. He let out a small smile as he glanced at his beloved. In the pale light of the dawn, the memory of the night before didn't seem to fade, like he had been dreading. Everything that happened in the Jingshi, last night, felt real-the two of them together felt real. They were here at last, a reunion more than fifteen years in the making.

Failing to hold back his overflowing love, Lan Wangji began kissing his beloved. A kiss on the forehead, hiding away a brilliant mind. A kiss on each of his closed eyes, the prettiest pair of grey eyes Lan Wangji often found himself lost in. Another kiss on his cute nose, which was more adorable than his own. And finally Lan Wangji took his time kissing on Wei Ying's soft, sweet lips.

He raised an eyebrow as he felt a smile against his own mouth. Wei Ying squinted as he opened his eyes, crinkled with a grin as he yawned and Lan Zhan swooped down to capture it once again, in a searing kiss.

Breaking the kiss, Wei Ying playfully teased, "Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan couldn't wait to kiss me again, right?"

Lan Zhan stared at him with a full blown smile as Wei Ying immediately flopped back underneath their covers, blushing furiously.

"This is so unfair! who told you to be so beautiful and shine so brightly like the sun? Are you trying to kill me with your beauty?" Wei Ying huffed as he shuffled closer to the strong man's arms, still fully covered as he continued, "You don't have to be so beautiful okay? I am already very much in love with you!"

Lan Wangji let out a small laugh. It was faint but Wei Ying's sharp hearing didn't miss the sound, making his blush go deeper and his heart beat faster. Lan Wangji pulled the covers and got inside them, beside the hidden Wei Ying and spoke in a husky voice, "No. My Wei Ying is more beautiful."

"Lan Zhan noooo!! Stop! My weak heart can't take all this!" despite Wei Ying's complaining he snuggled closer into Lan Zhan's side. "Who are you and what have you done to my boring and stoic

Lan Zhan?"

"Your boring and stoic Lan Zhan has found his Wei Ying."

Wei Ying sat up abruptly and dramatically clutched his heart as he groaned, "LAN ZHAN! I am in physical pain! My heart is literally thrashing in my chest and it won't stop until you kiss me again!"

Lan Zhan turned to him as he whispered, "Would kiss Wei Ying everyday to save him!"

Wei Ying hid his face in his palms as he turned so red that it was a huge contrast to his pale white skin. Instead of replying Lan Zhan placed a hand on Wei Ying's chest and pushed him down on the bed, placing his knees on either side of his thighs, straddling him. Wei Ying lay underneath him without complaint still covering his reddened face. Lan Wangji leaned down and kissed on each of his knuckles as Wei Ying shuddered from embarrassment. Lan Zhan surged forward using his one hand to hold down Wei Ying's hands above his head and locked their lips in a passionate kiss. The kiss turned heated quickly as both of them started claiming each other's bodies again, filling the Jingshi with their love and their satisfied moans.

After a round underneath the sheets, Lan Wangji got up to freshen himself up, while Wei Ying fell asleep again. Lan Wangji knew it was impossible to wake the man before 11, because no matter from which world Wei Ying was, his habits would never leave him. He cleaned himself up and robed himself perfectly, then proceeded to care for the man who was still sleeping. He picked the sleeping figure up, bathed him in warm water and clothed him in another white and blue robes.

He had to attend to his classes, so he quietly left the Jingshi not before leaving a lingering kiss on his beloved's forehead.

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Wei Ying opened his eyes long past sunrise to find himself alone in bed. The curtains were moving with the breeze as he yawned. He sat up only to wince in pain as his hips and waist reminded him of the frivolous and amazing things he did with Lan Wangji yesterday as well as today morning.

He smiled even though it was difficult at the moment and turned to his side seeing a table with bowls of food on it and a note.

Wei Ying couldn't stop smiling. He realized that Lan Zhan had cleaned him up, put clothes on him and even left breakfast on the table for him.

He took the note and started reading it.

'Finish your breakfast. I will be back soon.'

The note was short and way too formal yet Wei Ying felt his heart fluttering as he fell deeper in love with him. How was this man so exceptional? He had no idea.

He was nearly finished with his breakfast as he heard a knock on the door.

"Senior Wei? Are you up?"

Wei Ying smirked as he replied, "There is no Senior Wei here! This is the place where only A-Yuan's parents live!"

The voice behind the door seemed to have tensed up as Wei Ying chuckled. A-Yuan was easy to fluster just like his Lan Zhan.

"Umm.. Dad? Are you up?"

The door of the Jingshi opened swiftly as Sizhui was met with the face of a grinning and glowing Wei Wuxian. He smiled a little as he realized how childish his dad was despite being the Yiling Laozu himself.

"Good morning A-Yuan! I am up indeed!" Wei Ying patted the disciples head.

"I had really forgotten how annoying Senior Wei could get," Jingyi sighed from behind, seeing the scene in front of him. Wei Ying smirked as he went towards him and pulled the astounded Lan into a bone crushing hug making him scream and whine.

"Well, now you remember!" Wei Ying let Jingyi go as he was blushing so much even Sizhui seemed to be having a hard time controlling his laugh.

Jingyi huffed in annoyance as he turned around from the duo who couldn't stop laughing at his miserable state. He was not a baby yet Senior Wei treated him like one. Suddenly he felt a pair of hands on his forehead ribbon. Before he could panic he heard Senior Wei's warm voice,

"A Lan should always be perfect," he felt his senior's fingers fixing his loosened forehead ribbon as he continued, "Although, to me you will always be perfect. It doesn't matter whether you are a Lan or not."

Jingyi turned around to see Wei Ying's dazzling smile as his heart melted. Jingyi had no family but Senior Wei and Hanguang Jun were no less than family to him. Hanguang Jun had always told him to follow the rules and at the same time he had also taught him to follow his instincts and his heart. But then came Senior Wei, who showed him how it felt to be loved for who you truly are without any expectation or reservation. He teased him but there was still an amused fondness to it.

"W-we have a s-surprise for you.." Jingyi muttered slowly, still a bit flustered.

"Really?" Wei Ying's smile brightened. "Where? what? show me!"

"Follow us dad.." Sizhui smiled and ushered both the people towards the back mountains, the exact place where Wei Ying was having a moment of emotional crisis yesterday night.

They reached the spot and Sizhui kept glancing from left to right repeatedly as if to make sure there was no one else there. Wei Ying was extremely confused about the surprise when Jingyi hollered, "You can come out now!"

A shadow moved past the woods in quick motions as Wei Ying widened his eyes.

With a thump, the figure landed right in front of Wei Ying, staring at him with his dark and blank eyes. His hair was open, caressing his pale, ashen face wildly while his grey robes fluttered with the wind.

"Wen Ning.." Wei Ying whispered while his hands trembled by his sides.

"Y-Young M-Master.." Wen Ning spoke shyly as his eyes twitched slightly. It almost seemed like he was trying to smile but failing miserably.

"How h-have you b-be-"

Wen Ning felt the weight of a massive man clinging onto him before he could complete his sentence. Wei Ying was hugging his best friend as his eyes watered. For the people of this world, it had been a single year since he died, but for him, it was 29 years. He was away from all the people he loved for 29 years. He had the right to cry.

"Young Master, a-are you o-okay?" Wen Ning asked adorably while still unsure of what to do with the grown up man, who was hugging him. If anyone saw him right now, no one would believe that he was really the terrifying Ghost General.

"Where have you been? How are you? Have you been staying low and safe? People don't attack you right? Where did you go after I died? Did you contact Lan Zhan? Are you well? Is there any problem..." Wei Ying showered him with questions once he broke the hug.

The questions kept coming and Wen Ning was becoming flustered. He usually couldn't talk much in the first place. Seeing his friend and master being so panicky and worried made his dead heart feel warmth, as if that was even possible. Yet Wen Ning tried to smile again. It felt good seeing him alive again.

"Dad, let uncle Ning answer! Come and sit down!" Sizhui called out to his overactive senior who typically acted like a concerned parent around everyone he loved.

Everyone sat down under the open sky. It was spring so the weather was extremely nice. Wei Ying was very happy to have met his friend after such a long time. To him, Wen Ning was never a corpse but his only friend who had kept him sane when he was alone in the burial mounds along with the other wen members. Wen Ning was another home to him and he was so glad that his two favorite Lans, apart from his Lan Zhan of course, had brought him in.

They talked about everything and anything. Wei Ying told him all about his life in the future and how he came back. He laughed when Wen Ning asked about his short hair, which indeed looked a bit weird with his white robes. Wei Ying learned about how Wen Ning had gone to the burial mounds after the guanyin temple and stayed there. He would accompany Sizhui sometimes on night hunts or roam around during the nights. His life as a corpse was boring but he was okay. Now that Wei Ying had returned, he would never allow him to stay there.

"Wait.. Sizhui, Jingyi.. how did you even manage to bring him in, without causing a ruckus?" Wei Ying asked curiously.

"We sneaked him in of course!" Jingyi proudly declared and continued, "We brought him in from the unused road at the back of this mountain. It was way too easy and the most fun part is.. It was Sizhui's idea!"

Wei Ying gave an amused look towards his son who was fidgeting and blushing at the same time. Then after a moment he patted his back like a proud parent.

"No wonder you are my son! I am so proud A-Yuan!" Wei Ying gave a full blown grin towards him as his nervousness eased a little.

"Copy righteousness while doing handstands." A soft and firm voice snapped all of them out of their little world.

"Hanguang Jun!" Both the disciples panicked as they got up hurriedly and bowed.

Lan Wangji had appeared out of nowhere, or maybe they were just too busy talking that they didn't notice his excellency gracing them with his strong presence.

Even Wen Ning got up and bowed.

"Lan Zhan! Why are you punishing them for this?" Wei Ying huffed.

"They sneaked in. Without permission." Lan Zhan stated.

"I should g-go, young m-master.." Wen Ning spoke, "I am happy to see you safe."

Wei Ying was conflicted. He couldn't let Wen Ning go back to that awful place. He turned towards Lan Wangji and gave him his best puppy dog eyes.

"Lan Zhan! Can't Wen Ning stay here? Or maybe not here but somewhere near?" Wei Ying whined.

Lan Wangji was seeing his beloved's antiques with an amused look. He wasn't exactly mad at the juniors for bringing the ghost general to the cloud recesses because seeing Wen Ning had made his Wei Ying happy. The man was so whipped that he could not resist his beloved's whines and complains.

Sighing he gave up and spoke, "Jingyi, take him to the cottage. In the woods. It is empty and well equiped. He may stay there from now on."

Four people stared at Lan Wangji with their mouths hanging open in shock. Did the mighty Hanguang Jun just allowed the Ghost General to stay in the cloud recesses?

"H-Hanguang Jun.. it is really not n-necessary.." Wen Ning spoke as he still tried to wrap his head around what happened.

"It is Wei Ying's wish." Lan Wangji stated as if those words were enough to make everyone understand why he did what he did.

Wei Ying lunged towards his man as he started showering him with kisses all over his face. Infront of everyone. Lan Wangji was taken back by his beloved's sudden display of affection, but nonetheless, was quite happy about it. He held him close to him while enduring all the affectionate pecks he was receiving.

"Um.. Uncle Ning lets go.. Let me show you the way" Sizhui suddenly turned around and grabbed Wen Ning's hand and dashed into the woods with Jingyi trailing behind them, equally flustered like the other two. No body had imagined the couple would openly display their affection.

After being satisfied with the amount of kisses he gave Lan Zhan, Wei Ying pulled back to see Lan Wangji's pink ears greeting him. He chuckled.

"Lan Zhan Lan Zhan! You really are the best!" Wei Ying grinned.

"Mn." He replied as usual.

"I can't believe my goody two shoes A-Yuan could ever sneak Wen Ning like that! I am so proud Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying sighed fondly, as he hugged the white clad man, resting his head against the strong shoulders.

"He is your son too." Lan Wangji replied, stroking Wei Ying's back gently.

"Wei Ying.. I have to tell you something."

Wei Ying glanced towards Lan Wangji who looked a bit troubled.

"What is it Lan Zhan?"

What he said, made Wei Ying's mind go blank for a second before he gave a loud sigh.

"I guess.. It is time. Might as well go along with it."

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Lan Qiren was not sure how he should feel about the figure who was sitting with his nephew beside him. There was no doubt that this was indeed Wei Wuxian who had a chaotic energy ever since he stepped into the cloud recesses when he was fifteen. But right now, that man seemed to be a lot more tame and nervous even.

"I don't know why Baoshan Sanren helped you, but I cannot say that I am happy to see you here." Lan Qiren grumbled.

Wei Ying knew Lan Qiren did not like him at all. He had made the senior's life a living hell when he was younger so its only natural that he would hate him. But this was not about him alone anymore. It was about his and Lan Wangji's life together here. They had been through many troubles already, and if Wei Ying had to suck up the 4000 rules to stay with Lan Wangji, then he would give it his best shot.

"Shufu, I do not intend to leave Wei Ying's side." Lan Zhan spoke clearly without hesitation as his hands found Wei Ying's under the table clasping firmly.

Lan Qiren knew his nephew had suffered tremendously due to this chaotic man's death and now when he had come back, Lan Wangji was ready to do anything he can to stay with him.

"If you do not allow Wei Ying to stay here, then I will leave with him at once." Lan Wangji stated.

Wei Ying was shocked would be an understatement. He could not believe what the Chief Cultivator was saying! He would leave his own home just for him? How much more was he gonna love him? To what lengths would this man go for him?

Wei Ying tightened his hold onto his man's hands as he directed his gaze towards Lan Qiren who was exactly not very surprised about his declaration.



"Senior Lan, I know I have been a bad disciple and a bad influence on Lan Wangji, but I can promise you I will do everything in my powers to follow the rules and not bring chaos into the Cloud Recesses. I... I love Hanguang Jun with all my being and I can't leave him again." Wei Ying stated nervously, waiting patiently for the Senior Lan to say his verdict. Lan Wangji seemed to blush at Wei Ying's public confession but nonetheless held onto his serious face.

Seeing the genuine and determined expression on the demonic cultivator, Lan Qiren knew he could not separate these two. He didn't want to kick Wei Wuxian out of the cloud recesses but at the same time wasn't too fond about letting him stay. He sighed, already losing the battle. Lan Wangji should not suffer anymore than he already has. He had regretted not being by his brother's side when he went into seclusion, so now he wasn't going to make the same mistake anymore.

"You may stay here. But if you break any more rules I won't hesitate to kick you out again Wei Wuxian!" Lan Qiren gritted out.

Lan Wangji smiled as Wei Ying grinned. "Thank you Senior Lan!"

Both of them got up from the Lanshi and went out into the open air. Wei Ying noticed Lan Wangji staring at him with glee and joy as he kept on holding onto Wei Ying's hands under their sleeves.

"Hanguang Jun! You are such a big romantic!" Wei Ying teased glancing at their adjoined hands, "How do you even manage to love me this much?"

"I love Wei Ying for what he is. Loving Wei Ying is easy." Lan Wangji said, still glancing at Wei Ying with adoration.

Wei Ying was sure, he was going into cardiac arrest. How did he miss to notice his love when he was younger? But then all Lan Wangji did was glare at him and shove him away. He was nothing like the present man who was giving him dotting looks which only Wei Ying could understand. Gulping down his nervous laugh and trying to control his racing heart, he asked.

"Why did you hate me back then?"

Lan Wangji's eyes seemed to have turned a little somber but his hold tightened, "Never hated. I just, did not know how to.." Lan Wangji paused, obviously trying to come up with words to explain his predicament.

Wei Ying was amused at his man. So even Hanguang Jun could run out of words?

"Pffft!! Haha! Lan Zhan look at your face!" Wei Ying started laughing loudly at the flustered state Lan Wangji was in. Lan Wangji could only look away, his neck and ears turning a bright pink again.

They were in the middle of the main compound yet, Wei Ying put a hand on Lan Wangji's cheek. "Lan Zhan.. Thank you for loving me."

Lan Wangji was stunned but returned his gaze.

"It's just that, maybe things would've been different if I knew how you truly felt or maybe not who knows. But I don't regret falling in love with you. It was the best thing that has ever happened to

me. In my dark life, you were like the pleasant spring morning, always bringing me joy whenever I had a hard time. So lets just enjoy the rest of our lives together yeah?" Wei Ying finished with a smile which seemed to pull Lan Wangji's heart strings furiously.

Without waiting for another moment, Lan Zhan yanked him towards his own body and smashed his lips against the already open mouth. The kiss was fierce and chaste, both of them relishing in each other's taste as Lan Wangji pulled back, leaving a breathless Wei Ying.

The disciples who were walking around them had scurried away seeing the pair being utterly shameless in the middle of the day. Lan Wangji still looked unfazed and unbothered about their situation when their son rushed towards them.

"Hanguang Jun, Senior Wei, Clan Leader Jiang and Clan Leader Jin have arrived. We have let them into the guest quarters for the time being but they were being adamant in seeing Senior Wei!" Sizhui spoke, a little confused by his dad's unfocused gaze.

Wei Ying was still reeling from the kiss when he snapped his head towards the A-Yuan registering the things he just said!

"Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling are here?????" He shrieked.

"I informed them about your arrival. It is only fair to them." Lan Wangji replied to his stunned beloved, who looked quite petrified with the piece of information.

Wei Ying groaned. How was he supposed to handle Jiang Cheng's mood? He didn't even know what to say. After the golden core incident both of them had left each other in bad terms and Wei Ying hated being confronted. Although, now he had his own core, yet he felt uncomfortable and a bit scared to face his Shidi.

He was not prepared for this but knew he had to do it someday. Lan Wangji was right. They shouldn't be left in the dark for long.

Wei Ying sighed. "I guess.. Its okay."

"Tell them, we would meet after having lunch." Lan Wangji said to Sizhui as he nodded and went off.

"Hanguang Jun, It is your responsibility to save me okay?" Wei Ying whined.

"Mn." Lan Wangji silently reassured him as they went towards the Jingshi to have lunch before facing another challenge of the day.

-----

Jiang Cheng was sitting inside the guest quarters sipping his tea quietly. Jin Ling was out with Lan Jingyi and Jiang Cheng was glad for the peace. He needed to think clearly and calm his raging heart.

Was really Wei Wuxian back? How was this even possible? How can a man come back after he dies? No, wait. He did come back once, and knowing how tenacious his brother was, it shouldn't surprise him that much in the first place.

He let out a loud, tired sigh. When he left from Yunmeng he gathered resolve in his heart that this time he was going to be courteous with Wei Wuxian. He was going to be brotherly- they were brothers weren't they? Even if they had unresolved things from the past and a lot of misunderstandings, Jiang Cheng was not gonna screw this up this time. He would take the first step towards their reconciliation if that's what it came to.

It has been a year since he saw his brother dead with blood pooling around him. Jiang Cheng thought he would never get to forget the guilt and the pain it brought along with his brother's death but now he finally had a chance.

He swallowed hard and unclenched his jaw. Fuck, this was so difficult. He just wanted his last remaining family back. He had no one except Jin Ling and Wei Wuxian. He didn't wanna be alone anymore. Getting his brother back would make him happy. He knew that.

As he was busy with his thoughts he heard whisperings right outside his door.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan.. do I really have to see him? Can't we just pass on letters? I mean what if he whips me with Zidian again?"

Jiang Cheng was stunned. It was indeed Wei Wuxian's voice. The same voice which had annoyed him since his childhood till he became the Yiling LaoZu.

Jiang Cheng slammed his hands on the table and shouted loudly, "WEI WUXIAN! GET YOUR ASS IN HERE RIGHT NOW!"

The whisperings stopped as the door opened slowly. A familiar head peaked from behind the door and Jiang Cheng swore he got the shock of his lifetime. It was Wei Wuxian. In his original body. His grey eyes shining like they always did when they were young.

"Um.. Hi?" Wei Wuxian said nervously.

Jiang Cheng sighed out loud, "Get in here."

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Wei Ying was currently sitting inside the guest quarters with his brother who had a stern expression on his face. He pleaded Lan Wangji to join him inside but he just shook his head saying, 'You two need to sort this out together. I will be here. Right outside.'

He wasn't wrong though. Lan Wangji had seen Jiang Cheng the day Wei Ying died. He saw the look of pain and anguish and he knew, Jiang Cheng still cared for his brother, but the way he showed his care was a bit rough. Lan Wangji had studied every movement of Jiang Cheng this past year and he knew he could trust that hot headed sect leader, for now.

Wei Ying was still fidgeting while Jiang Cheng was quite dumbfounded. He saw Wei Wuxian wearing the white and blue robes of Gusu, and his hair cut short. Apart from all that, he really looked all the same. The same Wei Wuxian who was by his side before he scurried off with the Wens. Jiang Cheng tried to calm down his anger. He knew that was in that past. Right now they both had to talk.

"Why is your hair.. so weird?"

Wei Ying was surprised hearing the mild tone coming out of his rage driven brother.

"Um.. In the future, men really don't keep long hairs." Wei Ying sputtered out.

Jiang Cheng snapped his attention as he spoke, "Future???"

Wei Ying started to explain once again, about his whole journey from the future to the past. It was becoming tiring to explain everything to everyone. Maybe he should just hang a board about his expedition or maybe just spread some gibberish nonsense to the cultivation world?

After Wei Ying was done explaining, Jiang Cheng was having a hard time believing all the things he said. He hadn't realized such ways were even possible to come back to life. Sure, time travel was believable, but another dimension? Another world?

"So, You have a new golden core in your body.." He questioned.

"Yes.. I do have a new core and trust me I am so glad. Mo Xuanyu's body was weak as hell and it took a lot to even keep fighting." Wei Ying grinned feeling the tension in the air almost non existent now.

Jiang Cheng knew it too. The day at the lotus pier when Wei Wuxian fainted, he knew his brother was not the same anymore.

"I.. I am glad." He grumbled while looking away.

"So.. How is sect leadering?" Wei Ying asks, trying to keep the conversation going.

"You'd know if you-" Jiang Cheng cut himself off. What was he doing? He was supposed to be courteous.

"Fine.. Its going fine." he sighed out.

"Good.." Wei Ying said, "that's good."

Heaven help him this was horrible! The conversation was going nowhere! How was Jiang Cheng supposed to continue? He closed his eyes and cried out internally 'JieJie help me!'. He was considering turning on his heels, jumping on his sword and leaving this awkward situation when the door of the quarters burst open and a golden robed youth rushed inside, panting and heaving.

Wei Wuxian was surprised yet a little bit wary of the youth who was now staring at him with wide and wet eyes.

Jin Ling was out with Jingyi talking when he was informed by Sizhui, that Wei Ying had already entered the quarters and was talking to his uncle Jiang. He had rushed all the way here to see and finally meet his uncle who died, without giving him any explanation.

After knowing the truth, that Wei Wuxian was just a victim to Jin Guangyao's scheme, Jin Ling could no longer stay away from him. But he had no option because his uncle had already died and there was no way he could make things right.

But when he heard about how Wei Wuxian was alive and had come back to the cloud recesses, all he could think about was talking to him and sorting things out. Wei Wuxian had cared for him since the day at Dafan mountain. He had hugged him, protected him and gave him affection which his Uncle Jiang could not. He did not want to hate his uncle anymore.

"Are you Wei Wuxian?" Jin Ling asked, still standing by the doorway.

Wei Wuxian took a sharp breath as he realized the familiarity of the situation. These were the same words, Jin Ling asked him on the day he helped defeat Jin Chan and his minions, at Jinlintai.

"What do you think?" Wei Wuxian smiled a little as he too, replied the same words he uttered that day.

Wei Ying seemed to notice how Jin ling intook a breath and looked away from the man, his hands clenched by his sides. He loved his nephew. Afterall he was the only thing Wei Ying's shijie left for him.

"Why did you lie to me that day? Why didn't you tell me the truth?" Jin Ling finished with a 'hmpf' and turned around hugging his arms around his chest.

"Hey, Hey!" Wei Ying's high pitched and soothing voice caused his eyebrows to furrow, "A Sect leader shouldn't act like this you know?"

Jin Ling squeezed his lips tighter fearing he would say something mean to his uncle who had just returned.

"Hey.." Wei Ying's voice was softer this time, causing Jin Ling to look over his shoulder and look down to the man he secretly adored. "I am sorry. I didn't know what to say. I knew you hated me for.. For taking your parents away from you and I was afraid that if I told you the truth, I might not be able to spend time with my nephew any longer."

Wei Ying's voice was quieter at the end, barely above a whisper and Jin Ling quickly realized how fragile his uncle looked at the moment. It was like if Jin Ling touched him, he would collapse into pieces.

Jin Ling choked back, forcing down his tears as his lips started trembling. He was unable to hold back, but his pride wasn't allowing him to fully succumb to his emotions.

He flinched as a warm hand found his cheek, only to look at Wei Ying's smiling face. He had stood up facing Jin Ling and it looked like he was reaching out towards some faraway dream, knowing he would never be able to catch it and something in Jin Ling snapped.

Jin Ling finally gave in and rushed into his uncle's arms burying his face into the slender neck and strong chest of the man he had only met two years ago, but quickly grew fond of.

Wei Ying was way too shocked to respond immediately and stiffened up in Jin Ling's embrace, before an embarrassing chuckle left his lips and he hugged the young man closer to his chest.

Jiang Cheng had been quiet all this while, quietly observing the scene unfolding before him. He too wanted to join the hug. He too wanted to heal from all the pain he had been suffering, but being a

prideful Sect leader was giving him a hard time.

Jin Ling was so happy. Uncle Jiang never hugged him this way, with so much care and gentleness and he realized that this was something he badly needed. He was so tired of acting tough and putting on a show for his uncle that he forgot he too, needed rest sometimes.

Tears pooled in his eyes as soon his quiet sniffs turned into loud wails. He curled up his hands into clenched fists, holding on tightly into Wei Ying's robes. He had never been this terrified to let go of someone before. He could feel Wei Ying's stuttered breath against his hair-Wei Ying was crying too. He was crying for his nephew.

Wei Ying turned towards his brother who too looked like he was about to burst into tears anytime soon. Still holding onto Jin Ling he extended his another arm towards Jiang Cheng who looked like he was being slapped across the face.

Wei Ying knew his headstrong brother was way too formal to even cry but he still reached out, hoping he would accept.

Jiang Cheng was unable to control himself anymore as he got up and begrudgingly, with heavy steps accepted his brother's arms and hugged the two emotional brats, he loved with his all.

The three of them were a crying mess, as years of pain and frustration had made them unable to communicate and love each other like they should have. Jin Ling was the loudest, wailing and crying, while Jiang Cheng would just occasionally sniff, still clinging onto his brother.

Wei Ying chuckled, a sob breaking past his lips as he felt like the whole world was in his arms. He was so unbelievably happy at how things turned out. He found his family again. The embrace was gentle and warm, accepting and heartfelt, sincere and unwavering.

"Gods.. this is pitiful." Wei Ying murmured into both of their hairs, making Jiang Cheng snort back in response. He agreed with his brother but nonetheless still held on to him.

Maybe this is what they needed. A moment of tenderness and love, following the years of pain. This is what would heal all of them.

Outside the quarters a figure smiled hearing the sniffing and wailing coming from inside. Lan Wangji was too happy. His beloved had gotten back his family and that was what he planned on doing.

"S-Sizhui..I can't stop crying!" Jingyi sniffed as he turned towards his best friend who too was biting his lips, trying to control his sobs. They both were outside with Hanguang Jun as they wanted to know how Jin Ling would react after seeing his uncle. But the whole thing had turned way too emotional for them.

Hanguang Jun sighed at his son and the head disciple. They were eavesdropping and that was against the rules, but maybe, this time.. he could turn a blind eye towards this.

After leaving the guest quarters, Wei Ying was literally bouncing on his step when he found Lan Wangji waiting for him patiently. His nose was red and eyes a bit puffy, but the glow his face was

emitting despite all that, told Lan Wangji how happy he was. He went up to him, stood on his tiptoes as he left a sloppy, noisy kiss on Lan Zhan's nose.

Lan Wangji smiled at his Wei Ying knowing that he was very happy. "You look happy."

Wei Ying smiled brightly wrapping his arms around Lan Wangji as he said, "Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling promised to stay for a few days. I heard Jin Ling was going to hold a conference at Jinlintai in a while and he planned on exposing me to the cultivation clans on that day. Well not expose in a bad way though, I mean I guess just an introduction maybe?"

Lan Wangji frowned. He knew that word would spread soon that Wei Wuxian had returned and people would start judging and making false assumptions again.

"Does it bother you?"

"Not exactly.. to be honest I am looking quite forward to it actually!" Wei ying grinned, his eyes holding a naughty glint, "It will be fun to see the reactions of the other clans when they would go like 'Our Greatest nightmare has returned!'"

"You do not have to do anything you don't want." Lan Wangji caressed Wei ying's cheeks as he held him closer.

"Its okay Lan Zhan" Wei ying pecked his forehead and continued, "Before I had no one except you. Now I have you and my family who would support me. Its enough."

Lan Wangji nodded. Yes. Before he had only him, but now he had the support of two more major sects and people would think twice before throwing dirt on him, as disrespecting him would mean, disrespecting three powerful sects too.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan lets go on a date! We still have time before the curfew!"

"What is a date?" Lan Wangji asked utterly confused.

Wei Ying chuckled. Of course he wouldn't know what a date meant. "Come, I will show you"

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They reached Caiyi town within an hour. Wei Ying had his golden core but he couldn't fly on his sword. In the other world, there was no spiritual power, so he couldn't practice flying on swords. But he was more than happy when Lan Wangji picked him up and put him on Bichen holding him flush against him. Suibian was by his waist tucked safely as well as Chenqing, as they arrived Caiyi.

"We will make sure, you can fly on Suibian again." Lan Wangji had whispered in his ear while they were flying. Wei Ying swore that Lan Wangji was getting more bold and daring when it came to teasing him, as this man was literally making him flustered.

Caiyi was the same as Wei Ying had last seen it, years ago. The vendors and merchants hollering around for customers, the polite and sweet gusu dialect sounding like a melody to his ears.

Wei Ying was getting some weird stares because of his hair, but Lan Wangji had held his hand tightly reassuring him with, "Wei Ying is beautiful."

Honestly it didn't bother Wei Ying at all how he looked like but it was true that he indeed was the odd one out here.

"Wei Ying.. What is a date?" Lan Wangji asked his beloved who was frantically looking around the stores staring at the items out on display.

The question turned his head towards Lan Zhan who looked at him expectantly.

"A date is like, When you are with your favorite person, you go out together, have delicious food, goof around, maybe buy them things that they like... stuff like that. In short, its a day you spend with your loved one." Wei Ying explained while dragging Lan Wangji to a stall selling candied haws.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan buy me one?"

Lan Wangji could just smile and fulfill every wish Wei Ying had. They went to different stalls and tried out various foods. When Wei Ying would ask Lan Zhan how the food was he could only reply with words like, 'Good', 'bad' and sometimes with head tilts when he didn't know how to feel about the particular item.

Wei Ying would laugh heartily and drag him to the next stall. They were having the time of their life when a particular stall caught Wei Ying's eye. Lan Wangji couldn't see what it was, as he was buying Emperors smile for him.

"Lan Zhan, give me some money will you?" Wei Ying asked shyly.

Lan Wangji gave his whole money pouch to him while saying, "Buy anything you want."

Wei Ying didn't know whether to laugh or cry, as he was feeling so emotional and overwhelmed. He pulled Lan Wangji close and kissed his forehead. "I will be back, wait here."

After a while, Wei Ying came back and as he had instructed Lan Wangji, he was waiting for him there and welcomed him with a smile.

Wei Ying could never get used to Lan Wangji's smile that he was sure about.

"What did you buy?" Lan Wangji asked.

"Its a surprise Lan Zhan.. come lets go!"

They went to a clothing store and Lan Wangji was adamant on buying the whole damn shop for his Wei Ying because he loved all the clothes that were on display. After persuading him with a lot of affectionate pecks, they finally bought a few robes to Wei Ying's liking.

By the time they were done it was almost nearing curfew, so Lan Wangji picked his man up and hopped on Bichen to go back. They indeed had a wonderful day.

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Wei Ying was putting on the robes he bought while Lan Wangji was checking some night hunting notes written by the disciples.



"Lan Zhan! How do I look?" Wei Ying asked after he had done dressing up.

Lan Wangji's eyes widened with admiration. He was wearing his usual black and red robes, but after seeing him in it after a long time, made Lan Wangji realize how truly gorgeous his Wei Ying was. He had a bright smile on his face as his grey eyes shined in the light of the Jingshi. It was nothing new, yet Lan Wangji couldn't help but feel, that the sight was brand new every day.

"Wei Ying is beautiful." Lan Wangji answered honestly.

His sincere compliment made Wei Ying blush like crazy again. Ignoring his fluttering heart he went and flopped down on Lan Wangji's lap making himself comfortable. Lan Wangji couldn't help but smile as he continued checking the papers.

"Lan Zhan, I have something for you."

Lan Wangji paused and turned his attention to Wei Ying.

Wei Ying pulled out a black wooden box from his sleeves and gave it to Lan Zhan, "Its something I thought you'd like".

Lan Wangji took the box from his hands and opened it carefully. The contents inside made his eyes go wide with surprise. Inside there was a beautiful silver blue tassel with lotus and cloud patterns on it. It was beautiful. The artwork, the finishing, everything was perfect.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji whispered.

"Well, I bought the tassel today for you. I really wanted to give you something and this caught my eye. The cloud patterns were already there, but I wanted to add some lotuses too. To symbolize me." Wei Ying blushed as he started fidgeting on his lap.

Lan Wangji was so touched with the gift that he just hugged him with all he had. He wasn't a man of many words but his actions surely spoke volumes.

"I bought something for Wei Ying too." Lan Wangji muttered.

"Aiahhh Lan Zhan! You are telling me this now?" Wei Ying groaned as he sat up straight and asked, "What is it? Give it to me!"

Lan Zhan was a bit unsure about it but nonetheless, pulled out a pouch. He gave it to Wei Ying and waited while he hurriedly opened it and gasped.

His eyes saddened a bit but he still smiled. It was a bright red ribbon. Wei Ying used to wear it all the time before but now his hair was short so, he couldn't wear it any longer.

"I wanted to give it to you when your hair grew, but after seeing your gift, I had to give something to you too." Lan Wangji explained.

"Lan Zhan, I love it! trust me! I am just sad, that I cannot wear it right now, but thank you. Thank you so much my Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying turned around and kissed the handsome man gently conveying all the feelings he had for him, through the kiss.

After a while they broke the kiss breathless, as Wei Ying put his head on Lan Wangji's shoulder, sighing out loud. Lan Wangji knew something was bothering him but he didn't want to pester him about the details. So he kissed Wei Ying's head and asked softly, "Wei Ying.. Do you want to tell me anything?"

Wei Ying chuckled as he looked up at the man, "Lan Zhan! How can you know me so well?" He gave him a small smile and continued, "When I was in the other world, I had parents again. My mom was the best! She was the one who encouraged me to follow my heart, gave me education and made me learn swordplay. While on the other hand, I had my dad- who was always busy and never home. He was a leader of a political party and had many connections all around the world. After my mom died, my dad only visited once in a year I guess. He used to send me tons of money every month, but he was never really there when I needed him. I grew up with my best friend Ru Qing and her family was the one, who took care of me. My dad was never there Lan Zhan.. he was never there."

Lan Wangji had listened to all the things Wei Ying said with utmost attention. He could only hug him tighter as Wei Ying continued, "You are the chief cultivator right? You have tons of responsibilities, yet you find me. Yet you make time for me and love me. You shower me with your attention and kisses. Lan Zhan, I didn't really know the depth of a person's love, and thought I would never get to know it, but now I do. I do understand."

Lan Wangji smiled. "Wei Ying is important. Only him. If you wish to go away from here, I will be by your side. Always."

Wei Ying's eyes watered as he held onto the man who he loved desperately. He couldn't be more happier. Lan Wangji picked him up and went towards their bed, to prove Wei Ying how much he was treasured and loved. He would worship this man with his love and would never let a cloud of sadness roam around his beloved anymore.

Sometimes, its the little things that your loved ones do, which make your lives better or make you smile. And Lan Wangji was the expert of doing those little things. They continued their night of passion, desperate to feel each other again, as the night went on.

Things had finally changed for the better.

## Chapter End Notes

I thought of ending the story early.. but I changed my mind and Disha gave me some ideas to continue writing.. So I will be updating more chapters soon.

Till then, keep reading ♥ and supporting

# An Unexpected Trouble, A Bride And A Visit (1)

## Chapter Summary

A night hunt and some love <3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Jiang Cheng You suck!" Wei Ying laughed, at how his brother missed another attack at him, as he dodged Sandu swiftly, throwing a handful of petals towards his annoyed brother.

"WEI WUXIAN, WHAT THE HELL?" Jiang Cheng glared as he blocked an attack from Suibian, when the flower petals fell on his head.

"You are out of practice my shidi! look at yourself!" Wei Wuxian grinned as he parried another strike, dancing back to the side, Suibian slashing out quickly to block the swift Sandu.

Jiang Cheng twisted skillfully, his form solid and steady as he managed to kick Wei Ying's abdomen making him stagger a little. Wei Wuxian leapt up into the air, swinging Suibian in an arc and slamming his sword straight down as he laughed.

Jin Ling, Sizhui and Jingyi could only watch with awe as the two brothers sparred in a playful sword fight. The three of them couldn't believe how powerful and charming their Wei Wuxian was. They had seen Sandu Shengshou in action before, so they knew how he fought, but Wei Wuxian was a completely different story. His skills and his moves were so sleek, neat and graceful that they could only see and pass comments on the match. Jin Ling was astonished too. He never knew how much capable his Uncle Wei was.

Jin Ling and Jiang Cheng had been in Cloud Recesses since three days. After their heartfelt reunion, Jin Ling didn't wanna go back so soon and surprisingly Jiang Cheng had agreed. Although they had to go to Jinlintai, to choose proper advisors for their only nephew, because Jin Clan was full of two faced monsters who didn't fear backstabbing people. So Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian had travelled along with Jin Ling to personally choose the advisors suitable for the task. Needless to say, Jin Ling had to spend most of the time face palming himself, as Jiang Cheng would flip Zidian at the smallest mistakes, and Wei Wuxian would tease and fluster the people applying for the position.

His two uncles were embarrassing enough but somehow, he felt contented and happy. He loved them both dearly. They returned to the cloud recesses together.

Today, as Wei Ying was practicing flying on his sword, Jiang Cheng had asked him to spar with him. Both the brothers have since been sparring non stop at the Gusu's practice grounds. Wei Ying was charming and graceful while Jiang Cheng was scary and hot headed. But both the brothers were enjoying it to the fullest as it had been decades since they fought against each other.

Wei Ying didn't realize how much he actually missed swordfighting, missed his pulsing core in his belly. The electric current running up and down his nerve endings were leaving him almost lightheaded with excitement.

They ended their fight soon as both of them needed to breathe.

"Jiang Cheng I missed you so damn much!" Wei Ying grinned, panting and puffing- Suibian held tightly in his hands.

"Can you ever be serious for once in your life Wei Wuxian? How old are you?" Jiang Cheng groaned while, pulling out the flower petals stuck into his hair. His brother was full of distractions and tricks.

"I am three!" Wei Ying stuck out his tongue.

"More like one." Jiang Cheng muttered.

Both of them froze as they looked at each other. After a while they burst into a fit of giggles as they remembered their childhood and how they would end up joking around after each practice.

The junior trio could only stare at shock towards Jiang Cheng. He was giggling. Sandu Shengshou was giggling. Jin Ling could swear this was a dream.

Feeling three pairs of eyes on Jiang Cheng he suddenly realized what he was doing and covered his slip, by a sequence of coughs.

"Jiang Cheng! Why do you need to cover up? You are serious all the time!" Wei Ying huffed.

"I am a Sect Leader! I am not as shameless as you Wei Wuxian!" Jiang Cheng snorted.

Wei Ying was about to say something when an icy blue glare of a sword stopped him, the strike blocked by Suibian with a loud clang at an instant.

Everyone turned their heads, to see Hanguang Jun standing calmly a few feet away and glancing at the sweaty Wei Ying adorably.

"Wei Ying.. Spar with me."

The juniors gasped as even Jiang Cheng seemed to be curious. A fight between Hanguang Jun and Yiling Laozu? This was going to be epic!

"Lan Zhan," Wei grinned, "Be gentle on me okay?"

Lan Wangji blushed as he understood the double meaning of his beloved's words.

"Shameless!" The elegant and graceful Lan Wangji muttered as he positioned himself in front of his Wei Ying, ready to fight.

Wei Ying lunged at Lan Wangji, somehow faster than before as he struck against the icy Bichen. Lan Wangji was strong, even the strongest. His cultivation and his training was perfect and Wei

Ying knew, even if he was stronger than before, he still would hitch a breath while fighting with his man.

"You are such a gentleman Hanguang Jun!" Wei Ying laughed as he flipped out of the way of Lan Zhan's sweeping kick.

Wei Ying spun around, pulling his sword from behind in a twist to parry another heavy handed slash, as Lan Zhan met his sword head on. His stoic Lan Zhan was efficient in his movements, every strike and jab-powerful.

He wielded his sword like he did everything in his life, perfect and elegant. With every move he made, Lan Zhan's long black hair swept behind him glowing under the spring sun.

Wei Ying was astounded by the man's beauty. His breathtaking golden eyes were focused on Wei Ying as he swiftly landed a strike which went past Lan Zhan's shoulder by an inch.

"Hanguang Jun you are so handsome, do you know that?" Wei Ying teased panting as he leapt into the air, spiraling and landing a kick on Lan Wangji's abdomen.

The Juniors couldn't believe the sight as their Hanguang Jun got the first hit. How did that happen? Jiang Cheng seemed to have a smug look on his face, almost proud of his brother.

Lan Wangji stumbled back and followed through Wei Ying's move as he lunged backwards, striking with Bichen, almost brushing the fluttering edge of Wei Ying's robe. Lan Wangji could see the look of pure adoration and love Wei Ying had in his eyes for him and Lan Wangji was weak against it. He knew, Wei Ying was his equal when it came to sparring. He was feeling pure joy and love as he dodged the sharp thrusts and quick flicks of Suibian against him, sparring back and forth.

Wei Ying laughed as he pivoted his body seeing his Lan Zhan's ears turning pink.

Lan Zhan canted Bichen up, to block a downward strike as he privately marveled at Wei Ying's swordwork. Wei Ying was indeed magnificent. His skills, his footworks and his posture, everything was luring Lan Wangji in.

"Focus!" Lan Zhan spoke, not sure whether to himself or to Wei Ying, his sword surging forward in a strike to which Wei Ying parried before pushing forward with his own expert footwork almost dancing on his feet. Wei Ying was now a fearsome opponent, due to his strong golden core. Had it been Mo Xuanyu's body, Wei Ying would've lost at an instant in front of the mighty Hanguang Jun.

Wei Ying made it to lunge backwards, expecting Lan Zhan to step forward and when he did, the notorious Wei Wuxian lunged to the side, out of the path of Bichen before darting in again to kiss his Lan Zhan quick and fast in the mouth- shocking the elegant Hanguang Jun completely as he froze in place, suddenly unable to process the surprise attack.

The Junior trio gasped and looked away while Jiang Cheng could only cover his face with his hands. Their Wei Wuxian was shameless indeed.

Wei Ying laughed and immediately planned both hands on his Lan Zhan's chest and pushed hard, his foot curving out, to hook his ankles, dropping Lan Zhan flat on his back, Suibian swinging out elegantly, to point one very sharp tip at his throat.

"Do you yeild Er-gege?" Wei Ying grinned triumphantly as Lan Zhan stared at him completely dumbfounded, his golden eyes full of pride and love.

"Wei Ying.. " Lan Zhan whispered breathlessly as he met those grey eyes shining full of mischief. Suibian was still pointing down at his throat, but all he could see was his clever smile and his grey eyes, so achingly familiar that Lan Wangji was thrown back to the night, they first met on the rooftop fifteen years ago. A young Wei Ying grinning at him with the same flirty smile and bright, bold eyes.

"Lan Zhan! I defeated you!" Wei Ying cackled as he sheathed Suibian and pulled his man up from the ground. Lan Wangji could only nod, simply unable to speak, overwhelmed by emotions and love for that devastating smile.

"Senior Wei isn't that cheating?" Jingyi questioned still staring at the two men with envy.

It was such a jarring sight that none of the juniors could take their eyes off of the two seniors. Never in their wildest imaginations they thought that their Hanguang Jun would be defeated.

"Hey! How is that cheating? Uncle Wei defeated him fair and square!" Jin Ling responded with a glare.

"He cheated.. He k-kis.. kissed him! in the middle of the match!" Jingyi stuttered and glared back at his friend.

"Its not cheating if an enemy distracts you and you lose! you still lose!" Jin Ling fired back as the two started a glaring match of their own. Sizhui could only sigh out loud seeing his two friends.

"Wei Wuxian! When will you ever fight seriously!" Jiang Cheng said exhausted with his brother's tricks. Although he knew, Wei Ying could easily win against Lan Wangji if he wanted, he still had to use his shameless behavior out in the open and thats what bothered him.

"But I love teasing my Hanguang Jun so much!" Wei Ying grinned and wrapped himself around Lan Wangji's arms, both sweating profusely. Lan Wangji could only smile as he hugged his Wei Ying, amused at his behaviour.

"But yo-"

"Hanguang Jun!" a Lan disciple cut of Jiang Cheng, as he hurried towards the Chief Cultivator a look of panic and worry in his face.

Everyone seemed to notice the situation as they turned their gaze towards the disciple who looked like something extremely bad had happened.

"What is it?" Lan Wangji said in his commanding voice, still hugging Wei Ying by the waist. Wei Ying could only chuckle as his man had turned completely shameless like him.

"Wuyunan Village, twenty miles away from Gusu, had urgently asked us for our assistance. People have been disappearing near their forest in the mountains as well as tons of young brides have gone missing in just a span seven days. The mountain surrounding the village has been sealed for now, but the whole village is in fear and panic as the only way to continue collecting food and firewood is going through the mountain." The disciple hurriedly explained.

Wei Ying frowned as he separated himself away from Lan Zhan, "people.. and brides? both?"

"I am surprised too, usually its either brides or people that go missing, but the two different category of people disappearing at once?" Jiang Cheng stated.

"The Baling Ouyang Sect is closer to Wuyunan Village, haven't they done anything?" Sizhui asked concerned.

The disciple looked nervous as he spoke, "It was Sect leader Ouyang who wrote to us on behalf of the Wuyunan Village. He said, that many of his cultivators were also missing since they went to investigate."

"How? What is going on?" Jin Ling was surprised. Even cultivators were missing? What kind of thing were they dealing with?

"Send a reply to Sect Leader Ouyang, I will be there in Wuyunan village." Lan Wangji said firmly. The disciple nodded and left bowing his head.

"Lan Zhan! I will go too!" Wei Ying panicked. He knew Lan Wangji could deal with anything as he was that powerful but somehow his gut told him not to leave his man alone this time.

"Hanguang Jun, We will go too." Sizhui and Jingyi chirped up.

"Count us in. It has been way too long since a case has intrigued me this much," Jiang Cheng smirked as purple lightning flashed across his fingers, making him look way too scary.

Lan Wangji didn't know what to say. Here he was going to deal with this alone, and now five more people were willing to come with him, including his beloved.

"Wei Ying.. I cannot-"

"No. I am not leaving you alone." Wei Ying declared his eyes suddenly glowing red. Lan Wangji was stunned for a moment as Wei Ying was way too serious here. He was a demonic cultivator too, and his eyes were only intensifying his resolve-firm and absolute.

Lan Wangji sighed. Glancing around the people around him, he finally gave in. Guess they were all going together. It was a bit surreal though, as Sect Leader Jiang and Jin Ling were willing to go too. Never in a million years could anyone imagine the three sects working together, so co-operatively even.

"Fine. We leave in an hour."

Wei Ying grinned as his eyes turned back to normal, while Jingyi and Jin Ling were bubbling with excitement. Jiang Cheng turned around and went to prepare while Sizhui too was excited. It felt like, a family nighthunt and he couldn't be any happier.

"Wei Ying, I am going to inform Shufu. Go and rest up." Lan Wangji pecked Wei Ying's head as he walked off towards Lanshi.

"I am so excited! Senior Wei all of us are going together!" Jingyi finally burst out his emotions in front of his senior.

"I know. This feels very good." Sizhui added, smiling brightly, "What about you Jin Ling?"

"Just don't hinder me with your skills when we come face to face with whatever that is bothering the people," Jin Ling flipped his long hair as he humph-ed.

"You! I am better than you! Young Mistress don't you dare-" Jingyi started fighting again with Jin Ling as Wei Wuxian started laughing.

Indeed it was a happy thing. His whole family was going together and that was a brilliant development. But he still had a nagging feeling at his gut. This case was different. How can people and brides disappear at once?

Seeing his dad's concerned expression Sizhui went to stand by his side. "Dad, what is wrong?"

"I don't know Sizhui, something just feels off." Wei Ying muttered, "But not to worry! we all have Hanguang Jun to save us at the end of the day!" He finished with a wink.

Sizhui chuckled as all of them went back to their quarters to prepare for departure. Who knew what was waiting for them when they reached.

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When the six of them reached Wuyunan, it was already past afternoon nearing Dusk. They hopped down from their swords as they walked towards the village entrance.

Wei Ying had already learned how to fly using a sword in the past three days. It didn't take much time for him to get used to it because of his determination and focus.

They were greeted by Sect Leader OuYang and some villagers along with OuYang ZiZhen who was waving frantically towards his friends.

Sect Leader OuYang seemed to have a heartattack once he saw the face of Yiling laozu as he wavered and was almost falling back to the ground. Gasps were heard from the villagers who too couldn't believe that Wei Wuxian had come back.

"W-Wei W-Wuxian???" Sect Leader OuYang sputtered out as ZiZhen stared with his mouth hanging open. He turned to his friends who could just nod and smile pitifully at his condition.

"Sect Leader OuYang" Lan Wangji greeted with a tilt of his head.

"I am sorry to have shocked you Sect Leader OuYang, but we will discuss about me later. Right now we have more important things to discuss, don't we?" Wei Ying chuckled seeing the poor man's condition. He then turned to ZiZhen who seemed to be frozen on the spot, "How are you ZiZhen? Still bothering your father?" he finished with a grin.

"Are you gonna get up and let us in? Or are we supposed to stand here all evening?" Jiang Cheng roared at the already shaking Sect Leader, who seemed to have gotten an even greater shock.

HanGuang-Jun and Sandu Shengshou were together. Here! What on earth was happening? And that to even with the Yiling laozu???



"I am s-sorry HanGuang-Jun, Sandu Shengshou, Sect Leader Jin and Y-Yiling Laozu!" The Sect leader stuttered, "Please come in, I have prepared an inn for you."

Wei Ying could only sigh at the looks of terror he got from the villagers who kept on whispering about this development. They knew that the Yiling lao zu was dead, then how did he come back to life? Was he even dead?

Wei Ying felt Lan Wangji clutching his hand, joining their fingers in a firm hold. He looked up to see Lan Zhan giving him a reassuring and warm look which made his heart flutter.

They entered the inn and made themselves comfortable around a table, with Wei Ying in between Lan Wangji and Jiang Cheng, along with the Sect leader OuYang.

The juniors decided to sit on a separate table as Jingyi kept on whispering to ZiZhen, how Wei Wuxian had come back.

Tea was served as the Leader explained exactly what had been happening here since the past two weeks. It was only the disappearance of people at first but then even brides were starting to disappear. No matter how much security accompanied them, no body could come out of the mountain alive. Sect Leader OuYang had sent a handful of skilled disciples to investigate but they too hadn't come back.

"Why didn't you tell all this to me?" Jiang Cheng snapped as OuYang Sect fell under Yunmeng Jiang Sect.

"I requested an audience with you, but the head disciple said you had left for gusu. That's why I sent a word directly to HanGuang-Jun, knowing it would reach you too." The Leader spoke with shaking hands.

"When was the last disappearance?" Lan Wangji asked.

"Two days ago. A bridal party of a rich household had went up the mountains with many skilled fighters, but they couldn't pass through. The groom's family have not received a single information about their whereabouts." The Sect Leader stated.

"We will start investigating today. You may rest easy." Lan Wangji stated in a way, that left no more room for any further conversations.

The Sect Leader got up bowing to the three people as he called for his son who seemed to be having a great time listening to Wei Ying's story.

"Oh my God this is insane! I have to tell father everything!" ZiZhen jumped up in excitement as Jingyi finished telling him everything.

He rushed towards where Wei Ying was seated in an extremely improper way and gave him a bright smile, "Senior Wei, I am so glad you have returned!"

Wei Ying chuckled as he patted the boy's head with affection. "Go on now, otherwise your father will think I'm doing something to you!"

ZiZhen sighed as he nodded. With a bow he quickly scurried off where his father went.

The juniors joined their seniors at the table and started discussing the matter.

"Brides and people... how?" Jingyi wondered.

"It is the work of a yao that's for sure." Jin Ling retorted.

"Indeed. We just have to catch it." Jiang Cheng agreed.

"But how can a Yao be this powerful? Usually they choose either normal people or brides. And there are a very few yao who actually go for brides." Sizhui said.

"There is almost no yin energy in this village, I could sense nothing. Although I don't have any idea about the mountain, but a single yao cannot be that powerful to lure both categories of human. Moreover, it doesn't make sense. If the yao needs normal people, why go for brides even?" Wei Ying frowned.

Lan Wangji was listening quietly to everything that his companions were saying. When Wei Ying said his part, he turned to him and said, "You think, it's the work of more than one entity."

"Precisely. For instance if we go today night, we maybe able to catch the yao responsible for disappearing of normal people but we may not be able to catch the culprit behind the disappearing brides. " Wei Ying grinned casually as he leaned against Lan Wangji seeking his warmth.

Lan wangji instantly put his arms around Wei Ying's waist and pulled him closer.

"So what do you propose?" Jiang Cheng asked a little annoyed, seeing his brother being overly shameless in front of others.

"We need a bride of course!" He grinned, "Jiang Cheng, I am pretty sure the young maidens of this village would be more than willing to marry a powerful Sect Leader. Why don't you go and find yourself a bride?" Wei Ying teased.

"SHUT UP WEI WUXIAN!" Jiang Cheng roared a bit flustered.

"But jiujiu he is right. You are becoming old and you do need a wife! If you become any older than this, no one is going to marry you in the future!" Jin Ling stated in a matter of fact kinda way.

Zidian flipped in the hands of Jiang Cheng as he stood up and roared, "YOU WANT YOUR LEGS BROKEN YOU BRAT?"

Jin Ling got up and scurried away behind Wei Ying, using him as a shield as he stuck his tongue out towards the enraged Sect Leader.

Lan Wangji sighed as Jingyi laughed seeing the hilarious situation.

"But we cannot risk the lives of any normal folk. We don't know what do we have to face in the mountains." Sizhui, being the only sensible person apart from Lan Wangji, spoke.

"Well then one of us has to be the bride!" Wei Ying chirped.

"WHAT?????" Four people shouted at the same time, making both Lan Wangji and Wei Ying flinch from the loud sound.

"I am being reasonable here, that way, no one has to get hurt. Right Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying grinned slyly.

"Mn."

"Lan Wangji! How are you even agreeing to this? We are men! How can we be a b-bride?" Jiang Cheng stuttered completely dumbfounded by the plan suggested by his crazy brother.

"But then, who will be the bride?" Jingyi asked looking nervously at everyone. At that, everyone stopped talking and suddenly started blushing except Lan Wangji who was amused and Wei Ying who was busy laughing seeing their faces.

"How about Jin Ling?" Wei Ying gazed towards his nephew who looked like he would run away any moment now.

"ARE YOU INSANE?? WHY WOULD I BE A BRIDE? I AM A SECT LEADER!" Jin Ling shrieked as he moved far away from Wei Ying.

"But Jin Ling you do have pretty eyes!" Sizhui spoke up but then stopped abruptly noticing what he just said.

Jin Ling was frozen in the spot as Sizhui started blushing furiously under everyone's gaze. Even Wei Ying was surprised about the whole thing and Jiang Cheng looked on guard as if something was about to happen. Jingyi looked somewhat.. pleased?

*'Huh.. what is going on here?'* Wei Ying smirked.

"W-what a-are y-y-you..." Jin Ling looked extremely flustered as Jiang Cheng finally realized what was going on. He covered his face with his hands, seeing the unexpected situation. Sizhui groaned and just wanted to crawl under a hole and hide for eternity.

"You be the bride."

All eyes turned to Lan Wangji who was looking at Wei Ying with such a soft look, that it made the others very uncomfortable.

Wei Ying blushed, smiling nervously "Um.. Haha.. uh me?"

"Yes. Wei Ying looks good in red." Lan Wangji spoke with sincerity still gazing at him with those golden eyes.

"Um.. Okay. I guess, I will be the bride." Wei Ying sighed. But on the inside it felt like he was having a cardiac arrest. Why did Lan Wangji tell him to become a bride like that? It almost.. felt like something else.

Sizhui and Jin Ling were glad that the attention had shifted elsewhere and both sighed out in relief. Sizhui didn't know why he said what he said but it wasn't wrong. Jin Ling's eyes were indeed pretty.

Wei Ying got up with Lan Wangji as he spoke, "We will go out and see if anyone could help me in getting bridal clothes. Jiang Cheng can you arrange a sedan chair from somewhere?"

Jiang Cheng didn't exactly like the idea but nodded anyway. Atleast he didn't have to be a bride.

The couple went out of the inn along with Jiang cheng leaving the Juniors among themselves.

Jin Ling and Sizhui still couldn't look at each other and Jingyi could only sigh. This was going to be a long night.

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Five people were standing outside the inn with four villagers and a sedan chair. Jiang Cheng, Jin Ling, Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi and Lan Zhan were waiting for Wei Ying to come down. After they went out of the inn, they did some digging about the recent incidents from the villagers and they found a maiden who agreed to help Wei Ying in becoming a bride, albeit a bit reluctantly. Everyone had come to know that the Yiling laozu was back, but Wei Ying's charming personality had made the maiden warm up to him and now, both of them were inside one of the inn's rooms getting Wei Ying ready.

"How much longer do we have to wait? Ugh this is annoying! He isn't even a real bride!" Jin Ling groaned.

As soon as he uttered the words a jingling sound came from the entrance. Everyone turned their heads around only to be frozen solid to the ground.

"Ugh! The material is way too heavy!" A man spoke as he came out of the inn only to be met with shell-shocked faces, staring at him.

Wei Ying looked absolutely breathtaking. He was donned in a bright red robe with golden butterfly patterns. Small golden beads were shining in the moonlight, which were spread throughout the robes. His hair.. it was somehow tied up behind his head with huge golden ornaments sticking out of the messy but well done bun and his bangs were teasing his forehead, as usual. His eyelids were smeared with something black, which made his grey eyes pop out even more, and his lips had a faint pinkish tint to it making them look extra kissable.

The maiden who helped Wei Ying get ready came out and gushed, "My god, Senior Patriarch you look so beautiful! No one will be able to tell that you are indeed a man!"

Wei Ying didn't know what to say. If Ru Qing saw him crossdressing like this, she would never let him forget this day. Ever. Heck she would even click thousands of pictures and hang them all around his penthouse teasing him.

"Thank you. It was because you are so talented Miss Nuo." Wei ying said.

"It was my pleasure! Work hard and protect us!" Miss Nuo turned around and walked off leaving a bride and five dumbstruck people behind.

Lan Zhan couldn't breathe. He was awestruck. Wei Ying looked amazing. He could feel his body sweating and his heart thundering in his chest. His beloved looked ravishing in red. Those eyes and those lips were so inviting and Lan Wangji felt like it was a huge mistake making him a bride today. He almost wanted to forget everything at hand, take Wei Ying in his arms and go to a room, and continue to make his beloved moan and scream his name.

Wei Ying blushed furiously when he saw Lan Wangji's eyes roaming over his form, the familiar hunger creeping in at the edges of the unbearable fondness they expressed. He almost knew what

Lan Zhan was thinking making something twitch inside his pants.

Jin Ling and Jingyi were blushing while Jiang Cheng looked conflicted about something. He wasn't sure why but seeing Wei Ying in bridal clothes were making him emotional. Only Lan Sizhui had a bright smile on his face along with big eyes.

"Senior Wei! You look so beautiful!" Sizhui commented, unable to stop himself.

"How can a man be so.. alluring?" Jingyi wondered loudly.

"I-I don't know what to say.." Jin Ling stuttered and kept staring at his uncle amazed by how beautiful he looked.

"Stop it all of you! Wei Wuxian! Get in the sedan now!" Jiang Cheng snapped.

Wei Ying chuckled as he went forward and went inside the sedan chair to sit. He was feeling quite weird and nervous. For heaven's sake he wasn't even getting married for real yet it felt otherwise.

The four men lifted the sedan up as they started walking towards the mountains. Lan Wangji was walking right beside the opening of the Sedan chair, covered by a thin and translucent curtain, while Jiang Cheng walked on the other side. The three juniors walked ahead, making sure the path was clear.

Lan Wangji was having a hard time. He couldn't focus on the situation at all. He kept glancing at Wei Ying who was busy fiddling with Chenqing inside the sedan. His blood was boiling with need. He wanted his beloved right now!

On the other hand, amongst these thoughts, his heart was soaring at how he would eventually marry this beautiful man someday. He would make Wei Ying his and soon. He hadn't realized how much he wanted to marry this man until now.

"Lan Zhan.. Are you okay?" Wei Ying chuckled a bit.

"Mn."

"Why did you want to make me the bride?" He asked, truly curious. Wei Ying had wondered about this since the evening. Was it an indirect proposal?

"Wanted to see Wei Ying in red." Lan Wangji replied simply. Initially, Lan Wangji really just wanted to see Wei Ying in bridal clothes, but now, he could think of nothing but two things. Marry Wei Ying. Do Wei Ying.

Wei Ying smiled to himself. He was a man, yet he felt very different sitting on the sedan. He really felt like he was going to marry Lan Wangji in just a few moments. He knew, he would someday, but after today, the resolve to marry the man of his dreams, only got stronger.

The group of people were now at the mountain, still walking safely. The surroundings had gotten way too quiet the only source of sounds being the men's footsteps and their ragged breathing.

"Jiang Cheng! I am bored! Sing me a song!" Wei Ying whined playfully.

"Are you dumb? We are here on a hunt and you want to hear a song? Just sit quietly like the bride

you are!" He snorted.

Wei Ying smiled. It was nice to be here with all of them.

Suddenly, Wei Ying stilled. The presence of Yin energy had gotten way too stronger all of a sudden.

"Lan Zhan!" Wei Ying spoke in a loud voice.

Immediately everyone stopped. The surroundings had turned darker. Even the moonlight couldn't brighten up the path anymore. There was no wind no nothing. Just painful silence.

"Sizhui, Jingyi, Jin Ling! Fire talismans, now!" Jiang Cheng shouted, Zidian already crackling between his fingers. The disciples immediately, lit up the talismans their hands on the hilt of their swords gripping tightly.

"Wei Ying what is it?" Lan Zhan spoke still eyeing the surroundings cautiously.

The Sedan was shaking, mostly due to the villagers who were themselves shaking with fright.

"Put the sedan down and all of you go back!" Wei Ying shouted and at once the sedan was dropped to the ground while the villagers ran away with all they had.

"Something is not right. Back in the village there was no resentment in the air, but all of a sudden it has grown ten times worse than the normal. How can there be such huge amounts of Yin energy?" Wei Ying questioned loudly, mostly to himself.

Sound of growling and howling resonated in the air, as dark figures surrounded the six people. Almost instantly all of them had their swords unsheathed and Zidian flipped on the ground ready to attack.

And soon they attacked.

Corpse like figures were attacking all the cultivators in huge number as they scratched and leapt on to them. The group of people were strong and powerful so nothing was able to exactly harm them. Zidian slashed though tons of corpses at once whereas Bichen flew and cut them open in pieces.

The juniors were adept in fighting the corpses as they skillfully dodged and attacked killing half of them with ease.

Wei Ying hurriedly came out of the sedan opening his outer robes as Suibian unsheathed itself and attacked.

"What the hell are these? These are not normal corpses!" Jingyi shouted while slashing another head.

"They keep coming!" Jin Ling shouted as he kept killing them.

"They are slavegoblins!" Jiang Cheng shouted, "They are usually under someone's control. We have to find that thing or entity whatever that is controlling them!"

Jingyi was dealing with four corpses at once when suddenly another corpse came up from behind to stab him with its pointy fingers. He thought it was really gonna hurt badly when a black figure came out of the shadows and tore the goblin apart with its bare hands.

"Wen Ning!" Wei Ying shouted happily.

Jingyi was bewildered. "A-are you o-okay Jingyi?" Wen Ning asked, while tearing another corpse apart.

"Thank you Uncle Ning!" Jingyi said, grateful for the help.

"Lan Zhan we have to find the thing that is controlling them fast! otherwise these creatures will keep coming!" Wei Ying shouted as he took Chenqing and put it in near his mouth.

The shrill and haunting sound of Chenqing rang throughout the air, as dark energy coils appeared attacking every corpse. Wei Ying's eyes turned red, glowing furiously as the dark energy kept coming out surrounding Wei Ying in a reddish black glow.

Lan Wangji was a bit worried. He didn't know how Wei Ying could control the resentful energy which was now more powerful than ever, due to the presence of his golden core.

Suddenly the corpses stopped.

Wei Ying stopped playing the flute as the corpses started dissipating into ashes in front of them, one by one.

All of them were panting heavily but thankfully no one was hurt. Everyone seemed fine.

"What now?" Jiang Cheng snapped, "What happened here?"

All of them were confused by this sudden development when suddenly a voice spoke up,

"So the Yiling laozu, Wei Wuxian, is indeed back!"

## Chapter End Notes

okay.. so i won't lie. The bridal thing and the slavegoblins were indeed inspired from Tian Guan Ci Fu but there are other elements too.

somehow i really wanted to imagine wei ying in bridal clothes so this is what i came up with. And yes, we have a bit of jin ling and sizhui too :P

this is part 1 of the night hunt. i will be updating the other part soon.

keep reading and keep loving <3

# An Unexpected Trouble, A Bride And A Visit (2)

## Chapter Summary

The second part ♥

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everyone turned their gaze to the voice as they saw a young man in cultivator robes standing in front of them. He was pretty decent looking with long hair flowing down his shoulders. He had dark eyes and a very pale face for a normal human being and was smirking at Wei Ying.

"Those.. robes. They are of the Ouyang sect!" Sizhui gasped.

Indeed. He was definitely of the Ouyang Sect as he casually started making his way towards the group of people. Lan Wangji put himself in front of Wei Ying like a shield as Wei Ying's heart once again melted. Jiang Cheng flipped Zidian towards him, which he dodged easily as if he was floating in clouds. Jiang Cheng was astonished as no one could dodge Zidian so easily like that as the man laughed seeing his condition.

"Jiang Cheng... he's no longer a human." Wei Ying stated as he kept looking towards the man. He stopped a few arm distance away from them as he sighed.

"Why do you people have to get in my way?" He rolled his eyes.

"For an entity, you sure do like to talk a lot!" Jin Ling snorted.

"Who told you to open your mouth, when the seniors are talking, you scum!" Suddenly a nearby tree branch swiftly moved towards Jin Ling to which Wei Ying acted swiftly and jumped in between, shoving it away with his dark energy coils revolving around his fingers. Although he managed to save Jin Ling, a small portion of his upper arm had got slashed by the tree branch, tearing off the robe and making the wound bleed.

"WEI YING!"

"UNCLE!"

Both Jin Ling and Lan Wangji panicked as they rushed to his side. Wei Ying was fine, but Lan Wangji was petrified. He was so much in fear seeing Wei Ying's bloody arm as he hurriedly took out a pouch and started treating his very minor wound like his life depended on it. Wei Ying knew why Lan Wangji was feeling this way, but he found it almost adorable. Jin Ling too was way too concerned for such a minor thing but he decided to relish in it for now.

Sizhui and Jingyi were equally worried as Jiang Cheng was about to attack when Wei Ying's other hand stopped him.



The Ouyang disciple was looking at them with an amused face and waited patiently as if he was enjoying the show.

"Bold of you to call my nephew scum, when you yourself are one, Ouyang Yuhang." Wei Ying gave him a malicious smile as he stood up. Lan Wangji could only give him a death glare as if he knew this wasn't how he was gonna defeat him.

Hearing the name, the man's eyes widened for a bit and then gave a sickening grin back. "As expected from the Great Yiling Laozu. I was almost surprised when I heard a flute destroying my slaves. But soon realized it can only be you."

Wei Ying and Lan Wangji had already gathered information about Yuhang when they went to the market. He was the only one, who went missing two weeks ago, so it wasn't difficult to guess the culprit. All of them had noticed he had a strange voice. It was as if two people were talking together when there was only one.

"Lan Zhan.. you do realize what is going on right?" Wei Ying asked giving the man a glance.

"Mn." Lan Wangji responded.

"Is it truly what I think it is?" Jiang Cheng questioned.

The juniors had no idea what they were talking about as they could only watch the man cautiously while Wen Ning was busy looking out for any other trouble.

Out of the blue hordes of goblins started appearing again as all of them groaned. These goblins were a pain. The juniors and Wen Ning started fighting almost instantly, but when Wei Ying, Lan Zhan and Jiang Cheng tried to move forward, they were blocked by mists and fog surrounding them in a span of seconds.

The juniors were worried seeing the situation as Wei Ying hurriedly cut his palm with Suibian, crouched down and started drawing an array on the ground with his blood.

The fog seemed to thicken and there was no sign of Yuhang anywhere.

"Wei Ying what are you doing?" Lan Wangji asked voicing Jiang Cheng's thoughts.

A green array appeared around the juniors as it glowed furiously against the dark night. "It will help them. The goblins are gonna come in numbers and we are gonna get stuck here for a while, the array won't be able to vanquish all, but it will definitely hold up till we get back." Wei Ying explained.

And true to his words, half of the goblins were being killed by the green array as soon as they stepped onto it. Green streaks of light penetrated through their bodies turning them into ash almost instantly.

"Wen Ning! Take care of them and yourself! We will be back soon!" Wei Ying shouted unable to see anything anymore as the fog had completely covered the three of them.

"If you hurt yourself I will break your legs you brat!" Jiang Cheng roared making Wei Ying sigh.

"Seriously Jiang Cheng? Can't you ever talk to our nephew with love?"

"It's been three days and you have already spoiled him rotten! If I don't discipline him, who will?" He snorted. Wei Ying started shuffling in his sleeves for something, ignoring Jiang Cheng's words completely.

"Wei Ying.. stay close." Lan Wangji glanced towards him, a little confused as to what his beloved was doing. Wei Ying nodded subconsciously, continuing to shuffle in his sleeves.

The fog was growing around them as time went by and soon it became so thick that Lan Wangji couldn't even see Wei Ying or Jiang Cheng anymore. Wei Ying grinned inwardly as he finally stopped his shuffling and kept moving his hands in the fog, as if to find his two loved ones. Soon, he found the sleeves of two men by his side and pulled them beside him.

"Wei Wuxian! What are you doing?!" Jiang Cheng snapped, but quietly held onto Wei Ying's robe to which he smiled a bit.

"Wei Ying.. I am here." Lan Zhan grabbed his waist and stood by him. Wei Ying couldn't see their faces, but could hear their voice and feel their touches. Fumbling around, both his hands were trying to reach both the men's backs. Finally, positioning his hands behind their backs he patted them a bit roughly.

"Wei Wuxian! Stop hitting me this is serious!" Jiang Cheng was clearly annoyed. Lan Wangji was quiet but, he pressed Wei Ying's waist a bit, making the man sigh out in relief. His work was done.

"You do know what to do right Jiang Cheng, Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying asked straightening up, preparing himself mentally for what he was gonna face.

"I hate these tricky bastards. I just hope the illusion won't be that bad." Jiang Cheng grumbled.

"Mn. Be careful Wei Ying." Lan Wangji responded, but his voice seemed far.

Soon, Wei Ying could no longer feel their touches anymore. The fog was suffocating and he could not even see his own hands.

"Lan Zhan!!" Wei Ying shouted, "Jiang Cheng!"

There was no answer. Wei Ying's heart started pounding as he was a bit worried about this whole thing. Slowly, he felt his eyelids drooping, as his head started spinning. He knew it was time.

*'Shit. I hope it really isn't something bad.'* Wei Ying muttered under his breath as he felt his consciousness slipping away.

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**(Jiang Cheng)**

*Jiang Cheng opened his eyes and gasped for air as he stood on the ground.*

*Wait. Where was he?*

*"Why are you asking about him?"*

*This voice. Jiang Cheng glanced in front of him as he saw the red and grey robed man with raven loose hair staring at him with a confused look. Wei Wuxian? He hurriedly took in his surroundings and felt like someone had punched him in the stomach.*

*This was the burial mounds! The time when he came to take Wei Wuxian back and make him give up on the Wen remnants! He remembers leaving this place, with a permanent scar on his heart and a broken arm. But what was he doing here? The last thing he remembered was...*

*He was on Wuyunan village! On the mountains! The six of them battled the slavegoblins and that Ouyang Sect brat! Did he travel back in time?*

*What was going on? He vaguely remembers the fog and then..*

*Shit. He was in a fucking illusion!*

*So he was in his memory? But why this one? There were tons of memories to choose from and that scum chose this one? Jiang Cheng snorted. He was gonna kill that fucker once he got out of this.*

*He knew he had to go along the illusion until he could find a way to break it, but this memory was indeed painful. After all the motive of an illusion was to break a person emotionally first and then physically.*

*He realized he had been silent for a long while and knew that they were talking about Wen Ning, so he quietly replied, "These days countless people have asked me about him, but who could I ask? Seemed like I could only come ask you."*

*He was walking side by side his brother and carefully looked at his face. The present Wei Wuxian's face was dark and somber. He wouldn't admit it personally but he preferred Wei Wuxian laughing and teasing and bothering him like he always did. The Yiling Laozu version of him made Jiang Cheng very uncomfortable and it felt like he was talking to his subordinate rather than his brother.*

*But something was off. Usually when a person is in an illusion, their consciousness stops working and they are not able to differentiate between reality and an illusion, but then... why was he aware?*

*Jiang Cheng knocked something over his feet, already knowing what it was- a half done compass.*

*"Don't kick it. I haven't finished this one yet. It's useful." Wei Ying said as expected.*

*He stepped on something else again knowing well that it was the flag Wei Wuxian was working on.*

*"You are the one who littered them on the ground. It's not anyone's fault if they break them." Jiang Cheng snorted.*

*"I live here alone, so what if I litter a few things around?"*

*Jiang Cheng kept his mouth shut already feeling anger rising in the pit of his stomach. He just wanted to get this over and done with. This memory was already going to haunt him for another few days.*

*They entered the main area of the cave and he saw Wen Ning lying on the ground, covered up with talismans. He didn't wait for the simple questions and asked him directly, "What are you planning on doing with him?"*

*Wei Wuxian looked a bit shocked but answered nonetheless, "I want to awaken his consciousness."*

*"Dreaming again aren't you? Awaken his consciousness? What'd be the difference between a fierce corpse like this and a human being? If you succeeded, no one would need a human and a cultivator. They could just come to you and ask to be made into a fierce corpse!"*

*After Wei Wuxian replied what he had to, Jiang Cheng knew he had to unsheath Sandu and had to go to kill Wen Ning. So he did.*

*"What are you doing?" Wei Wuxian shouted.*

*They continued arguing like they had previously making Jiang Cheng furious. This was bad. He was getting affected by this memory.*

*With Sandu pointed towards Wen Ning he roared, "The only way to making up things for us is to end things before they get the chance to!"*

*"End what?"*

*"You burn this corpse right now and return to them all these leftovers of the Wen Sect. That's the only way to make the subject die!" Jiang Cheng roared.*

*"Are you joking?" Wei Wuxian said, sighing.*

*Wait. This was not how he responded before. Wei Wuxian was way too angry when he said all this in reality, but here, he just seemed tired.*

*"I don't know how to fix this Jiang Cheng. I am so tired of fighting alone." Wei Wuxian said flopping down on the ground.*

*Oh no. This was going in a opposite direction. This was..*

*Jiang Cheng sheathed Sandu and kept staring at the man. "What do you want to do?"*

*"I want to go back too! I remember my promise that when you became the Sect Leader I would be your subordinate! But I have already a lot on my plate. Jiang Cheng, let me go and let me just stay here." Wei Ying said.*

*'Fuck! What the hell! Wei Wuxian would never say this!' Jiang Cheng muttered internally.*

*"I cannot leave them. Not after I saved them, I wasn't even thinking straight but I don't think its a good idea anymore." Wei Ying spoke tiredly.*

*"What if I killed them?" Jiang Cheng smirked, already aware of the breaking point.*

*"Will you do that?" Wei Ying asked hopefully.*

*'Tch! This illusion is crap!' Jiang Cheng thought.*

*He bent down and put his hands around his brother, or more like around the illusion. Out of the blue Zidian wrapped itself around Wei Wuxian's neck as he gazed at Jiang Cheng with wide eyes, "J-Jiang Ch-"*

*"You are stupid!," Jiang Cheng sneered, "My brother is an idiot and a stubborn headache! But he would never let anything happen to the Wen people ever! He'd rather die than letting anyone get hurt on his behalf! You, on the other hand, are just pathetic!"*

*He tightened Zidian on the neck and with a slash, he beheaded the illusion!*

*"As much as I despised you before, I respect you even more now Wei Wuxian!" Jiang Cheng muttered as the surroundings started to fade away.*

*He had broken the illusion.*

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### **(Lan Wangji)**

*Lan Wangji opened his eyes. He was in a familiar room. He was sweating and somehow was dressed haphazardly. Wait..*

*"Lan Zhan.. you are awake?"*

*Lan Wangji froze. He looked around the room carefully and inhaled sharply. He was at the inn! Before the guanyin temple incident! He did a double take as he took in the sight of a messy ground, already knowing where this conversation was going.*

*But why was he here? He was with Wei Ying and Jiang Cheng and his juniors when.. It didn't take much time for Lan Wangji to figure out what was happening. But the thing that shocked him was he was able to remember all that happened.*

*Focusing on the matter at hand, he thought of everything that happened in this night. It was painful to through it again, but he had to go back.*

*"Mn," He answered. He could not believe the yao would choose this memory. This day was like a dream and a nightmare at the same time.*

*"You are awake.. I am pretty much awake too!" He heard shuffling from behind him as Wei Ying was getting ready, putting his clothes on. Lan Wangji turned around and felt a pang of hurt in his chest. This was Mo Xuanyu's body, but the person inside the body was indeed Wei Ying. This night had been full of misunderstandings. He tried to reach out towards Wei Ying, to hold him close and to tell him that it was okay, when he blurted out "No thanks!"*

*Lan Wangji paused. What was he doing? How could he even make this right? This was an illusion! He retracted his hand as he saw Wei Ying sighing in relief.*

*"You don't have to. I will do it on my own! You don't have to touch me!"*

*Lan Wangji's heart ached. He wanted to touch him. That night, he wanted to believe that what they did was real and it meant something to the both of them, but he was way too heartbroken to think rationally. But now he knew, how Wei Ying felt. Even if this was an illusion he wanted to make things right.*

*"Um, Lan Zhan, both of us probably drank too much tonight! My apologies!"*

*Lan Wangji kept quiet. His heart was in a hurricane of emotions. He always wanted to go back and make everything right between them, and now he was truly here. But he couldn't let his feelings get the best of him.*

*"Uh, its normal for men to be like this sometimes. Please don't take it too seriously!" His Wei Ying replied.*

*Before when Lan Wangji had heard such a thing, he was hurt, thinking Wei Ying really had been with other men. But now he knew the truth, so he could only stare blankly at the figure before him and ask, "Normal?"*

*He asked again, " Do not take it too seriously?"*

*"I am sorry." Wei Ying whispered. Lan Wangji was having a hard time. He wanted to tell him that there was nothing to be sorry about, that it was okay and that he understood. He wanted to tell him that he loved him so badly but he couldn't, when a series of knocks disturbed his thoughts.*

*"Young Masters! Are you in bed?!"*

*After that just like how it happened in the memories, Lan Wangji and Wei Ying got separate rooms and Lan Wangji spoke before retiring into his own room, "Rest Well. We will talk about the Guanyin Temple tomorrow!"*

*Lan Wangji was sitting on the bed. Everything felt so real. It was in the same room where he broke down and had one of the most painful experiences of his life. But today, he was calm. Although the illusion was bothering him a bit, but he was okay. He could manage.*

*But how was his consciousness alive? Lan Wangji couldn't find any answers even after thinking about it for long. How was he able to think properly even in an illusion?*

*Lan Wangji was busy in his own thoughts when someone knocked on the door.*

*He looked up frowning.*

*"Lan Zhan its me!"*

*His eyes widened as he heard Wei Ying's voice calling from behind the door.*

*He got up and cautiously opened the door, seeing Wei Ying standing nervously infront of him.*

*"I can't be alone right now Lan Zhan." he whispered.*

*Lan Wangji's breath hitched. He said nothing and shifted to the side to let Wei Ying come in. This was very unexpected. Lan Wangji closed the door and turned around, only to see Wei Ying still standing in the middle of the room gazing at him.*

*"Lan Zhan.. Why did you push me away?" Wei Ying asked.*

*Lan Wangji was stunned. He never expected the illusion Wei Ying would actually go this far. He chose to keep quiet and continue gazing.*

*"Didn't it mean anything to you?" Wei Ying asked, "How could you push me away like that Lan Zhan?"*

*"You yourself said, this was a normal thing." Lan Wangji responded which made Wei Ying's eyes widen. Wei Ying was trapped in his own words.*

*"I lied. This isn't normal! Lan Zhan I wanted to say that towards you, I feel love!" Wei Ying shouted.*

*Lan Wangji's breathing increased. What was happening? Why was Wei Ying confessing now? It was indeed his wish, that something like this could've happened but it didn't.*

*Wei Ying took a slow step towards Lan Wangji, "Lan Zhan.. I know you feel something for me too."*

*He took another step forward, "Don't try to deny it."*

*Lan Wangji didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to stop himself from moving. He closed his eyes, trying to control his emotions, his hand gripping Bichen in a tight grip. When he opened them,*

*Wei Ying was right in front of him.*

*He wrapped his arms around Lan Wangji's neck making Lan Wangji shiver. "Lan Zhan.. "*

*Lan Wangji's self restraint was very frail when it came to his Wei Ying, but yet he held his ground. "Wei Ying, you should rest."*

*Wei Ying ignored his words as he hugged Lan Wangji, making it extremely difficult for the man to control himself.*

*"Let's run away Lan Zhan. Away from here, away from everything. We don't have to be here, we can stay happy together somewhere. I don't want to stay away from you anymore." Wei Ying whispered the words near his ear as Lan Wangji let out a shaky breath.*

*"You do not want to solve this case?" Lan Wangji asked.*

*"I just want you Lan Zhan. I want nothing else."*

*As soon as Wei Ying uttered those words, within an instant Bichen was out of its sheathe and with a metallic sound, it stabbed Wei Ying's back.*

*Wei Ying staggered backwards his eyes full of betrayal as he asked Lan Wangji.. "Wh-Why?"*

*"Wei Ying is not selfish. Wei Ying would never abandon something important, just to be with me." Lan Wangji sighed. To be honest it hurt. It hurt a lot seeing Wei Ying full of blood again. But if he wanted to go back to see his real Wei Ying he had to do it.*

*The body collapsed on the floor as the surroundings started to dissipate into smoke. He felt something on his back buzzing with energy as he smiled.*

*"Wei Ying.. Come out safe." Lan Wangji muttered before everything became black.*

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**(Wei Wuxian)**

*Wei Ying opened his eyes to a surrounding which made his breathing stop. No. This can't be happening again. He was in The Palace of Sun and Flames! It was the nightless city!*

*"Wei Ying! you disappoint me so much, there used to be a time when I admired you so much and you were someone who founded their own sect. Now that I think about it, its almost repulsive. From this moment on, I will forever stand on the opposite side of you!"*

*Wei Ying glanced towards the voice, horrified. No.. Not again.*

*Wei Ying sighed pitifully, this is the wound that the yao decided to open? Fine. He will go through it again. At least there was one relief, the precaution he took was working. He only hoped, Lan Zhan and Jiang Cheng were okay. He had to find the focal point of the illusion, and so he had to pretend.*

*"Admired me? Hahahhaaa" He laughed almost in a fake way, "You said you admired me, but why haven't I ever seen you when you admired me? As soon as I am loathed by everyone, you jump out and wave your little flag?"*

*He talked the way he previously did almost regretting his words. He was so lost then, so tired and so, so angry. He wished he could take it back but he couldn't. His words were cut off as he felt the familiar pain of an arrow in the center of his chest, buried between two of his ribs.*

*He knew everything was going to go downhill from here. With a pained expression, he pulled out the arrow and tossed it back hard, making the cultivator who shot him wait in pain.*

*Lets just hope this ends before Shijie comes in. He had to find the source now!*

*"You.. You are so cruel!" He heard someone say, to which he just laughed. Yes, he indeed was back then.*

*"They call me the cultivator of the crooked path, anyway, so you can't possibly count on me to be generous and not bother with him, can you?"*

*With that, Jin Guangshan ordered his troops and the battle began. Carrying swords and arrows, tons of disciples rushed towards him. With a pained expression Wei Ying pulled Chenqing to his lips and the flute's sharp howl made thousands of corpses rise up to the grounds, attacking the cultivators.*



*Wei Ying was having difficulties maintaining his sane mind. The power of resentment was too strong and all evil was being augmented by him. He was sure, he won't be able to last long before he lost control again.*

*The limpid notes of a guqin interrupted Chenqing as he saw the man he loved was sitting on another of the ridges. He knew he had to fight him again.*

*"Lan Zhan.." Wei Ying whispered, but then remembering that he couldn't fall into the illusions's trap he held onto himself and said darkly, "You should've known since long ago-Sound of Lucidity is useless to me!"*

*"I knew, since the start that we'd have to fight a real fight like this sooner or later. You have always found me disagreeable no matter what. Come on!"*

*He saw Lan Wangji's movements pausing as he called out, "Wei Ying.."*

*Wei Ying's heart churned. Lan Wangji's voice was shaking and he knew he had to ignore all that. Ignore everything. His emotional turmoil was making the dark coils around him go on full rampage. His sane mind was losing control.*

*"A-Xian!"*

*No.. No, not again. Please don't. Wei Ying froze and turned around.*

*Indeed it was Shijie. He jumped down and shouted, "Shijie! Shijie! Where are you? I can't see you!"*

*No, no it was happening again.*

*He rushed amidst the army of corpses and by the time he reached there, the fierce corpse was already behind his Shijie.*

*"Get lost! Get lost right now! Don't touch her!" Wei Ying could feel his whole world crumbling down. He couldn't go through this again.*

*The sword in the corpse's hand swung down and slashed open Jiang Yanli's back! She fell to the ground.*

*Wei Ying could think of nothing. Even when Lan Wangji grabbed his collar and ordered him to stop the corpses, he couldn't care anymore. He was losing his shijie again. Again!*

*He rushed to her but stopped. The whole scenery changed. There were no more corpses. There were no more cultivators nor Jiang Cheng nor Lan Wangji. Infront of him, his shijie was still lying with blood on her back. The whole surroundings had quieted down and he finally realised something was wrong.*

*He was stunned when Jiang Yanli started moving. Wei Ying was overjoyed! Even if this was an illusion, he could talk to his shijie once more. He rushed towards her, when his Shijie stared back at him with a glare-eyes full of hatred.*

*Wei Ying stopped.*

*"A-Xian.. I loved you and this is what you give me in return?" Jiang Yanli said in a low voice, completely opposite to her usual soft and serene voice.*

*"Shijie.." Wei Ying whispered in a shaky breath.*

*"You killed my husband! You killed my family!" Jiang yanli shouted as she took a step forward, "Because of you, Lotus pier burnt down! Was I wrong to trust you? To love you?"*

*No.. What was shijie saying? What was happening?*

*"You even killed me! You made Rulan an orphan! How dare you, living a life so carelessly when you committed so many sins!"*

*Wei Ying couldn't think. Tears spilled from his eyes as he flopped down on the ground. She was right.. He did kill her, He did kill Jin Zixuan, Madam Yu, Jiang Fengmian. They were dead because of him. He was to blame!*

*"I am sorry shijie.." Wei Ying broke down as his 'shijie' took more steps forward. Wei Ying covered his face with his hands, sobbing and shaking.*

*"You don't deserve to live after what you've done! A-Xian.. I will never forgive you!" Jiang Yanli whispered dangerously. Then out of the blue, a sword appeared in her hands as she was getting ready to stab Wei Ying.*

*It was heartbreaking. After everything he had done, did he really deserve to live? did he? His shijie was right. He didn't deserve to live.*

*Suddenly he felt a humming energy inside his robes. He paused. Images of Jin Ling, Jiang Cheng smiling, Lan Zhan's voice, his love..everything started flashing in front of his eyes.*

*What was he doing? His shijie was the illusion!*

*Before Jiang Yanli could stab him, Wei Ying pulled Chenqing up to his lips and at an instant dark coils attacked the illusion with full force, stabbing the illusion.*

*The illusion Jiang yanli screamed and then vanished into thin air, as the surroundings too started turning into a fog.*

*Wei Ying was still reeling. The truth didn't change.. It was because of him, they all died. He broke down into sobs again as he kept whispering, "I am sorry shijie.. I am so sorry.."*

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Sizhui, Jingyi and Jin Ling were panting and gasping for breath. Finally.. No more goblins were attacking them anymore. They had been fighting constantly for nearly an hour and they couldn't move any muscle anymore. Wen Ning was still on guard protecting the juniors as he kept glancing from left to right. The array underneath them, had mostly vanished, leaving a faint glow as if it had a mind of its own, and was checking the surroundings for one last time, before it disappeared completely.

"Young M-Masters, are you all okay?" Wen Ning asked worriedly, seeing their state.

"We are fine Uncle Ning! Are you okay?" Sizhui asked, although he knew his uncle was a corpse and he didn't get tired.

"I-I am F-fine.." He said shyly.

The juniors including Jin Ling laughed lightly seeing his shyness. Who knew, the infamous Ghost General was shy when someone cared for him?

But they abruptly stopped as all of them turned around to see the place covered with dense fog. Their seniors were still missing.

"Why aren't they coming out? Didn't Senior Wei say, they will be back soon?" Jingyi asked a bit worried.

"Jingyi.. have faith. Senior Wei, Hanguang Jun and Sect Leader Jiang are experienced people. I am sure they will be fine. We just have to wait a bit more.." Sizhui tried to comfort his friend, but in reality he too was worried.

Jin Ling didn't say anything but his insides were turning into a hurricane. His lips trembled a bit as he prayed, 'Jiujiu, Uncle Wei, Please be safe..'

Suddenly a loud and painful scream broke them out of their thoughts. Wen Ning turned ferociously towards the direction ready to attack when they saw Ouyang Yuhang clutching his chest and staggering towards a tree. He looked injured.

"Look! They are here!" Jingyi shouted as all of them turned around to see the fog had dissipated and two figures were crouching down towards another.

"Wait.. why is dad crying?" Sizhui panicked. He knew his dad was the most charming and bright man that ever existed.. so whenever he cried, it was extremely serious.

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"Wei Ying.."

"Wei Ying.. open your eyes!"

Wei Ying opened his with a jerk as he saw Lan Zhan hovering over him with concern. Even Jiang Cheng was crouching down looking at him with worried eyes.

Wei Ying immediately remembered what happened in the illusion. Seeing Lan Zhan's safe and warm face, he burst into tears and hugged him with all he had.

"I'm sorry Shijie. I'm so sorry Shijie!" Wei Ying wailed and cried.

Lan Wangji felt stunned. Why was he crying? Why was his beloved crying when he was the one who protected the other two!

Jiang Cheng froze hearing Jiang Yanli's name. He turned towards his brother who was now a mess, in Lan Wangji's arms crying out his Jiejie's name. What did he see in the illusion? Jiang Cheng gulped.

They all heard a scream and Lan Wangji turned, wrapping his arms around his beloved.

OuYang Yuhang was screaming and shaking painfully as black wisps of smoke started coming out of his body. The scream was ear shattering as Lan Wangji flinched.

"HanGuang-Jun!"

"Uncle!"

The juniors rushed towards them as Sizhui immediately crouched down and pulled his dad in his arms. Lan Wangji nodded at him as if to say thank you and got up, followed by Jiang Cheng who too was watching OuYang Yuhang's condition.

Yuhang continued screaming when suddenly with a puff, the black smoke came out totally from his body and took the shape of a figure.

OuYang Yuhang's figure turned transparent, unlike how fuller he looked before.

The black figure slowly took form into a man or more precisely a yao with a male form.

This was the illusion yao.

"How.. how did you escape?" The yao panted as he struggled to maintain his form.

"What did you show Wei Ying?" Lan Wangji was seething with rage. His palms were gripping Bichen so tightly that it seemed even the sword would break in half.

The yao smirked, "I just showed him what he deserved."

Lan Wangji rarely lost his cool, but seeing Wei Ying hurt like that, he was about to attack him when Jiang Cheng stopped him.

"So you are the yao, who was causing trouble with that piece of trash," Jiang Cheng sneered, pointing his head towards OuYang Yuhang.

"But jiujiu..what did he do to all of you?" Jin Ling questioned.

Before Jiang Cheng could answer, Wei Ying got out of his son's grip stumbling a bit and stood up. He had calmed down a lot. It was an illusion, he had to let it go.

"He is a yao who traps people in an illusion. An illusion where he shows them their greatest hidden desire or their greatest guilt. If the person ends up falling for their desires or accepting their guilt, they end up trapped in their illusion forever and their mortal body gets devoured by this yao." Wei Ying explained.

Lan Wangji immediately rushed towards his beloved's side holding him close. He was glad that his Wei Ying was okay.

"But no one had escaped till now! How did you three escape so easily??" The yao screeched.

"I too have the same question. Wei WuXian, why was I conscious when I was in the illusion?" Jiang Cheng questioned.

Lan Wangji smiled as he glanced at his beloved. Wei Ying too smiled a bit, his eyes puffy and red. "Remember when I patted your back before you went into the illusion for which you snapped at me?"

Jiang Cheng nodded, and then suddenly realized something.

Wei Ying pulled something off from Lan Wangji's back and showed it to everyone.

"I stuck these. This is a talisman I invented, where one's consciousness could be preserved when they faced a situation like this. The talisman would work as long as the maker is alive. Although I wasn't sure if it would work or not and I took a huge risk, but thankfully it worked." Wei Ying finished off with a grin, flipping the thin yellow talisman between his fingers.

Lan Wangji's smile increased as a sense of deep pride and love blossomed in his chest. Wei Ying was indeed magnificent.

Even Jiang Cheng seemed to have a smug look on his face. Guess his annoying brother was actually quite dependable.

The yao glared at Wei Ying, "I should've known that the Yiling Laozu would definitely figure out something, what a savior!"

The yao had almost become transparent now as he continued, "I did what I had to and I regret nothing!"

Within an instant the yao dissipated into thin air.

The juniors were looking at Wei Ying like they had just discovered God. Jin Ling was too impressed. He could never imagine how talented and clever his uncle Wei was.

Wei ying turned to Yuhang who was sitting looking dejected. Like he had lost and everything was over.

"Why were you abducting brides?" He asked.

Yuhang looked towards the group. He knew he would gain absolutely nothing if he lied, so he spoke the truth, "I loved a girl. I was in the Ouyang Sect working as a head disciple when I met her in the Market. She was beautiful and I fell in love with her. She promised me that she would marry me and that we would run off together. I was ready to leave cultivation for that woman and when the awaited date came, she didn't show up. I waited for two days, yet she didn't show up. When I went back to the village, I searched for her and came to know that she had already left for Yiling to marry someone else "

Everyone was cautiously listening to the man. They knew where this story was heading.

"I followed her and caught up to her midway. She was in her sedan, wearing bridal clothes when she blatantly denied her feelings for me and that for her it was just a fling. She had found someone better. I was enraged and attacked her, but there were many cultivators from the Yunmeng Sect who beat me up and threw me away. I came back here to this mountain swearing that I will never let any

bride reach her marriage. The yao appeared in front of me and made a deal that if I let him have my soul, he would help me in getting my revenge. I was consumed by my anger and my hatred that I agreed. And that's how we became one. I killed the brides while he enveloped everyone in their illusions trapping them for eternity."

Everyone was quiet. Wei Ying felt pity for him but he knew that what Yuhang did was wrong.

"A woman broke your heart, but you had no right to seek your revenge from innocent victims Yuhang!" Wei Ying spoke.

"Huh! pathetic! You call yourself a man? Just because a woman broke your heart you went as far as to seek revenge from every bride?" Jiang sneered.

"Others are in no position to judge someone's life. We do not know what they have gone through," Lan Wangji spoke calmly as he took out his evil sealing pouch.

Yuhang accepted his fate as his soul went inside the pouch and Lan Wangji put it inside his sleeves.

The whole ordeal was over. Everyone was silent for quite a bit still reeling from the hunt.

"We should go back. It's already late." Jiang Cheng spoke up, as he glanced at Wei Ying who for some unknown reason was still shaken up.

Everyone agreed and started their way back, extremely tired. Wei Ying was still in a daze.. the illusion had hit him the hardest and he was finding it quite difficult to recover.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Zhan called.

Wei Ying's eyes lit up a little as he gave him a smile, "Hanguang Jun! I missed you!", and lunged onto his man clutching onto him for his dear life.

Lan Wangji could only smile as he wrapped his arms around his beloved and said, "Let's go back."

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Everyone was at the inn digging onto their food like they had been starving for days. There was laughter and gossip and everything made Wei Ying feel happy again.

"Wei Wuxian, how long do you plan on wearing your wedding robes?" Jiang Cheng snapped.

Wei Ying suddenly realized that indeed, he was still in bridal clothes and chuckled, "Jiang Cheng! I do look gorgeous in it, don't I?"

"Speech while dining is forbidden." Lan Wangji spoke quietly even though he knew, Wei Ying won't listen.

"Lan Zhan! We are not in the cloud recesses anymore!" Wei Ying whined as he leaned more against the stern looking man, seeking comfort.

"A-Xian!"

Wei Ying paused. He looked towards Jiang Cheng who was looking at him with a vulnerable expression. It wasn't everyday, that his brother called him with this endearment.

"Just know, JieJie never blamed you. She loved you, heck she loved you even more than me!" Jiang Cheng grumbled at the last part, annoyed.

Wei Ying's eyes watered. No matter how much he and Jiang Cheng fought, his brother would always understand what he wanted to hear.

"Thank you.. Jiang Cheng." Wei Ying whispered softly, "And I am sure, she loved both of us, equally. Throughout her entire life."

Jiang Cheng huffed but the corners of his lips, tucked up into a small smile. The brothers had finally found peace.

"Uncle Wei!"

Wei Ying turned towards Jin Ling who was standing before their table, looking extremely flustered.

"Ah.. Jin Ling? What is it?"

"Um.. I just.. I wanted to say.. That.." Jin Ling kept stuttering making Wei Ying grin.

"Jin Ling.. its fine.. go and have your dinner." Wei Ying ruffled his nephew's hair which made him even more flustered.

"Don't do that!" Jin Ling snapped and turned around flicking his hair, but then he paused and in a little voice he murmured, "Thank you.. For saving me."

Wei Ying's heart swelled. He loved his nephew so much and he couldn't help but tease him some more, "So.. in return can you give me a hug?"

Jin Ling shrieked as he snapped again, "Why would I hug you! I am not a baby!"

"Oh.. then maybe you would like to hug Sizhui..am I right?" Wei Ying blatantly teased.

Jiang Cheng choked on his food while Sizhui started coughing loudly. Jin Ling had turned redder than a tomato as he sputtered out, "You are so annoying!"

With that he went off and Wei Ying burst out into laughter.

"Wei Wuxian! Have some decency!" Jiang Cheng roared!

"Eh? Did you not notice anything?" Wei Ying questioned, "you are so dense Jiang Cheng!"

And then they continued bickering till everyone went to their rooms to sleep in for the night.

Lan Wangji and Wei Ying were in the same room, as Wei Ying was trying to get rid of the ornaments stuck in his bun.

"Let me." Lan Wangji said as he came up behind Wei Ying and started undoing his hair accessories.

"Lan Zhan.. I am sorry. For hurting you like that when I was crying. I know I made you worry." Wei Ying sighed.

"Wei Ying need not apologize. There is no need for sorry or thank you between us." Lan Wangji spoke softly.

"In my illusion, I was back at the time in the nightless city, where Shijie died."

Lan Wangji's hands paused, but after a moment, continued their work.

"She was blaming me. She was saying that because of me everything had gone wrong, which is true. But somehow, I couldn't believe her. Shijie would try to understand me. I am not telling that what I did was right, but I am sure, she would've given me a chance to explain" Wei ying spoke, shaking a bit.

Lan Wangji turned Wei Ying's face around gently and kissed him on his lips. It was a chaste and soft kiss and was effective in rendering Wei Ying's mouth shut.

"Do not dwell on the past. Your sister was a kind woman, that was an illusion." Lan Wangji spoke, "You did good Wei Ying."

Wei Ying smiled as he let himself get pampered by his man, who was working very delicately on his hair.

"When did you make that talisman?" Lan Wangji asked.

"Oh that one? In the other world. I was going though the topic of illusions and came across yaos who created illusions to trap people with their greatest desires and guilt, so I started working on a talisman which could null the effect of losing consciousness and make it easier for a person so that they could break the illusion. Of course I couldn't try it out there, but today I took a risk and thankfully it worked!" Wei Ying grinned.

Lan Zhan was awed by his beloved's cleverness and talent. He was so proud, that Wei Ying was his'. Lan Zhan only smiled faintly and kept working on the hair.

As soon as all the ornaments were out, long hair flowed down Wei Ying's back, astounding Lan Wangji.

Wei Ying seemed to notice something was wrong and faced Lan Zhan. Lan Wangji was staring at him with wide eyes. Wei Ying looked to his side and realized, he had wore a wig for tonight, so his hair was extra long and complimented his face very much.

He was still in his robes and that was making Hanguang Jun unable to take his eyes off of Wei Ying.

"Lan-Er-Gege! Like what you see?" Wei Ying teased.

Lan Wangji could only stare as his ears turned pink, giving Wei Ying all the answer he needed.

Wei Ying got up, his long fake hair, flowing behind him as he pulled Lan Wangji towards him and whispered, "Don't you think I am pretty Lan Zhan?"



Lan Wangji took a rapid intake of breath as Wei Ying pushed himself further into his body feeling the already erect bulge of Lan Zhan through the layering of clothes.

Lan Wangji shivered as his eyes darkened seeing Wei Ying like this. He had already been restraining himself since the evening and now he was at his limit. He grabbed Wei Ying's waist roughly and spoke while gazing into his beloved's eyes, "Wei Ying is extremely beautiful."

Somehow seeing Wei Ying in long hairs was doing something to Lan Wangji.

"Lan Zhan.. I have been waiting since the entire day for you to take me.. And you are still making me wait. How cruel of you Hanguang-"

Before he could finish, Wei Ying was picked up harshly by Lan Zhan and thrown onto the bed, making him bounce off a little.

Lan Zhan hovered onto him covering his body as Wei Ying noticed a raw, naked want in Lan Zhan's eyes, and at an instant his mouth descended on Wei Ying's lips, hungry and desperate. He kissed him like a man who had been starved for days and Wei Ying pulled at the fastening of his robes, desperate to feel Lan Wangji's skin against him. Today had been an emotional day and Wei Ying needed him more than ever. He wanted to feel Lan Wangji, his presence, his taste his everything!

Lan Wangji's lips moved to his neck, sucking a bruise onto Wei Ying's skin as their actions turned more frantic. Lan Zhan hastily removed his layers of clothing pausing his actions as he gazed at his Wei Ying, whose whole presence screamed need and desire. Lan Wangji's pupils dilated as he crashed his lips against Wei Ying's again, their mouths sliding against each other, hot and wet, hands wandering and gripping. Lan Wangji's fingers wrapped around Wei Ying's hardness as he let out a low moan.

Lan Wangji locked his eyes with him as he reached down, his hands resting against Wei Ying's round and soft hips. Breaking the eye contact, he leaned forward and pressed an open mouthed kiss against Wei Ying's hardened tip. A crack of lightening seemed to pass through Wei Ying's spine at the sensation as it dissolved into a loud moan.

Wei Ying bit his lip to stop the moans from coming out as there were his family members in adjoining rooms and they didn't need to know what was going on here.

Still, as soon as Lan Wangji's mouth touched his length, a loud moan indeed escaped from his mouth, low and desperate. His body felt like he was on fire; Lan Wangji's mouth was hot and wet, and tight and then Lan Zhan sank down, enveloping him further into that incredible heat.

Wei Ying couldn't think. He was drowning in the feeling, the sensation of Lan Wangji's mouth closed tightly around him, taking more and more of him until he could feel Lan Zhan's nose pressed against his groin, his throat swallowing desperately around his dick. He eased up slowly, a gentle drag of his lips that drove Wei Ying insane, and settling into a languid rhythm. His tongue kept working around his length and Wei Ying kept making sounds that he couldn't stop, until he clamped a hand around his mouth in a futile attempt to keep quiet.

Lan Zhan paused as he pulled of his mouth from Wei Ying's dick with a lewd pop and spoke in a hoarse voice, "Wei Ying..Let me hear you."

Wei Ying looked at the man who was making him a moaning mess only to see his Lan Zhan with glowing eyes and plump, red lips slick with spit. Lan Zhan gently pried the hand pressed to Wei Ying's mouth and tangled their fingers together.

He took Wei Ying's length back into his mouth again as his hips jerked involuntarily. Lan Zhan just took him in, all of him until Wei Ying became incoherent with that heat and wanting, the molten need pooling in his stomach.

"Lan Zhan.. Lan Zhan.. I can't.." He whispered in between moans trying to push him away as he felt the tension in him beginning to unfold, his body shuddering through the beginning of his orgasm, but Lan Zhan didn't stop and kept swallowing around him even when Wei Ying spilled onto his tongue and down his throat.

"Lan.. Zhan.." Wei Ying moaned loudly, his hips bucking wildly while he shook with the aftereffects of his orgasm.

He was suddenly flipped around by the strong pair of hands, making his ass face Lan Wangji who hovered over him and untied his forehead ribbon. Lan Wangji tied it firmly around Wei Ying's wrists as he proceeded to trail his calloused fingers all over his hip.

"W-Wait Lan Zhan!"

"No. Cannot anymore." Lan Wangji replied hoarsely and Wei Ying whimpered hearing his man's delicious voice. He loved it when Lan Wangji became rough with him as it felt like his own personal way of getting intoxicated.

Lan Wangji licked his fingers thoroughly, as he spread Wei Ying's legs with one hand. Unable to hold back anymore, he breached his beloved's hole as Wei Ying inhaled sharply. Wei Ying moaned at the stretch, the fullness, the slight burn his fingers caused making him lean back into Lan Wangji's hands. He panted heavily and wetly on to the bedding as he felt Lan Wangji's fingers slipping in and out of him. Wei Ying searched for friction against the sheets as a loud, agonizing whine left his lips when he felt Lan Wangji's fingers move even deeper inside him.

"Lan.. Zhan.. Enough.. Please.. More.." Wei Ying panted as he struggled to get up.

Lan Wangji pulled back his fingers and Wei Ying scrambled to his knees, straddling Lan Wangji, trapping him in between his knees. Their lengths rubbed against each other as Lan Wangji groaned low at the back of his throat, as Wei Ying reached behind himself grabbing Lan Wangji's length.

"Let me ride you.. Er-gege!" Wei Ying whispered seductively as Lan Wangji held his hips, guiding him, leaving open mouthed kisses on the exposed line of Wei Ying's neck.

He rose on his knees and carefully sank down on Lan Wangji's erected dick- the push and stretch making him throw his head back, while Lan Wangji watched his beloved's movements with wild eyes. After an excruciating moment, Wei Ying settled on a rhythm, slow at first but growing frantic as he became accustomed to the sensation. Lan Zhan held him close, arms wrapped around his torso, his hips coming up to meet Wei Ying's erratic movements. On a whim, Wei Ying arched his back, leaning away from Lan Zhan, and the shift in the angle made him scramble for Lan Zhan's arms, clinging on to him desperately as the pleasure took over his senses.

He slammed down even harder, held up by Lan Zhan's strong arms, their bodies making obscene sounds where they met over their laboured breathing. Lan Wangji was able to manage powerful thrusts even from such a position as Wei Ying blabbered unconsciously,

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan..ngh.."

Half of Lan Zhan wanted to come quickly, the other half wanted to savor the pleasure coursing through his veins. Another broken sob slipped from Wei Ying as Lan Wangji offered a quieter, lower one in return.

Wei Ying whined, "Ngh.. s-so good-always so good to me, Lan zhan! Hanguang Jun!" the 'Jun' was unexpectedly torn from him in a hoarse shout when Lan Wangji's hips bucked up sharply.

Lan Wangji was going insane. His beloved's broken moans and whines were making him even harder than possible as he couldn't take it anymore. He wrapped his arms around Wei Ying's waist and rolled them over. The following thrust was so hard that Wei Ying screamed with pleasure.

Lan Wangji's responding sound was low and deep, but since he rarely made sounds like that, it only spurred Wei Ying on.

He rolled his hips up meeting Lan Wangji's thrusts eagerly. The forehead ribbon around his wrists were now damp with their combined sweat but no one seemed to bother. Lan Wangji captured his lips in a searing kiss as he groaned against Wei Ying's mouth and chose a brutal pace, thrusting into Wei Ying harder than before.

Wei Ying cried out as tears sprang to his eyes. He threw his head back clinging to Lan Wangji's neck with his tied wrists. He squeezed his eyes shut in pleasure, lips parting to release his panting moans.

Lan Wangji's breaths had grown deliciously loud, his pace slowing as he moaned, "Wei Ying!"

Wei Ying cried out at the sound of his name, as Lan Zhan wrapped his fingers around him, and then Wei Ying was arching off the bed, madly thrusting into his fist.

Wei Ying moaned brokenly gripping his arms so hard that it was sure to leave marks, "L-L-Lan Zhan.. Wa-wait I-I am"

Lan Wangji grunted softly, stroking him without fault and on cue, heat rushed up Wei Ying's body, his vision flashed white, his expression contorting with pleasure. With a final thrust he spilled over Lan Wangji's fingers, biting out a hoarse cry. He felt Lan Wangji's gaze on him, and that only made it more intense.

Lan Wangji managed another thrust before he stilled. A long, breathless "Wei Ying-" broke from his lips as he curled forward into Wei Ying.

They both were a panting mess, as Lan Wangji pulled Wei Ying to his side, regardless of the mess they were in. For a long moment no one spoke or moved. Wei Ying buried his face against Lan Wangji's heated chest as he mumbled, "I think.. you broke me."

Softly, almost silently Lan Wangji chuckled against his skin, pressing a soft kiss against his

forehead.

"Lan.. Zhan..I am gonna sleep.. Good night.. I love you." Wei Ying yawned as he snuggled closer to his human pillow.

"I love you Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji gazed at him with adoration as he held his beloved's body close, finally drifting off to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay.. so i have an announcement. I may not post anything for two weeks as my exams are coming up. But after that, I will definitely finish this story.

But who knows..maybe I'll end up updating sooner 😊😊

Enjoy everyone

Regards, nanami and disha

# The Angry Yiling Laozu and A Confession

## Chapter Summary

SURPRISE! I HAVE UPDATED!

This is a super long chapter 😊 I just couldn't stop writing.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was almost three months, after the nighthunt incident. Wei Ying was happily living his life in the cloud recesses, yet somehow the whole cultivation world had been thrown into a state of chaos, as soon as the news of Yiling Laozu being alive had been spread. To be honest, Wei Ying was not that bothered, because it was the truth. Even Lan Wangji couldn't care less about what the sects thought. The four powerful sects of the cultivation world were in support of Wei Ying's return much to the horror of the others. Even Nie Huaisang sent his best wishes to his former classmate in the form of a gift-which was a book on dual cultivation and a beautifully crafted fan.

Wei Ying had laughed his butt off seeing the gift, whereas Lan Wangji could only blush furiously. Although they both were a bit wary of Huaisang, seeing as how methodically he planned all the things before the Guyanin Temple, for now, they could think that he was on their side. Jin Ling and Jiang Cheng were on very good terms with Wei Ying now, although they fought almost everyday regarding very foolish things.

Just like how when a week back, when they were in Lotus Pier to visit his so called 'dear brother', Wei Ying had barged into an ongoing meeting with a tray of dumplings and went straight for Jiang Cheng who looked neither surprised nor happy. It was strange for the Yunmeng disciples to see their leader being so calm headed and passive about the whole situation, seeing how he reacted in the past. It probably started since Jiang Cheng came back from the cloud recesses three months ago after the nighthunt. Since then, he had been way more understanding and calm. He even stopped flipping Zidian at the disciples and was way more lenient with everyone.

So after Wei Ying barged into the hall, he shoved the tray of dumplings towards him to taste, saying it was from a vendor they both loved. But turns out, as much as Wei Ying liked it, Jiang Cheng hated it. He immediately started sputtering curses towards his brother who in turn started fighting with the leader. In the middle of the meeting.

It was almost like when they were kids. Jiang Cheng was living a happy life and his whole aura and face screamed of peace. They ended up bickering like idiots and only stopped when Lan Wangji stepped into the hall, making them notice the whole situation. Jiang Cheng was embarrassed but yet, he didn't regret one second of it.

When Jin Ling heard what had happened, he almost fell down from his throne, laughing like a

madman. He couldn't believe his strict and hotheaded uncle would fight with his other crazy uncle about dumplings, in the middle of an ongoing meeting. It was hilarious. He was now, a stable leader and had made LanLing Jin Sect progress a lot from what was left of it, after Jin GuangYao's death. The advisors chosen by both of his uncles were very reliable and supportive and everything was just right. Right now, the Jin Sect had been preparing for a huge banquet for the celebration of one year completion of Jin Ling's position as the Sect Leader. Sizhui and Jingyi were in Jinlintai helping him with the preparations.

After Lan Wangji showed Lan Qiren his beloved's talisman about preserving consciousness, the Old Man had complimented Wei Ying almost reluctantly. The old man didn't like the chaotic mess Wei Ying was, but he knew he was extremely smart and talented. So after a lot of pestering from Lan Xichen, Sizhui and Jingyi, Lan Qiren had officially declared Wei Ying as a teacher of the Gusu Lan Sect. Although, he wasn't allowed to use demonic cultivation, Wei Ying had made sure that the disciples knew everything about it. It wouldn't hurt them, if they knew exactly what they were dealing with.

Within a month, he had become the star teacher in the cloud recesses. The disciples followed him everywhere! Everywhere, like little ducklings which both the Jades of Lan found amusing. His class was way more advanced than the other classes taught by other elders and that made the elders extremely unhappy. Wei Ying believed in a practical approach towards his lessons rather than just blindly following textbooks. He would make them use talismans and swords, making them choose what they wanted to do in a particular lesson. He would take the senior disciples into several nighthunts, making them face their enemies head on, so that they would never back down when they actually faced a dire situation. In short, he was loved here. By everyone.

Today, they would be leaving for JinLintai, for Jin Ling's banquet and Lan Wangji was waiting by the entrance of the Cloud Recesses, for his beloved. He was supposed to finish his class fifteen minutes ago, yet there was no sign of him anywhere. He got to see less of his Wei Ying during the day, but Wei Ying always managed to slip in a kiss or a wink his way whenever he could. It was heartwarming. Lan Xichen had already left for the banquet before them and promised he would meet them there.

"Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan, Lan Zhan!!!" Wei Ying's cheerful voice sounded from behind as a smile made its way onto Lan Wangji's lips. He could never get tired of listening to his beloved's voice ever.

Lan Wangji turned around only to stagger backwards a bit, as a warm and muscular body threw himself over him tackling him into a bone crushing hug. Lan Wangji chuckled ever so lightly as he hugged Wei Ying back making his insides turn mushy.

Wei Ying pulled back a little as he placed a sloppy kiss on his man's cheek. "Sorry, I am late! I was teaching the little Lan cultivators how to use a fire talisman! Can you believe? They are already so ahead of their syllabus! I am so proud!" Wei Ying kept on blabbering.

Lan Wangji could only smile as he said, "Wei Ying is a good teacher."

Wei Ying blushed as he hid his face on Lan Wangji's shoulder, "Lan Zhan! That's not the truth! The disciples are really talented, I only guide them a little. In the other world when I taught my students, they would offer me proposals and ask me out a date" he finished with a chuckle.

Lan Wangji's hands tightened around his waist as Wei Ying laughed. "Lan Zhan.. I never accepted

anyone's proposal. Even when I was away from you, I could never imagine my life with anyone but you."

Wei Ying could almost hear Lan Wangji's smile as he pulled back.

"Let us go. We are already late." Lan Wangji said, pecking Wei Ying's forehead.

Wei Ying grinned and nodded. Both of them mounted their swords as flew towards the direction of Jinlintai.

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Koi tower was buzzing with chatter and laughter. All the sects were invited today for the banquet and everyone was in a mood of celebration. But at the back of their minds, everyone knew that today, the Yiling Laozu was gonna attend the banquet too. The path towards the entrance of the tower was covered with flower petals and on both the sides, beautiful maidens stood, greeting the Sects and their leaders showering them with infinite flower petals. The whole koi tower was decorated beautifully and even Jin Ling had dressed up in gorgeous golden and white robes, accompanied by a crown gracing his head. He was waiting by the entrance for his Uncle Wei, so that he didn't feel unwelcomed and awkward. He knew, his uncle was full of smiles and jokes, but on the inside, he too was sensitive.

Soon all the chatter stopped as the guard announced the entrance of the Chief Cultivator Hanguang Jun and the Yiling Laozu together. Everyone paused and stared at the two men who were standing side by side on the other end of the entrance. Hanguang Jun looked pristine as ever, with his cloud patterned robes and his flowing long hair. His face was as serious as it always has been but he looked gorgeous nonetheless. He was staring at the man by his side who was a stark contrast to this beautiful looking man. Wei Wuxian was standing with a devilish grin on his face, wearing his black and red robes- Suibian and Chenqing strapped by his waist securely. Gasps were heard as indeed the information of Yiling Laozu returning was true.

Wei Ying looked extremely handsome, with his dark grey eyes shining brightly and his now grown hair tied up in a high ponytail reaching upto his shoulders. The red ribbon of his hair was flowing in rhythm with Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon making the couple look like they were from a painting. A painting of a beautiful angel and a handsome devil.

They started walking towards the entrance, amidst the whispers of the cultivators, as the young maidens smiled beautifully at the two of them showering them with flowers. Jin Ling was happy to see that his uncle was gladly on time, as he felt a presence behind his back. He didn't need to turn to know who that was. Jiang Cheng had also joined Jin Ling and the whispers died within an instant.

Wei Ying was grinning as he waved at his nephew and brother with joy while giving brief glances towards the maidens who were throwing flowers at him. He could only nod and move forward as he was not that interested in maidens anymore. He turned towards his Lan Wangji when he paused seeing the situation.

Lan Wangji was holding a red peony thrown by a maiden and was smiling at her!

Wei Ying's blood boiled. He gazed towards the direction Lan Wangji was staring at and saw a beautiful female, wearing cultivator robes smiling back at HIS Lan Wangji!

How could Lan Wangji smile at someone else? Wei Ying thought, that smile was only for his eyes only! Lan Wangji never smiled at anyone! He would occasionally smile at A-Yuan, Lan Xichen and even Jin Ling, but never to anyone else. Wei Ying knew what he felt was jealousy, but somehow he was unable to control his raging and furious heart.

But in reality, Wei Ying forgot to notice Lan Wangji's far away look and his glazed eyes. He misunderstood Lan Wangji's nostalgic smile and his thoughts, which only consisted of his Wei Ying.

Sensing Wei Ying's presence, Lan Wangji turned back, his eyes fond and his mouth still full of smile, but halted when he saw his beloved's eyes. Wei Ying was still smiling at him, but only Lan Wangji could see the hidden rage and fire behind them. Wei Ying's smile was charming to the outsiders but to Lan Wangji, it was devious and almost scary.

"JiuJiu.. Why is Uncle Wei looking at Hanguang Jun like that?" Jin Ling asked, a bit uncomfortable by the scene in front of him.

"Because Wei Wuxian is dumb." Jiang Cheng snorted. He clearly understood what Wei Wuxian's smile meant, but he kept quiet about it. His brother really was dumb.

Wei Ying walked up to Lan Wangji, still smiling and quietly took the peony from him, hiding it within his lapels. "Let's go, Hanguang Jun. Jin Ling is waiting!"

Lan Wangji didn't know what had bothered Wei Ying that much, but he could only nod, his face becoming stoic and serious again.

They both started walking again as Wei Ying glanced at the female cultivator one last time, from the corner of his eyes. The female cultivator was busy talking to someone and didn't notice the murdering glare the Yiling Laozu was giving her.

As soon as they reached the entrance, Jin Ling bowed, "Hanguang Jun!" and stood up straight to glance at his uncle who looked better than how he looked moments ago. Jiang Cheng too, greeted Lan Wangji and just nodded towards his brother, whose eyes brightened at an instant following that small action.

"Hey! you didn't greet me!" Wei Ying whined, back to his normal self, "My nephew doesn't love me anymore Lan Zhan!" he turned towards the white clad figure and fake sobbed onto his shoulders.

"You are so dramatic!" Jin Ling groaned and then what he did, surprised everyone present. Including Jiang Cheng.

Jin Ling wrapped his arms around his uncle's torso and mumbled something which resembled to, "Don't make this a habit."

Wei Ying was stunned. Gasps were heard and the whispers increased tenfold, as everyone witnessed the moment of affection between the Jin Sect Leader and Wei Wuxian.

Before Wei Ying could even hug him back, Jin Ling had pulled back and turned around mostly flustered by his actions. With a stutter, he called out "D-Don't just stand there! come in."



Wei Ying felt pure bliss and happiness, the moment of rage and jealousy completely forgotten by his nephew's actions. He turned to Lan Wangji with watery eyes which spoke millions of words in seconds. Lan Wangji smiled understanding every word of it.

Jin Ling had openly acknowledged Wei Ying as his uncle in front of the whole cultivation world. He had showed them, that Wei Wuxian was not just the Yiling Laozu, but his family and that he loved him. He was honored. He was so overwhelmed by this little display of affection.

"Wei Wuxian! Move your legs!" Jiang Cheng snapped but it came out more of a tired groan.

Wei Ying could only chuckle as he held Lan Wangji's robes and walked inside the koi tower. Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi had rushed towards them as soon as they entered attacking Wei Ying with their experiences since they were here. They both were senior disciples, yet they acted like mere children whenever Wei Ying was around. Lan Wangji could only smile fondly towards them as he didn't want to disrupt their time with his beloved. He felt glad, that as much as Wei Ying had suffered hatred before, he was getting twice the amount of love this time.

All the sects were seated on both sides of the throne properly, chattering and having a good time. Jiang Cheng was sitting with Wei Ying on one table closest to the throne, while Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen sat adjacent to them on another table. Wei Ying saw Nie Huaisang waving at him from the opposite side like a teenage boy and he too replied the wave with the same enthusiasm.

Wei Ying felt a little uncomfortable and was shuffling in his seat as all the eyes were focused on him. All the sect leaders were whispering and giving him somewhat wary glances, as if he was someone who cannot be trusted. Lan Wangji could only hold his hand underneath the tables and squeeze it reassuringly to which Wei Ying gave him a grateful smile.

"Don't listen to the useless shit they are muttering. You have better things to worry about."

Wei Ying turned to Jiang Cheng who was quietly drinking his wine looking straight ahead. He gave him a glance and continued, "I don't remember Wei Wuxian being so dull when it came to banquets."

That made Wei Ying crack a brilliant smile. "Jiang Cheng.. I am flattered! I could definitely hug you right now!"

"Don't test your luck Wei Wuxian!" Jiang Cheng snapped which made Wei Ying burst out in laughter. He felt much better now.

Time was moving on, yet there was no sign of Jin Ling who was supposed to enter the hall and ascend the throne so that the banquet could officially start. The cultivators were getting impatient and Jiang Cheng was getting annoyed.

"Where is that brat!" Jiang Cheng muttered angrily.

"We should go check up on him." Wei Ying muttered worriedly and turned around to face Sizhui who was sitting just behind their table, "you were with Jin Ling right? Was anything wrong with him?"

Sizhui blushed a bit but answered properly, "No dad, he was fine. I left him when he said he wanted

a moment alone."

Jiang Cheng had heard what Sizhui said and got up instantly followed by Wei Ying. "I'll be back Lan Zhan." He whispered to Lan Wangji who nodded.

They both went out of the banquet hall and were about to turn towards Jin Ling's room when they saw Jin Ling standing outside his room, pacing back and forth.

"Jin Ling! What do you think you're doing? You are a Sect Leader, have you forgotten that?" Jiang Cheng roared.

Jin Ling's eyes widened as he saw his two uncles staring at him-one with worry, one with anger.

"I-I just needed a moment.." Jin ling huffed.

"YOU-"

Jiang Cheng was stopped by Wei Ying who just shook his head. Jiang Cheng glared at him but stopped nonetheless. Wei Ying went forward and put his hands on his nephew's shoulders, making the junior look towards him.

"Are you scared Jin Ling?" Wei Ying asked softly.

Jiang Cheng snapped his eyes towards their direction while Jin Ling shrugged himself off from Wei Ying's hold. "Why would I be scared? Who do you think I am?"

Wei Ying sighed. His nephew was way too much like his brother. He put his hands again on Jin Ling's shoulders firmly as he spoke, "Its okay if you are scared. I know you had to become a Sect Leader sooner than you'd like, but its okay Jin Ling. I know you are worried about what people would say and how they scrutinize your every movement, but don't be."

Wei Ying pointed his fingers towards Jiang Cheng and continued, "That man, had to build his entire sect from scratch when he was your age. He had to go on a brutal war, and had to go against me even. He too had no one to support him! But look at him now, he is one of the strongest cultivators this world has seen"

Jiang Cheng let out a shaky breath as he kept glancing at his brother.

"But Jin Ling, you have both me and Jiang Cheng. You don't have to go through anything alone ever again. So chin up and face your throne with bravery. We both are very proud of you and I am sure even Shijie and the peac-" Wei ying stopped himself before he could utter the full word, earning a cough from Jiang Cheng, "Shijie and Jin Zixuan would've been proud as well."

Jin Ling stared at both of the men with watery eyes as he hurriedly pulled both of them into a hug.

Jiang Cheng covered his face with one of his hands as he patted the junior's head, while Wei Ying was hugging both of them grinning adorably. Sometimes, a little word of encouragement is what someone needs to pump up their spirits.

Jin Ling hurriedly pulled away and set his robes properly.

"You two are way too sappy!" Jiang Cheng grumbled.

"Hey!" Both Jin Ling and Wei Ying shouted simultaneously.

"Come on now. We will be going." Wei Ying said as both of them turned around to walk away when Jin Ling stopped them.

"Wait!"

Both the men paused.

"W-Walk with me?" Jin Ling spoke, stuttering a bit. He was unsure about how would they react, but he still wanted someone to walk with him till he reached the throne. He didn't have his parents but indeed he had his uncles.

"You are such a pain!" Jiang Cheng huffed, but then replied anyway, "Come on!"

Jin Ling smiled brightly as he moved forward while Jiang Cheng and Wei Ying walked behind him.

The banquet hall came to a silence, when Jin Ling entered the hall, his head up and proud while Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian strolled behind him on both sides. The sight was truly magnetic, as everyone realized that Jin Ling had the two best and most powerful guardians he could ever hope for-Sandu Shengshou and the Yiling Laozu.

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The banquet was still going on in full swing and everyone seemed to have accepted the fact that Wei Ying was alive and he had no malicious intent. Some few moments earlier, Sect Leader Yao had questioned Wei Ying's intentions behind coming back to life and had quoted, 'How should we believe he will let peace prevail?'

Before Lan Wangji could answer, everyone had heard the crackling sounds of Zidian on Jiang Cheng's finger and even Jin Ling had spoken up, 'My uncle has proven his innocence and it was because of him, everyone could track down the real culprit, who was indeed causing chaos. I will not hesitate to take action if anyone else badmouthed my uncle anymore!'

The way Jin Ling had spoken up, even Lan Wangji felt proud of him. Wei Ying had literally hugged him and cried with happiness for one straight minute without pause. Everything was falling into place and he couldn't be happier.

"Wei-Xiong, I heard everything." Nie Huaisang spoke as Wei Ying was about to drown one more cup of wine.

"Nothing could be kept away from you Nie-Xiong" Wei Ying grinned, as he drowned the alcohol and stood up.

"You give me way too credit. I am not that great Wei-Xiong. By the way did you get my gifts?" He asked, flipping his fan open and fanning himself with it lightly.

Wei Ying laughed nervously, "I-I did get it. You are too forward Huaisang."

"I am surprised you didn't realize Lan Wangji's intentions for you sooner. I always thought you knew."

Wei Ying sighed, "Trust me, if I'd known, I would've done something about it."

Suddenly Nie Huaisang's eyes travelled past Wei Ying and he squinted, "What is that girl doing?"

Wei Ying turned around swiftly and instantly he saw red.

That girl from before, who threw the peony towards Lan Wangji was pushing a glass of wine towards him, her body language being very expressive of her intentions.

In a flash of a second, a high 'clang' sound resonated throughout the banquet hall, halting the chatter of people instantly. Jin Ling and Jiang Cheng rushed to the scene only to get a huge shock.

Wei Ying was standing in front of Lan Wangji, his now red glowing eyes staring at a female cultivator who looked a little scared but held her ground.

On the ground, lay a wine glass now empty of its contents as Sizhui hurried towards his dad, seeing his red eyes. He had seen the whole thing and he knew, his dad was very pissed off.

"Senior Wei!" Sizhui grabbed his hand, as he turned towards Hanguang Jun who looked stunned. He had never seen Wei Ying this angry since he came back and he didn't know what he could do. Even if he was the mighty Hanguang Jun, he knew interrupting Wei Ying would only rile him up more.

Wei Ying turned to his son, his temper softening significantly, the redness of his eyes lowering in intensity but still lingering in the pupils.

"Uncle Wei! what happened?" Jin Ling asked. Wei Ying could only stare at her, his face serious and his jaw clenched.

"Shen Mingyan! Care to explain?" Jin Ling asked annoyed. He knew the girl was a stubborn and desperate one. She was from the Shen sect, which was under Jin Sect. She was the daughter of the leader and was a clever yet annoying girl.

"N-Nothing! I was just trying to offer Hanguang Jun a glass of wine that's all! But then suddenly Master Wei came and threw the glass out of my hands." Shen Mingyan explained with a faux innocent tone.

"You should know that the Gusu Lan Clan don't drink. Have you got no sense?" Jin Ling retorted.

"I-I was just trying to be nice! Hanguang Jun was standing alone so I just went to greet him."

Wei Ying's fists clenched as the red eyes glowed maliciously once again. Lan Wangji was worried. This was not good. Wei Ying had too much power now-the golden core and his resentment together was hard to control.

"I think you should really stop disturbing his excellency Miss Shen." Wei Ying finally spoke, his tone dark and frightening.

Shen Mingyan now truly understood how talking to the Yiling Laozu felt like. She gulped hard and nodded obediently. She turned around and hastily walked away.

Wei Ying calmed down significantly as he heard Lan Wangji calling softly, "Wei Ying.."

Wei Ying turned around, his eyes still glowing red and without giving a damn about the whole gathering he grabbed Lan Wangji's wrist roughly and started pulling him towards the guest quarters.

"Uncle should we?" Jin Ling asked, unsure about the whole thing.

"No. Attend to the guests. He will be fine." Jiang Cheng glowered as he turned away. Jin Ling could only sigh as he went to join Sizhui who too was looking at him with the same expression.

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Wei Ying dragged Lan Wangji harshly towards their room and Lan Wangji could only tag along, unsure of how to calm his beloved down. They reached their room, and Wei Ying shut the doors loudly. He pushed Lan Wangji against the door and smashed his lips against Lan Wangji in a rough kiss. Lan Wangji was too shocked to respond but opened his lips when Wei Ying bit them harshly. Lan Wangji was about to put his arms around him, when Wei Ying grabbed them and pushed it above his head, holding it there- firm and strong.

"Wei.. Ying... What is wrong?" Lan Wangji asked, once Wei Ying let go of his lips, his one hand still holding Lan Wangji's hands above his head.

Wei Ying backed away casually, still staring at his Lan Zhan with bright red eyes. He put his free hand inside his lapels and took out the red peony that the girl had thrown towards him.

Lan Wangji's eyes widened slightly before it dawned on him.

"You accepted her red peony Hanguang Jun.." Wei Ying spoke, his voice deep and dark, "Do you know what a red peony means?"

"Wei Ying.. Wait!" Lan Wangji tried to explain, but Wei Ying leaned in towards Lan Wangji's face, cutting him off- until their faces were just inches apart.

"Lan Zhan, you only give red peonies to someone whom you want to show your love to.." Wei Ying spoke, his voice merely a whisper. Lan Wangji shuddered against him as he stared.

"And you accepted it.. " Wei Ying paused, the tips of their noses touching and their eyelashes brushing against each other.

Lan Wangji was having a hard time. He wanted to explain everything, but at the same time he wanted to kiss Wei Ying too.

Wei Ying pulled back a little and clenched the flower in his palm. Within seconds, a red glow

appeared from his closed fist, followed by the sounds of something crumbling. After he opened his palm, instead of the peony, there was nothing but ashes.

Lan Wangji was taken aback. Wei Ying never held dominance before in front of him, but now that he did, Lan Wangji was almost finding this somewhat.. attractive..

"Wei Ying.. let me-"

Wei Ying leaned forward again, flicked his tongue out and licked Lan Wangji's lips. Lan Wangji froze instantly.

"You even smiled at her my Hanguang Jun!" he spoke while brushing his lips against Lan Wangji's, teasing him endlessly.

Lan Wangji struggled against his iron like grip but Wei Ying was strong. Wei Ying's teasing always made him unable to bear his instincts-which was taking him hard.

"Lan Zhan, if you didn't smile at her before, maybe she couldn't muster up the courage to offer you a drink. Don't you think so?" Wei Ying spoke near his ear, followed by a gentle bite on the earlobe and a lick against his whole ear.

Lan Wangji stilled. Suddenly he could feel each and every one of the layers he was wearing, overheated and red in the face. He wanted to hide his flushed face as he turned away from Wei Ying.

Wei Ying could feel Lan Wangji's already growing length against his thighs as he smirked.

Wei Ying took Lan Wangji's chin and tilted his head sideways to face him. Lan Wangji's ears were flushed a deep red and his eyes were dilated. Wei Ying licked his lips once more and then surged forward in a punishing kiss. Lan Wangji let out a low groan as Wei Ying deepened the kiss, their tongues colliding, battling for dominance. Wei Ying tugged Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon and started tying it around Lan Wangji's hands.

Lan Wangji broke the kiss almost reluctantly as he gasped, "Wei Ying!"

Wei Ying pushed his hips forward and grinded himself on Lan Wangji, making the white jade of Lan hiss in pleasure.

"You have to have punishment my dear Hanguang Jun. Just to make sure you know where you belong." Wei Ying spoke seductively, his eyes still glowing red, but it held fondness.

Lan Wangji was speechless. Before he could even speak Wei Ying turned them around and pushed Lan Wangji onto the bed. Wei Ying hovered over him and literally tore his robes with his hands as he trailed his finger down Lan Wangji's now naked, smooth chest staring at him hungrily.

"Wei Ying what are you doing?" Lan Wangji whispered fiercely but his body betrayed him, as the tent in his pants was clearly visible to Wei Ying's eyes.

Wei Ying's gazed at Lan Zhan's swollen lips as he himself became harder than before. The sight was truly tantalizing. The mighty Hanguang Jun was lying in front of him defenseless, with tied hands and an exposed chest- at his mercy.

"Do you want me to tell you my Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying leaned down towards Lan Wangji, "Then I am going to tell you exactly what I will be doing."

With that, he positioned himself in between Lan Wangji's legs and leaned in towards Lan Wangji's ear and started explaining in great detail what he wanted to do using the most colorful, intricate terms he could come up with. Lan Wangji closed his eyes, eyebrows pulling together at the way Wei Ying breathed his thoughts. Wei Ying's fingers tightened around Lan Wangji's thighs with every sentence, as his breath grew ragged and his earlobes darkened even further. Wei Ying smirked as he felt both of their lengths straining painfully in their pants. He dropped his tone, continuing even more slowly than before.

Lan Wangji wasn't used to such dirty words and was getting flustered by them, but more than that was the inferno, Wei Ying's description sparked in both of them.

As Wei Ying spoke he began to grind slowly against Lan Wangji, growing more and more breathless the longer he went on. His forehead fell against Lan Wangji's temple, his breaths bursting as he tried to wait patiently.

A ragged 'Wei Ying' slipped out of Lan Wangji, as the effect of his beloved's words grew to be almost too much. Wei Ying pressed a hand against Lan Wangji's heated chest to feel his heart racing even faster than his own. He felt satisfied by the fact that only he and he alone had this power over Hanguang Jun. There was something intoxicating about earning this sort of reaction from someone who barely reacted to others.

Wei Ying was finally done as he pulled back, "How does this sound Lan Zhan?"

Lan Wangji was flushed a deep red as he stared at Wei Ying with dark and hungry eyes. He wanted to surge forward and just kiss the daylights out of Wei Ying but today he was helpless. Wei Ying had him trapped.

As if reading his mind, Wei Ying finally surged forward and pulled him into a kiss. The kiss was so deep and feverish from Wei Ying's teasing that it ignited the flames of Lan Wangji's increasing desire even more. They continued to kiss, biting and letting out soft grunts, parting only slightly when they needed to breathe and continuing again. Lan Wangji groaned, bucking his hips against Wei Ying as his beloved's fingers appeared low on his body. Lan Zhan jerked and almost let out a whimper in anticipation as Wei Ying teased him slowly.

"Does it feel good Er-gege?" Wei Ying pulled from the kiss as he stroked Lan Wangji from above his pants.

Lan Zhan looked like he wanted to devour him, his eyes wild and dilated. There was a fire in them and Wei Ying could only melt from the inside seeing such a sight. Wei Ying reached for the drawstrings of his pants and pulled them down exposing his Lan Zhan's erect length sticking to his firm abs.

"Lan Zhan.. you are so good for me.." Wei Ying trailed as he gazed at the erected length. His mouth watered at the thought of taking Lan Wangji between his lips and making him beg endlessly for his release. Smirking inwardly he wrapped his fingers around Lan Wangji's length and started stroking it gently. Lan Wangji was quiet, but Wei Ying wanted to hear more of his voice, so he started

leaving a trail of kisses along the collar bones of the beautiful man. He left kisses on the dip of his throat, pressed another kiss against the scar left by the Wen brand- he kissed down the sternum and continued kissing his way down. Wei Ying kept him stroking lazily, his grip weak enough that it was nothing more than a tease, just enough to keep him hard and on edge.

Lan Wangji let out a low growl impatiently and Wei Ying could only smile deviously, and finally closed his mouth around the head of Lan Zhan's throbbing length. Above him he heard a sharp intake of breath as he sank deeper, swallowing the hardness wholly. Lan Wangji was big but Wei Ying liked a challenge, so he loosened his throat, breathed through his nose and hollowed his cheeks, sucking wetly.

He bobbed his head up and down tracing the hardness with his tongue- giving a light bite occasionally. He saw Lan Wangji gripping the sheets above his head as his hips started to move more insistently, trying to gain more friction on his length. Lan Zhan seemed to grow a bit more frantic, his hips jerking up from the bedding- and even the steel resolve of Hanguang Jun couldn't stop them. Wei Ying knew he was close, so with a final bob, he pulled off and flicked his gaze towards his beautiful man.

"Wei Ying!" Lan Wangji seethed with frustration. Wei Ying could only smirk and saw the state of his Lan Zhan who looked absolutely obscene. His hair was a mess, his lips shiny with spit and still red and swollen, were parted around desperate intakes of breath, and there was a flush that traveled all the way from his neck down to his chest.

"Ah Lan Zhan.. Didn't I tell you? This is a punishment" Wei Ying leaned down and whispered giving his lips a teasing bite.

Lan Wangji looked like he couldn't take it anymore. He was struggling hard within his tied forehead ribbon as he looked with desperation towards his Wei Ying. Suddenly he was flipped around on his knees making his round ass, face Wei Ying, and his face bury into the sheets

Wei Ying bent over Lan Wangji and flicked his tongue out, licking Lan Wangji's puckered hole. Lan Wangji shivered and let out an obscene moan. His length was weeping with need as Wei Ying continued, giving long slow licks against his hole. He felt the hard surface turn softer against his tongue as he finally pushed his tongue inside, pushing against the inner walls. The sheets couldn't muffle Lan Wangji's moans anymore. Wei Ying was delighted. Every time Wei Ying's tongue hit a different spot inside Lan Wangji, he would let out an equally louder moan. Wei Ying continued to push his tongue in and out, as a clear liquid, oozing out from the entrance, started covering his face.

Pulling back a little he spoke, "Lan Zhan.. You really taste so good."

Lan Wangji could only let out a broken groan as Wei Ying attached himself to his ass again, twirling and curving his tongue inside him in all directions. He felt Lan Wangji arching up to meet his soft thrusts panting heavily. Lan Wangji was a mess both literally and figuratively as he squeezed his fingers against the sheets groaning pitifully, "Wei Ying.. Please.."

Wei Ying hummed and removed his tongue completely denying Lan Wangji another rush of pleasure.

Lan Wangji flopped down on the bed with a thump as Wei Ying heard a sound making his breath hitch in his throat.



He instantly turned over Lan Wangji as he saw his eyes were red and brimming with unshed tears. His body was shaking as his length gave a painful twitch making a mess around his abs. Lan Wangji looked so beautiful yet so debauched and his eyes were staring right towards Wei Ying with need and want.

Wei Yings red eyes disappeared in a flash as he felt a pang of hurt inside. He was delighted to see Lan Zhan being so needy but at the same time he felt like maybe he'd gone too far. He instantly pulled the shaken up Lan Wangji into his arms and hugged the man.

"I am sorry. I bullied you Lan Zhan.." Wei Ying murmured into his hair showering him with soft pecks.

"Wei Ying.. Please."

Wei ying froze as he heard Lan Wangji's request. He pulled back and stared into the eyes of the man he loved so dearly and nodded.

Wei Ying shrugged off his robes getting naked within seconds as he pulled out a vial of oil from his sleeves. Lan Wangji's eyes widened before Wei Ying pushed him down to the bed.

"I promise to make you feel good Er-gege" Wei Ying whispered as he poured the oil onto his fingers thoroughly.

He leaned down and kissed Lan Wangji's chest while breaching him for the first time. Lan Zhan tensed beneath him for a moment and then relaxed against the intrusion. He felt tight and hot around Wei Ying's fingers and Wei Ying didn't know how he would stop himself from losing his mind completely, in a matter of moments once he was inside. He kept prepping up Lan Wangji adding fingers once he felt him relax enough to bear it.

"Lan Zhan.. you have no idea how good you look like this.." Wei Ying whispered against Lan Wangji's neck biting it softly.

Once Lan Zhan felt sufficiently pliant enough, Wei Ying withdrew his fingers and poured the vial of oil onto his own hard member which had been erect since they both entered the room. Wei Ying hissed as he felt the cold substance coating his length and then he ran a hand down Lan Zhan's thigh, before pushing his leg up and forward to make it easier for the both of them.

Positioning himself before Lan Wangji's entrance, Wei Ying whispered, "Breathe."

He started sinking inside Lan Wangji biting his lips from the foreign sensation. Underneath him Lan Wangji's breathing went ragged and suddenly Wei Ying got a little worried.

"Lan Zhan.. are you okay?" he looked towards his man to see his eyes were closed and his face scrunched up in an obscene way.

There was a moment of silence before Lan Wangji spoke up with a choked voice, "Its..a lot."

"Tell me if it becomes too much.." Wei Ying said and sank further into him, rocking gently, allowing Lan Wangji's body to adjust to the intrusion. Eventually Lan Wangji's breathing evened out, but it was the longest wait of Wei Ying's entire life. Wei Ying felt like he was burning up,

drops of sweat gathering at his hairline and running down his back as Lan Wangji's insides gripped onto his length fiercely.

Finally with his forehead pressed against Lan Wangji's temple, he started moving, overwhelmed at the sensation. It felt so, so good. Lan Wangji felt amazing around him, surrounding him with his heat, the scent of sandalwood lingering between their bodies.

Wei Ying went slow at first, his hips working in languid, shallow thrusts even though he just wanted to bury himself inside Lan Zhan and fuck him until he cried out Wei Ying's name into the air around them, so that everyone could hear that Lan Wangji belonged to Wei Wuxian.

"Lan Zhan.. Lan Zhan you feel so good.." Wei Ying said half coherent with lust as Lan Zhan arched his back in response taking in him deeper. Lan Zhan was breathing heavily now, pushing back against Wei Ying's thrusts. Audible moans and gasps were escaping Lan Zhan's lips and Wei Ying could not have been any happier.

Lan Wangji was writhing. His expression contorted with the mix of pain and pleasure. Being so close for such a long time had made everything more intense. Every languid thrust of Wei Ying felt like fire across his skin. He was exhausted and desperate and couldn't stop his tears.

"Wei Ying.. no more.. Please." Lan Wangji tried to buck his hips up, and Wei Ying finally nodded.

Wei Ying pounded into his entrance, his hips meeting Lan Wangji's, making his length go deeper in him hitting a certain spot. Once he hit that spot, Lan Zhan let out a lewd moan. Wei Ying grinned as he found his man's spot and adjusted his hips so that he could thrust relentlessly towards that single spot. He couldn't believe his ears as his stoic and immaculate Hanguang Jun was making such obscene noises- it was almost surreal.

Pleasure numbed Lan Wangji's senses as Wei Ying pulled back and entered in harder thrusts. He jolted with each one, fingers digging into the bedding above him. Tears blurred his vision and he groaned hoarsely. His eyes were squeezed shut, and he felt his length sway and throb with each thrust.

Wei Ying's thrusts grew harder and deeper. He nudged Lan Zhan's legs further apart and held his waist with one hand, fingers gripping him hard- hard enough to leave marks.

Lan Wangji was shaking. It didn't take him long to reach the edge. He rolled his hips back to meet Wei Ying's increasing thrusts. He was nearly blinded by the force of his pleasure. Everything in his body tensed as Wei Ying reached and brushed his swollen tip with a finger.

White hot pleasure exploded within him with a violent force. A pitifully long series of sounds broke from his lips as he finally came. His back arched, his head slammed down onto the pillow, his hips jerked- he couldn't say for certainty what happened after that. All his senses felt blocked, narrowing in on the blinding pulse of his length, the perfect grip of Wei Ying's fingers and the breathy sound of Wei Ying made at his neck.

He vaguely felt Wei Ying managing a final thrust with a loud groan and hazily felt his fingers tighten on his ass, as he followed him over the edge.

Both of them lay tangled in each other, gasping for breath. Lan Wangji's mind was fuzzy as he

hadn't felt pleasure this intense ever. Now he understood how Wei Ying felt every time he did this to him. He felt Wei Ying shuffle next to him as he untied the forehead ribbon from his hands. Lan Wangji's wrists ached with a dull pain but he wasn't complaining.

Wei Ying got up and went deeper inside the room as Lan Wangji could hear the faint sounds of splashing water. Suddenly he felt his body being picked up by a pair of strong arms and looked up to see a sheepishly grinning Wei Ying.

He put Lan Wangji in a tub of warm water, as Wei Ying sat by his side, outside the tub.

Lan Wangji felt warmth gathering in his heart. Just like he took care of his Wei Ying, he too was being taken care of by his beloved.

"Lan Zhan.. Let me help you clean up." Wei Ying spoke softly, still stark naked as he lathered soap onto Lan Zhan's exposed back. Lan Wangji could only smile softly and sit like an obedient child.

"Lan Zhan.. I am sorry."

Lan Wangji froze and glanced at his beloved over his shoulders. He knew why Wei Ying was mad, and somehow found it extremely adorable.

"I know, you just accepted the flower out of courtesy and you could never love anyone except me, but I was so mad! I was so mad at her because she was being mushy mushy with MY MAN!" Wei Ying grumbled, "I couldn't help but get jealous and ended being cruel to you. I didn't mean to.. it doesn't hurt does it?"

Wei Ying looked worriedly towards Lan Wangji who was just staring at him with fond eyes. He turned and grabbed Wei Ying, pulling him up with inhumane strength and bringing him down onto his lap making the water splash everywhere.

"Lan Zhan! Give me some kind of a warning will you?" Wei Ying yelped.

Lan Wangji immediately hugged his beloved and spoke, "Wei Ying can never hurt me."

Wei Ying sighed as he hugged Lan Wangji back. How did he get so lucky?

"The peony.. It is a memory I cherish. Wei Ying used to throw peonies at me before, so I was thinking about it then. I could see no one except you in front of my eyes." Lan Wangji spoke softly.

Wei Ying was stunned! He never heard Lan Wangji speaking so many words at the same time. And instantly his eyes watered. This man was thinking about him even at that time? He felt so stupid. He groaned against Lan Wangji's shoulder as he spoke, "Ugh I am such a fool! I even punished you like that.."

Lan Wangji was quiet but after a moment he whispered, taking Wei Ying aback, "I liked it."

Wei Ying pulled back, his eyes as big as saucers as he sputtered out, "Y-You liked it???"

Lan Wangji nodded, his ears turning a bright pink making Wei Ying laugh out loud. "Who knew, our Hanguang Jun is so lewd?"

Lan Wangji blushed further as he turned his beloved away, "Finish bath. Then sleep."

Wei Ying happily leaned against his man's chest and nodded his head. He felt Lan Wangji's arms around him as he spoke, "I love you Wei Ying."

Wei Ying's heart fluttered as he mumbled, "I love you everyday."

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Wei Ying was pacing back and forth in their room. It was just 9pm but Lan Wangji had fallen asleep even before it. After the bath Wei Ying had arranged food, decent enough to Lan Zhan's liking and they had finished an early dinner. They even went to the bed together so that they both could fall asleep but it exactly didn't happen that way.

After realizing what happened today, Wei Ying had this huge urge to shout out to the world that Lan Wangji was his. They hadn't made their relationship public- of course Jiang Cheng and Jin Ling knew, the entire Cloud Recesses knew and even Nie Huaisang knew. But others, they didn't know. But Wei Ying wanted them to know. Since then he had been pacing in their room thinking about what to do. He had a few ideas but he was just wasn't sure enough.

He went towards his man's sleeping figure and left a lingering kiss on his forehead. With that he left the guest quarters and started walking towards the Jin Sect's main hall. By now the banquet must be over and so he passed the guards by the entrance who bowed towards him and pushed the doors open.

Five pairs of eyes turned towards him as he entered the hall in a rush. Jiang Cheng and Lan Xichen were sitting on a table discussing something in a dead serious way, while Jin Ling, Sizhui and Jingyi were just talking casually.

"Dad! Are you okay?" Sizhui was the first one who spoke up, seeing his fathers furrowed eyebrows.

"Wait.. dad?" Jin Ling asked stunned, "Since when do you call him dad?"

Sizhui blushed as he stammered, "Since he came back."

"So now, I have another nephew? great." Jiang Cheng snorted, "Wei Wuxian! Why was I not informed about this?"

"Jiang Cheng, go easy on your brother," Lan Xichen smiled softly and then turned towards Jingyi, "Wangji and Master Wei have decided to officially adopt Jingyi too."

Jingyi blushed as he looked away while Sizhui laughed lightly.

"So.. now I have three nephews? Oh heavens save me!" Jiang Cheng groaned to which Jin Ling only rolled his eyes.

Wei Ying wasn't sure how to approach them with his plan, as he was enjoying the moment of fun and casual conversation his family was having right now. But he had to buck up if he wanted to finish this before time.

"Everyone!" Wei Ying spoke loudly, "I need your help." and bowed in front of the five people who only stared at him with wide eyes.

"What do you want?" Jin Ling asked curious.

...

"WHAT???" Everyone except Lan Xichen shouted when they heard what Wei Ying wanted to do; Lan Xichen could only smile brightly, his eyes dripping with joy.

"Yes and that's why I need your help. Please." Wei Ying requested in a sincere way.

"But dad, will we be able to complete the preparations by time?" Sizhui asked, although he was extremely happy to hear it.

"It's a lot!" Jin Ling groaned, "Today has been a long day and now this?"

"Master Wei I will do everything in my power to help you." Lan Xichen got up and stood in front of him.

"Come on Sizhui, Jin Ling! Senior Wei never asked anything from us! It's the least we can do." Jingyi too got up, fueled up with excitement.

Jiang Cheng was quiet throughout the conversation and everyone was staring at him with hopeful eyes. He turned his eyes towards Wei Ying and asked, "Are you sure about this?"

Wei Ying nodded furiously. "I have never been more sure about anything, in my entire life."

Jiang Cheng sighed. Giving up he spoke, "Fine. Let's do this."

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A loud knock woke up Lan Wangji with a start. He woke up in an instant and turned to look towards the door. He waited for a few moments but it became silent again. Lan Wangji frowned and turned, only to see Wei Ying's side of the bed being empty. He instantly got out of the bed in a panic and tried to remember what happened yesterday night. His frown became deeper when he glanced out of the window. The sky was still dark, it wasn't even 5am yet. What was happening? Where was Wei Ying? He went to the table to grab Bichen only to halt in his steps.

On the table, there lay a single purple Lilac accompanied with a note. He slowly moved towards the table picking up both the Lilac and the note.

Opening the note, he started reading:

*Remember the night when I offered you Emperor's smile on the roof, and you attacked me? We met for the first time then, right? That was the day our love story started, Lan Zhan. So here is a Lilac for you-a symbol of our first love.*

Lan Wangji felt himself smiling reading the note. He glanced around the room but Wei Ying was nowhere. Keeping the note inside his lapels, he walked out of the room to see the deserted hallway. He walked quietly towards the main hall and smiled again when he saw there lay, two sunflowers

accompanied by another note outside the door.

Lan Wangji picked up the flowers and the note and proceeded to read it:

*Hanguang Jun, remember when I tried to become your friend and you kept saying me no? I was so hurt. I just wanted to be your friend because maybe I adored you. You were the only one, who sparked a flame of curiosity in me and that has brought us here today. Together at last. So here are two sunflowers for you- a symbol of my adoration and our love's longevity.*

*p.s. Go to the entrance. That's your next spot.*

Lan Wangji remembered the time in the cold spring, when he had tried to be his friend, but he couldn't accept it. Because for starters he didn't want to be his friend. He wanted to be more. He tugged the notes inside the sleeves again and carried the flowers in one hand. He couldn't stop smiling. What was Wei Ying even planning so early?

He proceeded towards the entrance of the Koi tower keeping his eyes open for any sort of movement. When he finally reached, he shook his head with a smile again. At the center of the entrance there lay Three Daisies along with another note.

Without wasting time he went towards them and picked up the delicate flower. With another hand, he opened the note which said,

*I was having a hard time selecting a flower that represented you. Hanguang Jun, you are so wonderful! How could I ever describe you with one flower ever? But yet, I did find one. So here are three daisies for you- it symbolizes your innocence, loyalty, love and purity. You are so great Lan Zhan. I love you so much.*

*Go to the Koi fish pond next okay?*

Lan Wangji's hands were shaking. What was Wei Ying trying to do? He hurried towards the back gardens of the koi tower where he'd seen the koi fish pond. His heart was racing and he was sweating lightly with anticipation. He didn't get disappointed when he saw, four red lilies lying by a stone with another note. He rushed to the items and opened the note:

*The day I returned to you, I understood the depth of your love and your feelings towards me my Lan Zhan. I am so sorry to have hurt you for so long, but hey.. Our love is strong, right? Look, I came back to you from another universe unable to stay away from you. So here are four red lilies for you- symbolizing our deep love and fiery passion. A passion so high, that some days its hard for me to walk properly even.*

*come to the open ground.*

Lan Wangji blushed reading the last sentence as he mumbled a faint 'Wei Ying' under his breath. His ears had turned pink against his own wishes as he held the flowers close to his chest. They were all so beautiful and Lan Wangji felt a whole range of emotions swelling in his heart. His eyes watered slightly as he desperately wanted to see his Wei Ying. He rushed towards the open ground which were covered by trees on all sides. He kept searching for his Wei Ying's notes and finally found it.

His breath hitched when he saw the flower. Five primroses lay under a tree with a note waiting for Lan Wangji's attention. He rushed and crouched down picking up both the note and the primroses.

The note read,

*Lan Zhan, I think you do know what these mean right? Of course you do. They symbolize 'eternal love' just like ours. And also, I do want to say that I can't live without you My Lan Zhan. I have been away far too long. Its time you and I tie our lives together because I just can't wait anymore.*

Lan Wangji's hands were shaking. His breaths were getting heavier. What does this mean? What does-

His thoughts were cut off as lights started glowing around him. He got up only to see Lan Xichen standing to his right with a paper lantern and smiling brightly at him. Soon, he saw Jiang Cheng on his left standing with another lantern, a small smile gracing his usual broody face.

Lan Wangji was so stunned. He didn't know what was happening.

Suddenly he felt a flower petal landing on his shoulder. He was about to pick it up, but was stopped when millions of peony petals were raining from the sky. He was shell shocked to even move. Lan Xichen and Jiang Cheng were still standing with the lanterns as he was being showered with flowers. He looked upwards to see Sizhui, Jingyi and Jin Ling mounting their swords and throwing flower petals at him. All of them were grinning madly when suddenly a voice made him freeze.

"Lan Zhan!"

Lan Wangji hurriedly turned towards his beloved's voice and couldn't even move an inch. Wei Ying was kneeling down on one knee in front of him, holding out a single red rose and looking at him with pure love and adoration.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji could only bring out the two words from his mouth, with his shaky voice and trembling lips.

"Lan Wangji, Hanguang Jun.. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me in my entire life. Even in my moments of darkness you were always there to pull me out of it. You were by my side when no one believed me and without any hesitation continued to do so even today. But from now on, I want to be by your side forever too. I want to protect you, love you, cherish you and spend an eternity with you. So Lan Zhan, Would you do me the honor of being your cultivation partner and your husband?"

Tears were streaming down Lan Wangji's eyes by the time, Wei Ying proposed to him. Unable to control himself anymore, he rushed towards his beloved and pulled him into a bone crushing hug- his shoulders shaking and his voice choked. He still couldn't believe it. This was happening. This was real.

Wei Ying laughed lightly as he placed the rose on Lan Wangji's ears and whispered, "Lan Zhan.. You haven't answered yet."

Lan Wangji pulled back with his tear stained face and with a very serious expression he said, "I will be your husband and your cultivation partner Wei Ying."

Wei Ying gave a dazzling grin and motioned his arms towards the sky where Sizhui, Jingyi and Jin Ling were. The sound of a whistle was heard and moments later tons of paper lanterns started

appearing into the orange streaked sky. It was nearly dawn but that didn't effect the beauty of the scenery at all.

Lan Wangji could only gaze at the lanterns with awe, as Jiang Cheng and Lan Xichen both released their own lanterns together, signifying the unity of two sects.

Lan Wangji was still crying as he held Wei Ying close to him. Wei Ying sighed blissfully as the juniors cheered coming down from their sword.

Jingyi, Sizhui and Jin Ling both rushed towards the two seniors with big grins and watery eyes.

"Congratulations dad! Congratulations Father!" Sizhui sobbed happily as Jingyi kept hollering like a drunken teenager. Even Jin Ling was smiling softly and could only mutter a hearty 'Congratulations.'

Lan Xichen came to join them as he gave Lan Wangji a big smile, "I am so happy for you Wangji."

Jiang Cheng too joined in glancing towards Wei ying, "I am just glad that this idiot didn't get rejected."

"Lan Zhan would never reject me!" Wei Ying declared proudly clinging onto his now soon to be husband who was still reeling from all the happiness.

After a moment, Lan Wangji bowed suddenly taking everyone by surprise.

"Thank you. I know the preparations were tough. Thank you for helping Wei Ying."

Wei Ying could only grin sheepishly as everyone smiled at the couple. This was the beginning of a new life afterall.

By the time the lanterns faded away, it was already morning. But all the disciples and including the three Sect leaders were very tired and very sleepy. They had helped Wei Ying throughout the night in arranging the surprise. They had to make tons of lanterns within a short time so everyone wanted to sleep even if it was morning. Wei Ying promised to treat them with delicious food as a thank you as he joined Lan Wangji in their room yawning like a baby.

Lan Wangji was still smiling. The rose still present on his right ear as he opened his arms and Wei Ying flung himself into the warm embrace.

"Did you like my surprise Lan Zhan?" Wei Ying muttered sleepily.

"Very." Lan Wangji spoke holding him close.

"I am glad. I am going to be your husband soon!" Wei Ying spoke softly.

"Mn. Me too Wei Ying."

There was no response as Lan Wangji glanced at the figure in his arms. Wei Ying was sleeping peacefully a small smile gracing his lips.

Lan Wangji kissed his beloved on the forehead and muttered, "Sleep well, husband."



## Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be short and sweet. The journey will end soon ♥

# Happily Ever After

## Chapter Summary

the ending everyone!! Thank you so much for sticking with me till the end of this story <3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Okay.. stay behind me. I will go up and distract him, while you guys make a beeline for yours dorms, got it?"

"Yes, understood!" The disciples nodded their heads obediently.

A figure in red and black robes, with long hair flowing behind him, jumped up to the roof of the Cloud Recesses as he stealthily hurried his way towards his destination. He was jumping from roof to roof with swift, precise agility with two jars of alcohol, grinning mostly to himself. Suddenly a figure in white landed in front of him, making him groan playfully. He stopped in his tracks and stared at the white robed man with fondness.

"Late returners are not allowed in the cloud recesses until the end of mao shi." The figure in white spoke.

The figure in black and red robes grinned, "Emperor's smile! I'll give you a jar. Make a smile and you'll be much cuter!", and shoved the jar of alcohol towards him.

The figure in white really did smile this time, which made the other out of breath by just looking at it.

"Wei Ying.." Lan Wangji spoke softly and within an instant he was attacked with a bone crushing hug from his Wei Ying who could only laugh loudly.

"I missed you husband!" Wei Ying mumbled into his husband's chest while hugging him tightly.

"The disciples are not good in sneaking." His husband replied, holding back a smile as he stroked Wei Ying's back lovingly.

Wei Ying pulled back slightly and laughed nervously.. "A-haha.. Well, we need to work on that more I guess. Hanguang Jun! Don't be mad, I promised I would save them from punishment this time!"

"Then Wei Ying would be the one, who is punished." Lan Wangji whispered in a deep voice and in a flash, Wei Ying was hauled up on to Lan Wangji's shoulder, making their way towards their home.

"Lan Zhan! You are so rough on me!" Wei Ying whined playfully, enjoying his ride on Lan

Wangji's strong shoulders, the jars of wine hanging from his fingers.

"Because Wei Ying likes it." Lan Wangji muttered while entering Jingshi and making their way straight to the bed.

Wei Ying was thrown onto the bed while Lan Wangji hovered over him, looking at his husband with wild eyes.

"That I do like very much!" Wei Ying whispered back seductively and pulled his husband down for a needy and heated kiss. Lan Wangji could only comply and drown himself in the fire of pleasure like they did every single day.

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Lan Wangji and Wei Ying had been married since six months now. After Wei Ying proposed to him that day in Jinlintai, one year back, both the adults couldn't wait to tie the knot officially. The news had shaken the entire cultivation world. Questions like 'how could the righteous and pristine Hanguang Jun marry someone like the messed up and trouble making Yiling Laozu' had arose in everyone's heart but the two couldn't care less at all.

Wei Ying wanted to get married once his hair was fully grown back, like he had before- saying reasons like, 'Marriage in my short hair feels weird.'- to which Lan Wangji had no objections. He was already elated with the fact the he could finally marry the one he loved. The most difficult part of this whole ordeal was getting Lan Qiren's blessings and approval. The old man had nearly gotten a heart attack when the pair went to inform him about the development and he had been very against it at first.

But with Lan Xichen's persuasion and Lan Sizhui's and Jingyi's speech about 'how they would want their parents to be together' had melted his heart and with a huff he agreed to it. All the Lan Disciples were overjoyed by the fact, that their most charming and intelligent Senior was finally becoming a Lan family member. They had even organized a pre wedding celebration at Caiyi town with the help of Lan Xichen to which Wei Ying had cried and wailed saying 'You guys are so precious! I will adopt all of you!'

Nonetheless, the celebration had turned chaotic with most of the juniors getting drunk and getting wild, including Lan Jingyi, while Lan Wangji, Wei Ying, Sizhui and Lan Xichen had to control them-smiling and sighing at the same time. They had been punished for it, but none of them regretted doing it for their favorite senior.

The marriage was a grand occasion for the entire cultivation world. It took them six months to arrange everything properly and elegantly and while Wei Ying was enjoying every bit of it, he also asked Lan Wangji, 'Why did they need to have such a grand wedding?'. According to Wei Ying, a simple private ceremony could have been enough but Lan Wangji had just said, 'I will marry Wei Ying infront of the world. I will not hide.'

Wei Ying could only blush and kiss his soon to be husband at the time. As Wei Ying had reconciled with Jiang Cheng he was officially the member of Yunmeng Jiang Clan. The wedding had to be taken place with two major sects tying their relations. Jiang Cheng had been very supportive which was a great surprise to Wei Ying. Even Jin Ling was way too serious about the preparations, as he could be seen shouting and grumbling at everyone who were responsible for the decorations and

preparations. Wei Ying had to go back to Yunmeng for a week before their wedding, as it was custom and Jiang Cheng had threatened to break his legs if he didn't do as he was told.

It was a bit saddening for him because he could barely stay without Lan Wangji for a minute but at the same time he was glad he could spend quality time with his shidi. It had been long since the brothers had done anything together. And so, after whining like a baby and rubbing himself against Lan Wangji like a cat for about five hours, he had departed for lotus pier with hope and love in his heart.

Lan Wangji was busy preparing for his own wedding making sure everything was absolutely perfect for his Wei Ying. He had dealt with invitations himself and even formally asked Jiang Cheng for his permission in marrying his Wei Ying- to which Jiang Cheng had sighed and said, 'I already helped that brat in preparing the surprise. I had already given my approval. This was really not necessary.' Lan Wangji was stunned seeing Jiang Cheng so calm and proper but he was grateful. Lan Sizhui had gone to Yunmeng to accompany Wei Ying while Jingyi stayed with his now father Lan Wangji helping him out. Both Wei Ying and Lan Wangji had adopted him officially as their son and Jingyi could only cry and cry with happiness. He had a whole family now and was very happy to be the son of two excellent and most powerful cultivators of all time.

Before the wedding day, Jin Ling and Jiang Cheng were fussing over who should do the combing ceremony as both the parties wanted to do it. Wei Ying could only smile and thank his parents, his uncle Jiang, Madam Yu and his shijie for the family he still had. He was so grateful for the love he was getting despite the misconceptions and the misunderstandings that had kept him away from his brother and his nephew for so long. In the end Jiang Cheng was the one combing his hair and grumbling out blessings for his brother. Wei Ying could only laugh at how flustered he looked.

The wedding day was the biggest celebration, the cultivation world had seen in a while. Lan Qiren had fussed over with different elders on deciding on a proper date for the marriage- even though he showed no excitement for the wedding his actions proved otherwise. Lan Wangji had dressed up magnificently in bright red wedding attire. It consisted of three layers and the outer robe specially was a ravishing, long tailed red robe made of silk. It had cloud patterns sewn in gold thread accompanied by little golden beads all over the robe. He had a red forehead ribbon tied around securely and a golden crown placed around his half bun making him look like a king. Jingyi had immediately teared up seeing his father looking so unearthly gorgeous. Lan Wangji was supposed to go to Yunmeng first to perform the bows in front of Wei Ying's guardians and adoptive families and completing part of the ceremony there. He was accompanied by Jingyi, Lan Xichen and a few more disciples for the trip.

Wei Ying was dressed similar to Lan Wangji but except the cloud patterns he had lotus patterns sewn all over his outer robes. He looked even more beautiful with his long, hip length hair cascading down like waves, which was left open rather than tied up in his usual ponytail. His eyes were smeared with Kohl and his lips were tinted a red colour making him look so heavenly that Lan Wangji had wanted to forget everything and devour him right there. Both of them had finished their bows and their tea ceremony with tears in their eyes. Jiang Cheng had gifted Lan Wangji the clarity bell of Yunmeng Jiang Clan making him an official family member and Jin Ling had presented both of them with a silver tassel outlined with gold- a cloud and a lotus pendant hanging from it.

Wei Ying had hugged and cried on his flustered nephew's shoulders for a long time before all of them could depart for gusu. The main banquet was supposed to be held there with all the sects already crowding the cloud recesses in numbers. After they returned, they did their ceremonies properly, finally completing their marriage rituals and even Lan Qiren had been a little emotional.

He had presented Wei Ying with his own forehead ribbon- a symbol that he was officially a Lan Clan member and Wei Ying had held onto it with shaky fingers, unable to bear with all the overwhelming emotions.

After the ceremony, all the Lan disciples including Lan Sizhui, Jingyi and even Jin Ling had cried hugging Wei Ying like babies-way too happy with their marriage. Jingyi had literally wailed and said, 'My parents are married!' while Sizhui could only sniff and cry.

It was a fabulous day. Nie Huaisang had been very happy with their development and all the sects had a good time. Even Wen Ning gave both of them a present. It was a bouquet of freshly picked pink peonies and a painting of Lan Wangji and Wei Ying side by side. Wei Ying couldn't stop his waterworks seeing his best friend and his adorable presents. Even Lan Wangji had properly thanked the terrifying ghost general leading him to only stutter out words and blush furiously. Lets just say, after their wedding night Wei Ying had very difficulties in walking for the next two days but he had held onto the pain with a bright smile.

Sizhui was officially courting Jin Ling now. It wasn't a bit of a surprise when one day their son had barged into the library pavilion- while Wei Ying was being devoured by Lan Wangji on a table- and had expressed his feelings for the annoying hot headed sect leader, despite blushing furiously at his parents' situation.

Lan Wangji was hesitant at first due to Jin Ling's temper but one kiss from Wei Ying had changed his reluctance into approval, making their son very happy.

On the other hand when Jin Ling had expressed his feelings infront of Jiang Cheng he could only snort saying, 'Don't return to me if you become stiff like those Lans.' Jin Ling had felt huge relief, because he knew, his uncle Wei would be more than happy to support him regarding his feelings but his JiuJiu was the main obstacle he had to cross, if he wanted to court Sizhui.

Everything was fine. There was peace and harmony everywhere.

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The next morning, Wei Ying was up a little earlier than usual even though he had the day off. It was maybe 5am and Lan Wangji was still beside him, holding onto his body with love and care. He glanced at his beautiful husband, unable to believe that he had indeed married the man of his dreams. He had been so desperate to see him, find him, when he was in the other world-never knowing that he was bound to see him someday. He never believed in the concept of soulmates, as he never really saw any love between his mother and father but now, he did believe. He really believed Lan Wangji was indeed his soulmate.

He snuggled closer to his human pillow and sighed. He wondered what Ru Qing would say if she saw him like this. He missed her a bit, because even if his true family was here, she too had been his family. His mother and Ru Qing were his only source of living when he was alone.

He felt warm hands cupping his cheek as he smiled, "Wei Ying, What is wrong?"

Wei Ying turned up towards his husband, who had a concerned expression on his face. He couldn't help but melt. Lan Zhan knew him too well.

He hugged him and kissed Lan Wangji's palms. "I just miss A-Qing. I know, I would never see her again. But she was the only family I had Lan Zhan."

Lan Wangji shifted and hovered over his distressed Wei Ying, "Wei Ying, she loved you. She would be happy."

Wei Ying wrapped his arms around his neck and smiled, "I know Lan Zhan."

Lan Wangji captured his lips in a tender kiss, their lips moving against each other in sync. Wei Ying could feel his husband's overflowing love in that single kiss, silently telling him that it was okay and that he was there. Breaking the kiss with a light bite on Wei Ying's lip, Lan Wangji got up and pulled him along with him.

"L-Lan Zhan what-"

"Bathe together." Lan Wangji spoke softly and carried his beloved in his arms to the tub. After placing a heating talisman against the filled tub, they both sat down with Wei Ying's back against Lan Wangji's chest.

"Did you take the senior disciples nighthunting again?" Lan Wangji asked softly, rubbing his back with a soap lathered cloth.

"Oh yes. I did. So many of them wanted to come this time because apparently a village not far from here had been disturbed by the Xiangliu, and they were very excited to see the mythical creature with their own eyes." Wei Ying spoke.

"Xiangliu? Here?" Lan Wangji frowned, "Why was I not informed about this?"

"Aiahhh Lan Zhan! You are already so busy with other activities. So when Zewu Jun told me about it, I said I would manage it. And it would be a great learning experience for the senior disciples. So I went there with Sizhui, Jingyi and their full group. Turns out, I really didn't have to do anything! Sizhui and Jingyi led the group with so much precision and valor, that I could only sit and watch, bored out of my brains." Wei Ying huffed.

"Mn. Glad you are not hurt."

"Lan Zhan! I am not weak anymore, you know? And moreover, both Sizhui and Jingyi have improved a lot. I was thoroughly impressed. You did good Hanguang Jun! They are so much like you!" Wei Ying praised with a bright chuckle.

"Wei Ying.. They are like us." Lan Wangji said firmly as he pressed another kiss against his husband's forehead.

Wei Ying smiled fondly. Yes, indeed they both took after them.

After they both were done with the bath, Lan Wangji had dressed himself and Wei Ying properly, had their breakfast and went outside together to take a walk outside the cloud recesses. It wasn't everyday both of them got to bask in each other's presence like this. Lan Wangji too had no classes to take today so they decided they would have another date. Just like Wei Ying had taught him.

They were roaming around the outskirts of Caiyi town, Lan Wangji quietly staring at Wei Ying who was currently rambling about some new invention he was trying to work on while eating a stick of

candied haws. He was talking about how to improve the transportation talisman in a way so that it could consume less energy of a cultivator rather than making them bedridden in just a single use. Lan Wangji knew his beloved's ideas were always out of the box but he also believed that once his husband set his mind on something, he would definitely achieve it.

Suddenly they heard wind gusting past them swiftly as Wei Ying dodged an unknown attack swiftly. Lan Wangji pulled Bichen out of its sheathe at an instant. They looked around them but no one was there. Strange. Wei Ying could definitely feel something going past him.

Out of the blue another attack came through from his behind and this time it was blocked by a 'clang'. Lan Wangji turned around to see Suibian blocking a very beautiful and powerful sword. Even Wei Ying was stunned to see such a magnificent sword. The hilt of the sword had ancient carvings along with a dark green coat. The blade of it was sharper than even Bichen, almost transparent and very, very sleek. Lan Wangji could only look with slightly wide eyes as he too hadn't seen such a powerful spiritual weapon.

"I see, you have been training then.."

Wei Ying froze. Seriously? He turned around slowly almost in a panic, fully aware of who that voice belonged too. As soon as he turned around his jaws dropped. Lan Wangji turned around too, but he was confused.

A middle aged woman was standing a feet away from the pair, casually biting on an apple, wearing dark green robes. Her hair was tied up in a high ponytail just like Wei Ying's and she was smirking at him. The sword swiftly went back to its sheathe which was currently tied to the woman's waist. She was tall and very sturdy. Her face screamed maturity but at the same time held a hint mischievousness too. She was extremely beautiful but her aura was very different. She was not normal.

Before Lan Wangji could say anything he heard Wei Ying groan, "Master Li, do you HAVE to attack me everytime we meet?"

"Still calling me that? And why shouldn't I? Just because you have returned to your world, does it mean I should stop testing you?" The woman replied casually still eating her apple.

Lan Wangji froze. Wei Ying had told him about his master from the future. But that master was.. He hurriedly composed himself and did a deep bow. "Greetings, Baoshen Sanren."

Baoshen Sanren glanced towards the cultivator in white and spoke, "Lan Wangji, such formalities are not needed. As you can see, I really don't like all that. Stop bowing it makes me feel old."

Wei Ying was so confused. Yet hearing all these words made him chuckle a bit, "But Master Li, You are indeed very, very old."

Baoshen Sanren glared at him, "Have you forgotten how to behave? You don't even greet me?"

Wei Ying was shocked, "But just now you said that you didn't like to be bowed to!"

"That was for Lan Wangji. You are technically my disciple you brat!" Baoshen Sanren huffed, annoyed.

Lan Wangji couldn't believe what he was seeing. Everyone knew Baoshen Sanren was a rogue cultivator and probably the most powerful immortal around. No one had seen her after she disappeared, he didn't expect the most powerful cultivator to be so... feisty?

"I can't believe you are still bullying me," Wei Ying groaned, "But how come you are here? Did you miss me?"

Baoshen Sanren rolled her eyes. SHE LITERALLY ROLLED HER EYES! "Stop being so full of yourself, You are still so weak! Who will ever believe that you are my disciple? Pathetic!"

Wei Ying's face dropped a little. He knew he was no where near his master but he tried. Seeing her disciple's face droop the master sighed.

"How have you been A-Xian? Happily married?" She asked in a much softer tone. It was a tone she used with his mother Xiao Li jie when she was still alive.

Wei Ying smiled a little, and grabbed Lan Wangji by his elbow, "Yes! I am married and its all thanks to you Master Li!"

Baoshen Sanren sighed again, "I was at Caiyi for a while and decided to check up on you before I left again. Please don't create any more trouble."

Wei Ying could only grin and nodded, "Of course.. But can I ask you a question?"

Baoshen Sanren could only raise her eyebrow at that.

"How is Ru Qing?" Wei Ying asked, a little sad.

"She doesn't remember you anymore." She spoke casually.

"What?" Wei Ying gasped.

"Of course. I told you didn't I? Once you returned, there won't be any connection between you and the other world. Not only Ru Qing, no one remembers you. Once you stepped foot in this universe, your existence and the proof of your existence had disappeared all on its own." Baoshen Sanren explained.

Wei Ying let out a shaky breath. His jiejie had no memories of him? He didn't know whether he should be happy or sad about it. Happy because his A-Qing didn't have to go through the pain of remembering her best friend anymore and sad because, somewhere he really wanted to see her again. Somehow.

"Is that all? I need to go now!" Baoshen Sanren yawned, looking extremely bored and tired.

"Wait!" Wei Ying spoke, "just one more question!"

"What is It?" Baoshen Sanren huffed.

"Why did you help me?"



"What kind of a dumb question is that? Of course to save the world you idiot!" Baoshen Sanren huffed in annoyance.

Wei Ying somehow couldn't believe it. There had to be more. "Is that it? Why are you hiding things from me?"

She froze.

"We never met when I was alive here. I didn't even know you. Heck I even lied to Jiang Cheng about your existence. Then why? Everyone believed you were dead or you were just gone, but then why help me?" Wei Ying questioned, confused.

He saw his master taking slow steps towards him. Wei Ying was puzzled for a bit, but he held his ground. The woman stopped right before him and put her palms against his cheek. The touch was so gentle and so full of love that Wei Ying's eyes watered a bit. The woman was gazing at him like she was gazing at something else, something afar.

After a moment she finally spoke.

"Your mother, was my favorite disciple. She was so smart and bright and full of crazy ideas just like you. She was so brave and so full of life, always ready to speak up against the unjust and always ready to sacrifice herself if she needed to. Her heart was so pure and so wild at the same time, that by the time she grew up, she was just like my daughter. A daughter I cherished and loved."

She paused a little and pulled her hands to herself. But her eyes never left her disciple's which was now full of tears.

"She fell in love with Wei Changze, during a nighthunt and wanted to travel with him. She asked for my blessings but I was far too upset about her leaving me and somehow that affected my pride. She left and since then I never saw her again for a long time. After a few years, I came to know about you. That she gave birth to a boy and was now living happily with her husband. Even if I couldn't see her, I was happy. But after then, I heard about her death. And I couldn't forgive myself for a long time because somehow I felt, if only I had kept her close and didn't let my pride get the best of me, she would still be alive."

Wei Ying was breathing heavily. He faintly felt Lan Wangji's fingers wrapping around his own but he still couldn't stop the tears from flowing.

"Then I saw you. And God help me you are exactly like your mother! I was happy with just knowing that you were safe and that you were alive. So I left. But years later, I felt a shift in energy and that something was wrong with the spirits. It felt like someone had created a tunnel to somewhere else. So I came back only to hear about the mess you created!" She snorted again, back to her normal behavior.

"So obviously! I had to help you out! I couldn't just sit and let this world get destroyed just because of your brilliant yet foolish mind!" She huffed again but then added softly, "This was the only way with which I could help her. Even if she is not alive."

Wei Ying was shaking and crying and trying to control all his emotions but failing miserably.

"What are you crying for? Look how pathetic it makes you look! Did my teachings fail to this extent?" Baoshen Sanren snapped.

Lan Wangji was listening to all of it with concentration and extreme focus. He never knew, the immortal had a soft corner for Wei Ying's mother.

Wei Ying furiously wiped his tears with his sleeves and tried to tease his master, "So.. if my mother was like your daughter, does that make you my grandma?"

Baoshen Sanren widened her eyes in shock first but that was quickly replaced with her signature glare!

"Don't test my patience! Where are your manners? Calling your master grandma? Are you nuts?" She snapped and turned around.

Pausing for a bit she looked over her shoulders and called out, "Lan Wangji!"

Lan Wangji could only straighten up and speak, "Yes."

"Take care of this mess. Don't lose him again!" She spoke in a firm and threatening voice.

"I will do everything to protect Wei Ying."

The master nodded and started walking away.

"Wait! Master Li! Will I see you again?" Wei Ying shouted, suddenly feeling overwhelmed.

An array appeared below her feet as she spoke in a snappy voice, "I have other things to do! I don't have time for this!"

Wei Ying could only chuckle lightly.

The array glowed a deep green colour and before his master completely disappeared again, Wei Ying swore he heard something which resembled like, 'Take care A-Xian.'

One moment she was there and the other.. she was gone.

Wei Ying was still shaking from all the information. Guess everyone had their own demons to fight while they lived. He was glad that he got to know more about his mother and got to know why his master helped him. This seemed like the closure he needed for a long time now.

"Wei Ying.. are you okay?" Lan Wangji asked, grabbing him by his waist and pulling him close.

"Yeah Lan Zhan. I have never been better."

After the eventful date, Wei Ying and Lan Wangji were sitting on the roof of the library pavilion, an emperor's smile in Wei Ying's hands, while he snuggled closer to his husband. It was nearly bed time, but both of them wanted to relish in each other's presence more and more. The moon was big and shiny up in the sky as gentle wind blew around the whole area. Lan Wangji was quietly

watching his Wei Ying and in this moment, everything felt so perfect.

"Lan Zhan.. " Wei Ying whispered.

"Mn."

"We really had to go through a lot.. didn't we?"

"It does not matter. Wei Ying is here now." Lan Wangji hugged his husband closer to him.

Wei Ying sighed happily. His Lan Zhan's words were like the soothing spring breeze, always making him feel happy. Wei Ying tilted his head and kissed Lan Wangji softly on the lips. The kiss was short and sweet, but it did express a million of emotions running through his heart. Lan Wangji held him close, making sure there were no gaps between them as he kissed him back. He knew, Wei Ying was overwhelmed and so in love with him.

They broke apart as Wei Ying landed his head against Lan Wangji's chest.

"Lets stay together forever okay husband?" Wei Ying smiled and whispered.

"Mn. Forever." Lan Wangji whispered back.

The two continued to sit on the roof for a long time. They were finally together and happy. After the years of pain and longing, these two soulmates were here-they were complete.

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***Some 800 years later.***

***(In a normal household)***

"Mom! mom! Look! I got the part of Yiling Laozu in my school's annual drama!" A boy of 12 rushed through the house entrance, towards the dining hall, flipping on the light switch.

"A-Lian! Don't run! You will fall down." The gentle mother scolded her child.

The young boy rushed to his mother and looked at her with big wide and happy eyes. The mother crouched down before her son and smiled.

"Mom, I was finally selected for the part of Yiling Laozu in my annual drama!" The boy literally jumped up and down with excitement.

"Congratulation A-Lian, You had been working hard for this!" The mother smiled as she wiped her son's sweaty forehead.

"This is so cool! I get to be the strongest cultivator of all time!" The boy grinned.

"So, who is your Hanguang Jun?" The mother asked again, a hint of teasing in her voice.

The boy huffed annoyed. "Its that silent boy in my class! He doesn't even talk to me! How am I supposed to even practice my lines with him?"

The mother seemed to think for a moment before she laughed lightly. "A-Lian, Hanguang Jun is supposed to be the quiet one afterall. Your teachers did a great job in picking him."

The boy frowned. "Do you know about them? I mean how they were? Because in my history books, I only know about what they did, and how they watch over us. Some even believe they are alive, even today!"

The mother smiled, "I do know a lot about them. Do you want to listen?"

The boy nodded his head furiously.

"So finish your dinner first and then, I will tell you the story of 'WangXian'." The mother smiled.

After the boy had dinner and freshened himself up, he found himself tucked in his bed with his mother by his side.

"Mom, I am ready! I want to know!"

The mother kissed his forehead and started, "About 800 years ago, there lived two cultivators, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji who were destined soulmates and fierce protectors of the cultivation world. They..."

The mother kept on telling the kid about the whole story with precision and details. The kid could only listen to it with an awed expression and big bright eyes.

"And so, they got married and lived happily ever after!" The mother said.

"They got married??" The kid asked astonished.

"Yes. Even if they were both men, they did get married."

"But there are no mentions of this in the history books!" The kid frowned.

"A-Lian, you are too small to know about their marriage. Thats why the books only focus on what they did for us. Wei Wuxian was very, very notorious! But very intelligent at the same time, he was the one who started to use electricity by using solar panels and rushing water! He was the one, who invented a communication system even 800 years back! Wei Wuxian did a lot for the mortal world." The mother said.

"And Lan Wangji? What did he do?" The boy asked.

"Lan Wangji was on the top position in his cultivation world. He protected Wei Wuxian, and looked over us." The mother said.

"Are they alive mom?" The boy asked hopefully.

"I think they are honey. Even till today, whenever there is a dire situation or where ever there is chaos, it is said, that two figures appear- One in red and one in blue and they solve the problem. Nobody has actually seen them, but everyone knows they still exist. They are immortals afterall." The mother smiled.

"Woah.. They are so cool! I wish I could meet them someday!" The boy bounced on his bed excitedly.

"Maybe someday you will. Or maybe not. But they will always be present wherever the chaos is." The mother said.

"Wait.. does that mean the silent boy in my class.. I will become his husband?" The kid shrieked.

The mother laughed loudly seeing her son. "A-Lian, you are so adorable."

This was the story of immortals Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian was considered a hero and a savior after his inventions helped both the cultivation and the mortal world. He did many things while was alive and he even successfully invented the transportation talisman which would require less spiritual energy, from the caster. Due to his brilliant mind, today the world had advanced far more than anyone could have ever imagined. The world had improved a lot on modern technology and somehow even the fashion had changed a lot. People have found, tons of old scrolls and papers regarding modern equipments in places unexplainable. No one knew, how these scrolls or papers appeared, but everyone knew who they were from. Lan Wangji was the symbol of justice in today's world. His righteousness and his will to make the world a better place had inspired a lot of people, to actually work hard and to stand by what was correct.

There are unexplainable experiences, and often weird sightings of these two immortals. No one knows for sure where they are, but they do know that the pair would always come to save the day.

The people of the world knew this pairs for their work, but they were also known throughout the world for their love. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian's love story was magnificent! The young couples would always look up to them and gain strength from these two. They believed that no matter how many obstacles and sadness were thrown at their way, eventually everyone would get the happy ending they deserved.

The people only hoped that wherever WangXian were, they were safe and happy.

And indeed they truly were.

### **(In a nearby mountain)**

Amongst the light forests of a mountain, under the gorgeous moonlight, two figures seemed to be having a busy and wonderful time together.

"Lan-Zhan.. Ahh- feels so good- ah- mmhph"

Wei Ying's muscles contracted around him, as Lan Wangji's pace became slightly faster. Wei Ying's knees were planted on the ground and he used that leverage to quicken the pace even more. He rolled against Lan Wangji harder pulling low sounds from both of them. His nose brushed against Lan Zhan's as they moved together.

Wei Ying's breath stuttered as he was struck by his husband's beauty and not for the first time though. Lan Wangji's eyebrows were pulled close together in pleasure. His lips were swollen from their kiss, redder than usual, parted to accommodate how rapidly his breaths were moving.

A soft moan escaped Lan Wangji's lips as he felt his beloved's gaze on him and Wei Ying in turn let his head fall back, riding Lan Wangji faster. Pleasure was now spiking in his stomach as his length throbbed in between their bodies. Lan Wangji brushed against that spot inside him with every thrust and chose a deeper pace until Wei Ying was a moaning mess. His length gave a violent pulse between them as Wei Ying nearly screamed,  
"Lan-Zhan.. Ah-I-I.. am "

Lan Wangji's pace grew more urgent as he groaned a hoarse 'Wei Ying' against his shoulders. Pleasure exploded in both of them as Wei Ying came undone along with Lan Wangji. Wei Ying moaned Lan Wangji's name as he rode out his orgasm gripping on to Lan Wangji's shoulder and Lan Wangji managed a few more thrusts before he stilled, reeling from the pleasure.

They both collapsed against each other panting and puffing- Their clothes sticking to their bodies as they grabbed each other like their life depended on it.

After a moment Wei Ying groaned, "Lan Zhan! You are insatiable!"

A light laugh sounded through Lan Wangji's mouth as he kissed Wei Ying's forehead, "Because its Wei Ying."

Wei Ying could only blush furiously sticking to his husband's body like a panda.

"Honestly, its been 800 years.. how can one still have so much stamina?" Wei Ying groaned playfully.

"As long as Wei Ying is here, it doesn't matter how long the time has passed, my love for Wei Ying will always be the same!"

Wei Ying gasped and clutched his heart dramatically hearing so many words from his immortal husband, "Lan Zhan! My heart! Go easy on me!"

Lan Wangji shook his head with a smile as he pulled his beloved back in his arms.

"See? These new clothes are so much better than the robes we wore for a long time." Wei Ying spoke with a chuckle.

"Mn. Comfortable."

"By the way Lan Zhan, come with me to a place tomorrow," Wei Ying grinned. The glint in his eyes had already told Lan Wangji that he was planning on doing something weird and crazy again, but he had never denied his beloved ever. So he could only sigh as he nodded.

**The next morning.**

"Bye Bye A-Lian! Be safe!" the mother waved her son goodbye as he rushed towards his drama rehearsals.

"I am gonna be late and that silent boy is gonna ignore me again! Ugh! What is with that guy?" A-Lian thought as he ran.

He was so distracted in his thoughts that he couldn't see a stone on his way. He felt himself tripping suddenly, almost scared of the pain he was about to feel, when out of the blue he felt a warm hand clutching on to his elbows, steadying him.

He was pulled back safely and he turned around to thank the person but stopped abruptly. He saw a handsome young man in a red shirt and black pants grinning at him. His grey eyes were shining brightly like the sun and his hair was tied above his head in a messy bun.

"Are you okay?" The young man asked.

A-Lian could only nod his head quietly as he kept on staring at the man in front of him.

"Glad to know it!," Wei Ying smiled and called out to someone, "Husband! This guy is safe!"

A-Lian saw the man waving at another person. He followed his line of vision and saw another beautiful man wearing a white button down shirt and blue casual pants crossing the road towards their direction. That beautiful man was his husband?

The beautiful man crossed the road and stood by his savior smiling at him softly.

"Um.. Thank you gege." A-Lian finally found his voice and spoke timidly. He was kinda intimidated by such gorgeous men standing in front of him.

"Your most welcome! What is your name young man?" his savior asked.

"Yu-Lian." A-Lian answered, "What's yours?"

Before his savior could answer, he heard a familiar voice from behind.

"Yu-Lian!" He turned around to see the silent boy of his class, walking towards him, his expression unreadable.

"What are you doing here?" A-Lian asked a bit shocked.

"You are late. Rehearsals have started, I came to get you." The silent boy spoke while glancing at the two men, who were looking at him curiously.

"Oh yes! I am sorry." A-Lian said as he turned around.

"You can call me Xian-gege!" his savior answered with a smile.

A-Lian smiled and nodded. "Thank you Xian Gege!"

He bowed politely and started walking towards the opposite direction with the other boy.

After they had turned around the corner, Wei Ying spoke, "Lan Zhan, is it only me or did that other boy seem very much like you?"

Lan Wangji smiled softly but nodded, "He is indeed quiet and reserved."

Wei Ying gasped and clutched on to his husband's elbow! "Does that mean they would become husbands like us?"

Lan Wangji was quiet for a moment before he spoke, "Maybe."

Wei Ying could only smile beautifully at him, thrilled about the idea. He definitely wanted to ship them together.

"So this is where you wanted to come today?" Lan Wangji asked as they started walking towards nowhere in particular.

"Ehh.. actually.. I was passing through his house yesterday while you were shopping. I heard this boy shouting 'Mom I got the part of Yiling Laozu' in a school drama. Can't believe they are even doing dramas regarding us, but thats another point. So I got curious and hung around a bit listening to their conversation from the roof.."

Lan Wangji could only shake his head at his husband's antics. His childishness never went away.

"So this boy wanted to see us. Lan Zhan! you know my heart is so weak when it comes to adorable babies like him, so I thought why not?" Wei Ying grinned.

Lan Wangji could only kiss his husband's cheek.

"Come on now. Lets go home." Lan Wangji spoke.

"Yes! Together!" Wei Ying held his husband's hand tightly.

"Forever!" Lan Wangji grabbed him close and walked off towards their home at the moment.

## Chapter End Notes

For those who don't know,  
Xiangliu is a chinese mythical monster. Its a venomous nine headed snake that brought floods and destruction in chinese mythology.



SO thats the end guys!

Disha and me are so glad for all the love and support you showed us <3 I hope you weren't too disappointed by this fic.

I will see you guys in the next fic, if i even write one :P but till then, stay blessed everyone<3

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